By MATTHEW WOLL

JULY 21,
1934

Liberty

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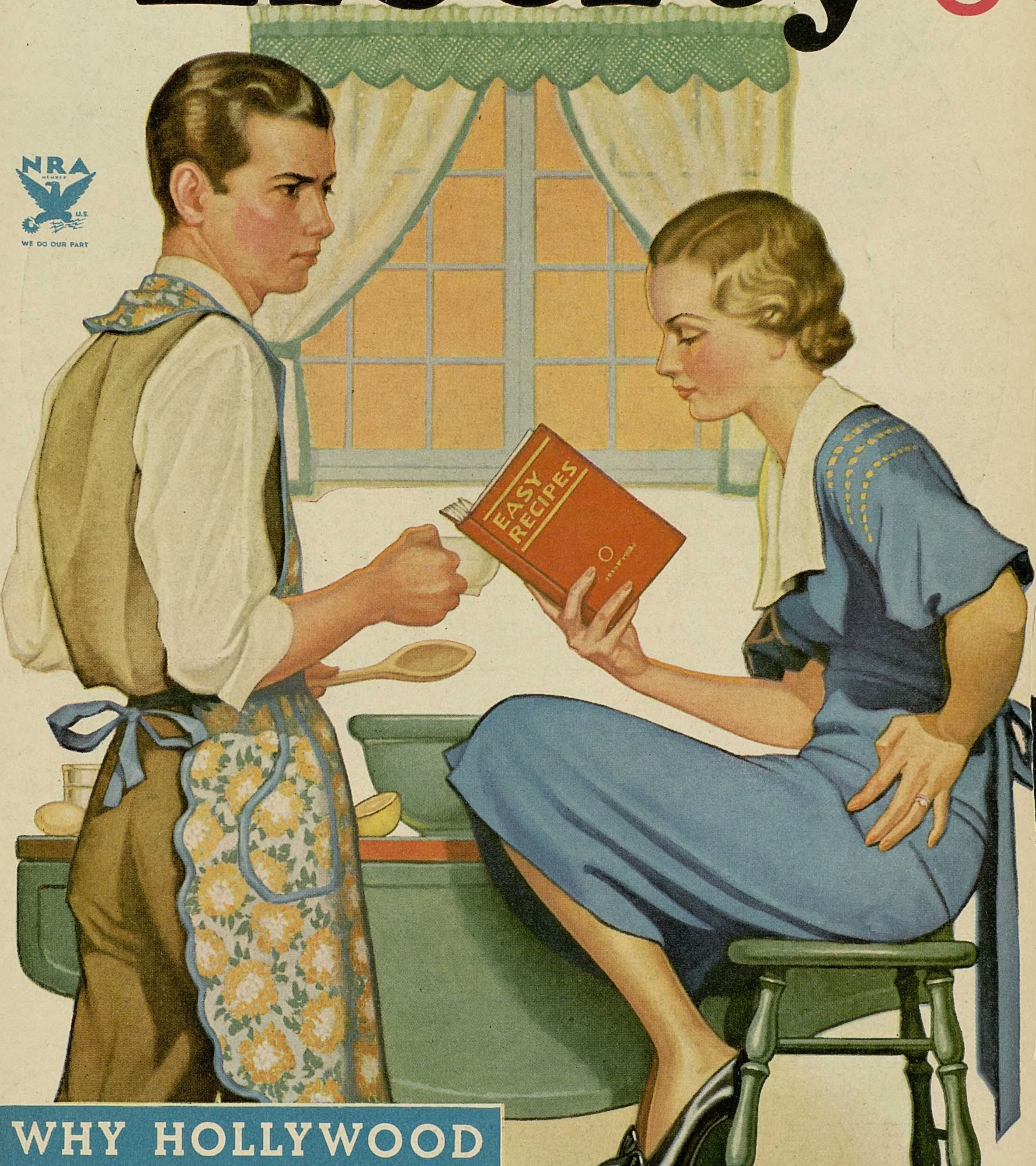
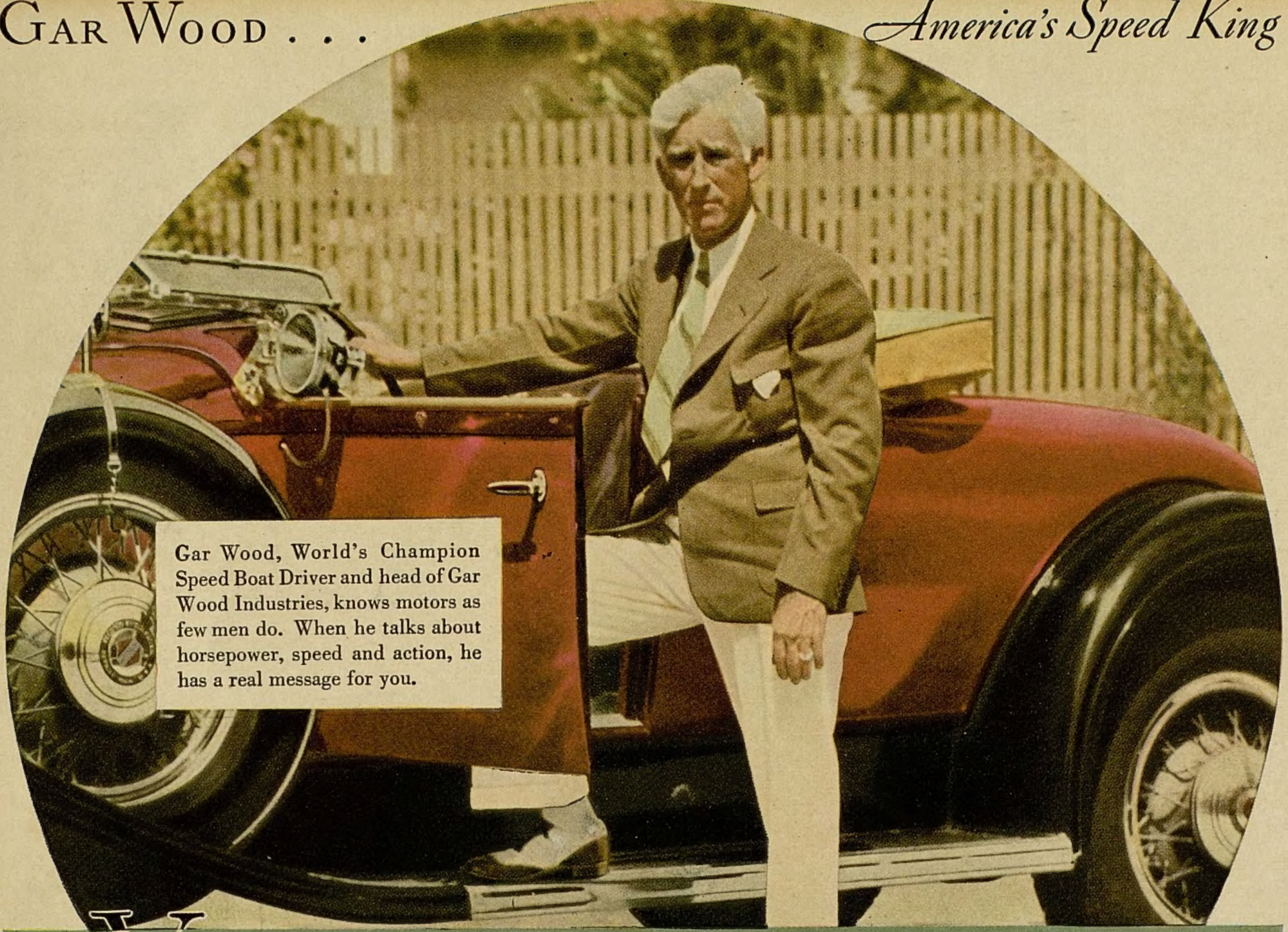
NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART


EASY RECIPES
REVERE F. WISTEHUFF

WHY HOLLYWOOD LOSES MONEY ON GOOD PICTURES

George Weston • Eugene Jones • Viña Delmar • Erle Stanley Gardner

GAR WOOD . . . *America's Speed King*



Gar Wood, World's Champion Speed Boat Driver and head of Gar Wood Industries, knows motors as few men do. When he talks about horsepower, speed and action, he has a real message for you.

"Yes . . *I use Fire-Chief gasoline!*"

AND in that one simple statement Gar Wood sums up for you a speed expert's conclusions based on his own experience as well as on laboratory analysis.

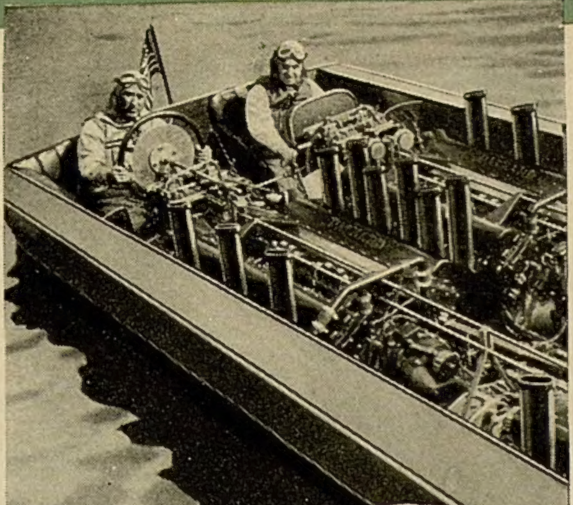
We might tell you the technical "whys" and "wherefores" of Texaco *Fire-Chief's* superiority. But we believe that *you* are much more interested in performance—not what *Fire-Chief* is but what it will do for you in the engine of your car.

In *Fire-Chief* you have a gasoline that will give you more for your money. Some motorists buy *Fire-Chief* because it's long on miles. Others like it because of its smooth action even on the toughest hill.

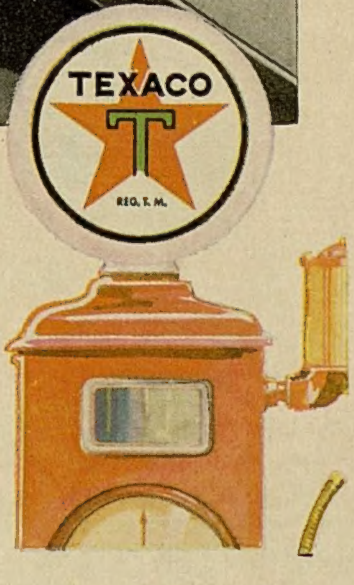
Gar Wood insists on this "emergency" gasoline because it produces winning speed and power from his engines.

Try a tankful in *your* car and you will understand why this gasoline is selected by men who know motors. You will agree with Gar Wood when he says "*Fire-Chief* is the finest gasoline I ever used."

THE TEXAS COMPANY
Texaco Petroleum Products



Gar Wood at the wheel of Miss America X just after winning the Harmsworth Trophy

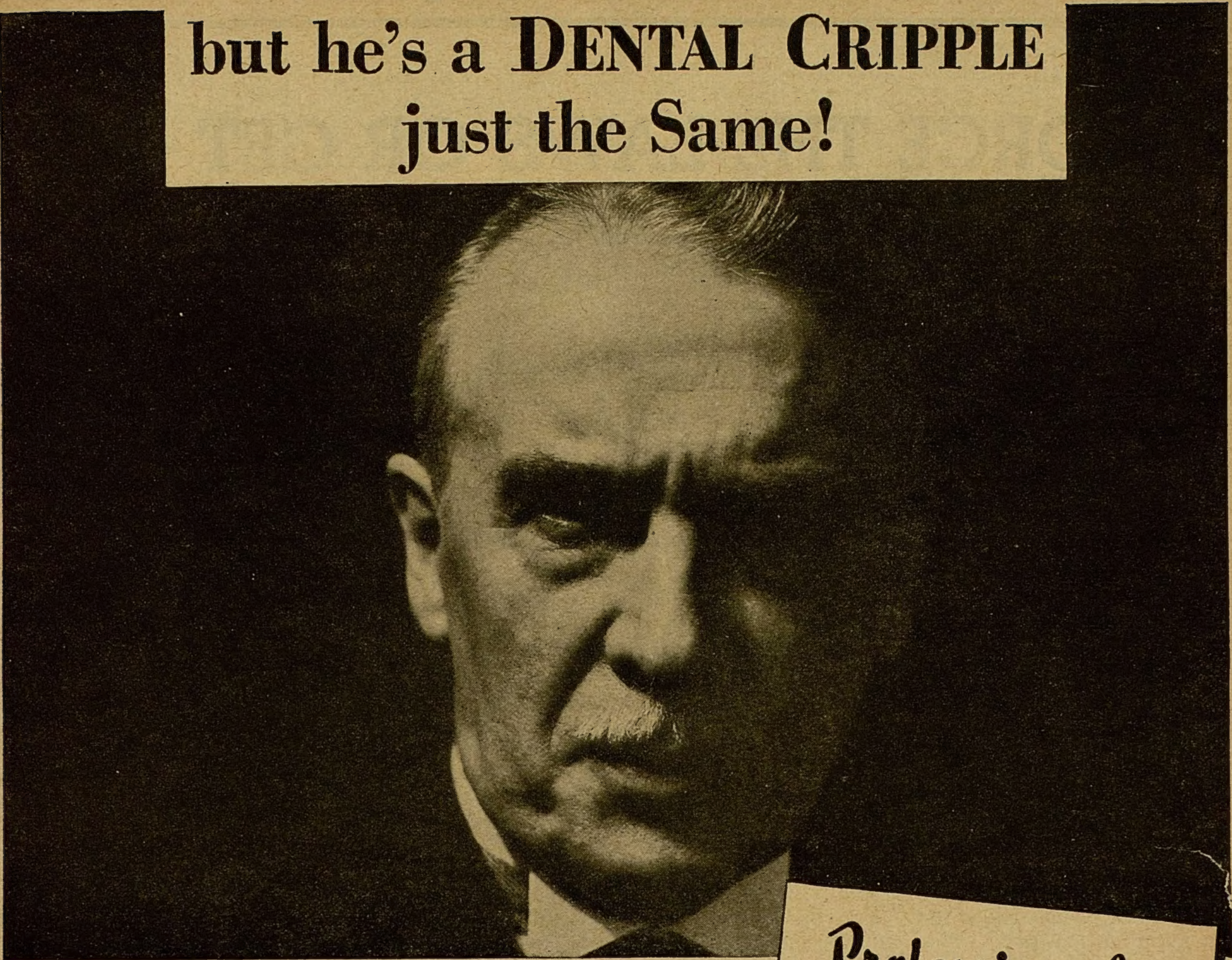


TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF*

"EMERGENCY" ACTION IN EVERY DROP

Copyright 1934 The Texas Company

Insured for a Million but he's a DENTAL CRIPPLE just the Same!



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" BEGAN IT . .

When this man's company took out a cool one million dollars worth of insurance on him he was sound—through and through. And his *teeth* were sound, too.

Today, he's a Dental Cripple. And he can blame only his own carelessness, his own deliberate neglect.

He knew that our modern menus of soft and savory foods, our modern habits of hurried eating, rob our gums of work and health. He knew that recurring "tinge of pink" on his tooth brush was the warning signal of ailing gums. But when his dentist advised "Ipana and massage" he nodded, and then he forgot.

Eighteen months later he discovered "pink tooth brush" is often the tragic forerunner of gingivitis or Vincent's disease, and that it does threaten the *soundest teeth.*

Follow modern dental science. Keep your gums firm and healthy. Clean your teeth with Ipana. And each time rub a little extra Ipana into your inactive gums. The ziratol in Ipana speeds sluggish circulation, aids in hardening the gums.

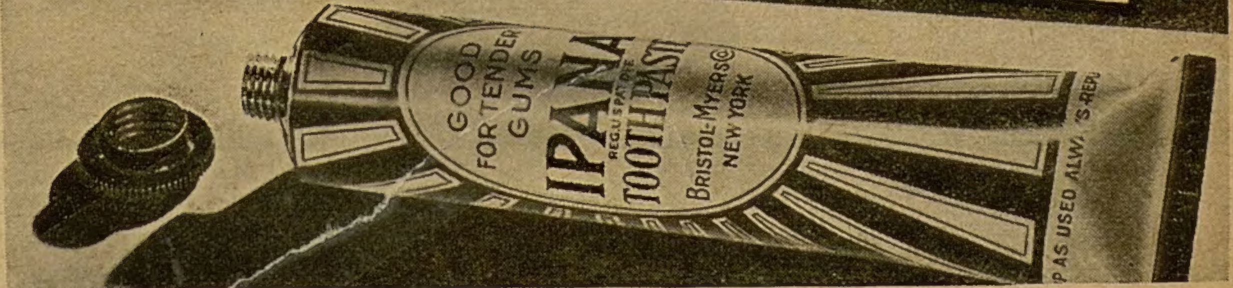
It will pay you to clean your teeth and massage your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste. Your teeth will be whiter, your gums firmer—and you can forget about "pink tooth brush."

Professional Opinion says:

- *From a work on dental health*
  "Bleeding of the gums always means trouble, and should receive attention at once."
- *By a director of a dental clinic*
  "A vigorous circulation is one of the greatest aids in combating disease in the mouth. Probably the best way of obtaining this is to massage the gums."
- *From a dental authority*
  "Brushing of the gums is of equal importance to brushing the teeth."

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS, WED. EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

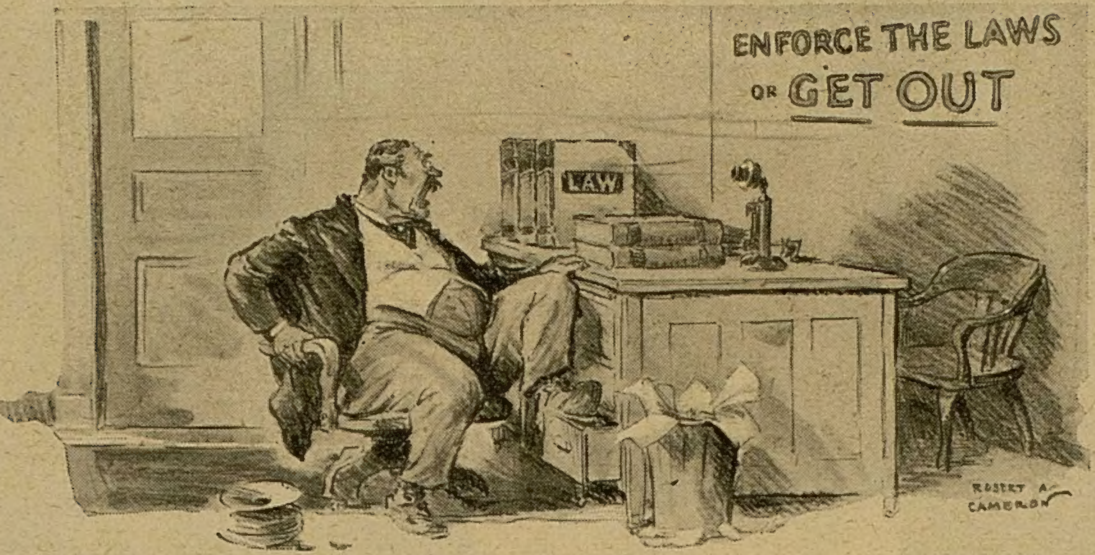
IPANA TOOTH PASTE



JULY 21, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 29

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

ENFORCE THE LAWS OR GET OUT



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is to be congratulated for his recent interest in law enforcement. Millions of dollars are to be spent to crush lawlessness.

This is indeed heartening to citizens everywhere. We are tired of being the world's most lawless nation, and the title of this editorial should adorn the office walls of every official in letters a foot high.

To compare the efficiency of public officials of other countries with our own brings us some nauseating statistics. During 1933 England had twenty-one murders and twenty executions. The number of murders in the United States during 1933 totals more than eleven thousand. Are not these figures an appalling record? And the percentage of convictions, if obtainable, would be so small that it is a national disgrace and a scandal to even mention it.

Grafting and glaring inefficiency is rampant, and treachery of this sort should be rigidly penalized. Traitors in the army in wartime are punished with death; they are taken out and shot at sunrise. And traitors occupying our public offices who connive with criminals should be given similar treatment.

"Enforce the laws or get out" should come to these scheming officials from every citizen in every community.

Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City has shown us how to deal with criminals. They avoid that city. And Milwaukee and Cincinnati also have enviable records. Criminals know where they can find easy game. And the laws can be enforced everywhere, as they have been in the cities mentioned, if the officials are conscientious and efficient.

A number of bills have passed through Congress which it is stated will materially assist in the law-enforcement program. But it is not additional laws that we need at this time: it is the courage and the determination to enforce the laws we already have.

During the prohibition era officials were so busy trying to enforce this fool law that they had little time to search for criminals guilty of major crimes. They were given unlimited opportunities.

The first outstanding duty of government officials is to enforce the laws, to protect our citizens from highwaymen and murderers, high-class and low-class crooks of every character. But this paramount duty is being neglected in many communities. Let us hope that the millions in federal aid now promised will become an effective curb on criminal activities.

The police seem to be doing the best they can; many of them are losing their lives in the performance of duty. And it is to be regretted that the gangsters are frequently better marksmen than the police.

At the time of this writing Dillinger is still at large, with thousands of police officials searching for him. The cost of catching this one criminal will probably run into hundreds of thousands of dollars, not counting the twelve or more officers who have lost their lives in fights with him and his gang.

And what of the glorification of this criminal which has been the result of this long chase? Newspapers everywhere are using an unlimited amount of space giving details of his escapades. The public has been so intrigued by his cleverness and bravery that we even hear of his being cheered when his picture appears in the newsreels.

This is indeed a dangerous manifestation. There is only one remedy that will be prescribed by every patriotic citizen from one end of this country to the other, and that is—

ENFORCE THE LAWS.

And the officials who are incapable of carrying out this command should get out.

And the officials who have betrayed their trust, who have sold out to the underworld, should be treated like wartime traitors—shot at sunrise.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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MAYBE YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING

BUYING YOUR CAR BY HABIT

THIS ADVERTISEMENT is addressed to the man who is in the habit of going back and buying the same old make of car without considering any other.

When you stop to think about it, how unwise this practice is! The automobile business, like any other, is changing constantly.

New ideas appear. New leaders arise. Engineering science moves swiftly ahead.

Because a car was the best buy a few years ago . . . does not necessarily make it the biggest value today. Plymouth's tremendous growth is due to the fact that many people no longer take car values for granted.

Plymouth's latest forward step was the recent introduction of the Special Six.

This car puts within reach of the very lowest-price buyer a luxurious car with the added features that people want today.

Besides its extra luxury . . . the Special Six offers the Four Great Engineering Advantages that have made Plymouth famous . . . Hydraulic Brakes . . . a Safety-Steel Body . . . Floating Power . . . Individual Wheel Springing.

No matter how firmly you believe in the car you own . . . you owe it to yourself to inspect this remarkable new Plymouth. See it today at any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler showroom.

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Four-Door Sedan . . .	$620
Town Sedan	$655
Two-Door Sedan . . .	$580
Rumble Seat Coupe .	$590
Business Coupe	$560

HYDRAULIC BRAKES. Always equalized. Eliminate swerving. Save frequent relinings.

SAFETY-STEEL BODY. Best safety insurance you can have on today's busy highways.

FLOATING POWER Engine Mountings. Keep vibration away from you. You ride relaxed.

INDIVIDUAL WHEEL SPRINGING. The best of the so-called "knee-type" springs, as used on the most expensive cars, for a more comfortable back-seat ride.

Four piston rings instead of three. Four-bearing Crankshaft — Valve-seat Inserts — Oil Filter — Temperature and Oil Pressure Indicators on Instrument Panel — Steel Artillery Wheels.

Prices as low as $485 for Standard Plymouth. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Time payments by Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

Is Red Russia at American

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Stalin Now Says "Let's Live in Peace," but the Soviets' Great Strategic Offensive Continues. Do World Events Portend a New, Daring Gamble for Revolution Within the United States?

by MATTHEW WOLL

Third Vice President of the American Federation of Labor

RUSSIAN diplomacy says these things: The Soviet desires to live at peace with the world. Many pacts have been signed. Communism and capitalism can live amicably together in a world big enough for both.

These statements are *untrue.* Communism is *at war* with the non-Communist world everywhere.

While Ambassador Bullitt was being fêted in Moscow, more basically significant events were occurring:

1. Chemodanov, head of the Young Communist International, emphatically declared that the two systems *cannot* coexist.
2. Stalin exhorted Communists the world over to become " better shock brigades for victory *in all lands.*"
3. The " Thesis " of the Red International *commanded* Communists everywhere to prepare for the " *impending battle for power.*"

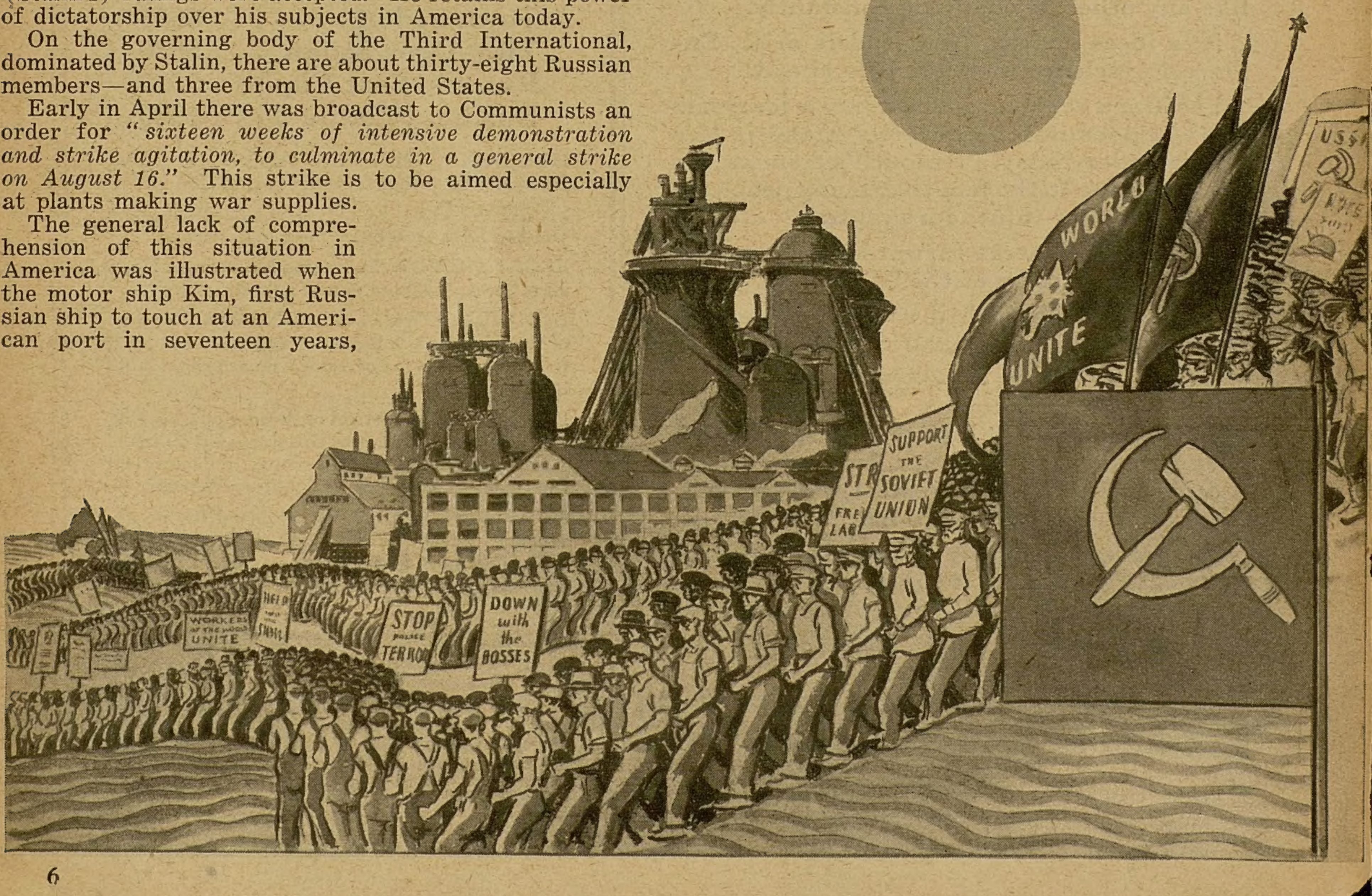
American newspapers published none of these statements. The Communist press published them in full. They became " marching orders " for American Communists.

The Third International demands and gets implicit obedience from the Communist Party of America. A few years ago, as a disciplinary measure, Stalin removed Jay Lovestone as leader of American Communism, and ordered the expulsion of his sympathizers, constituting the major portion of the party membership, unless his (Stalin's) rulings were accepted. He retains this power of dictatorship over his subjects in America today.

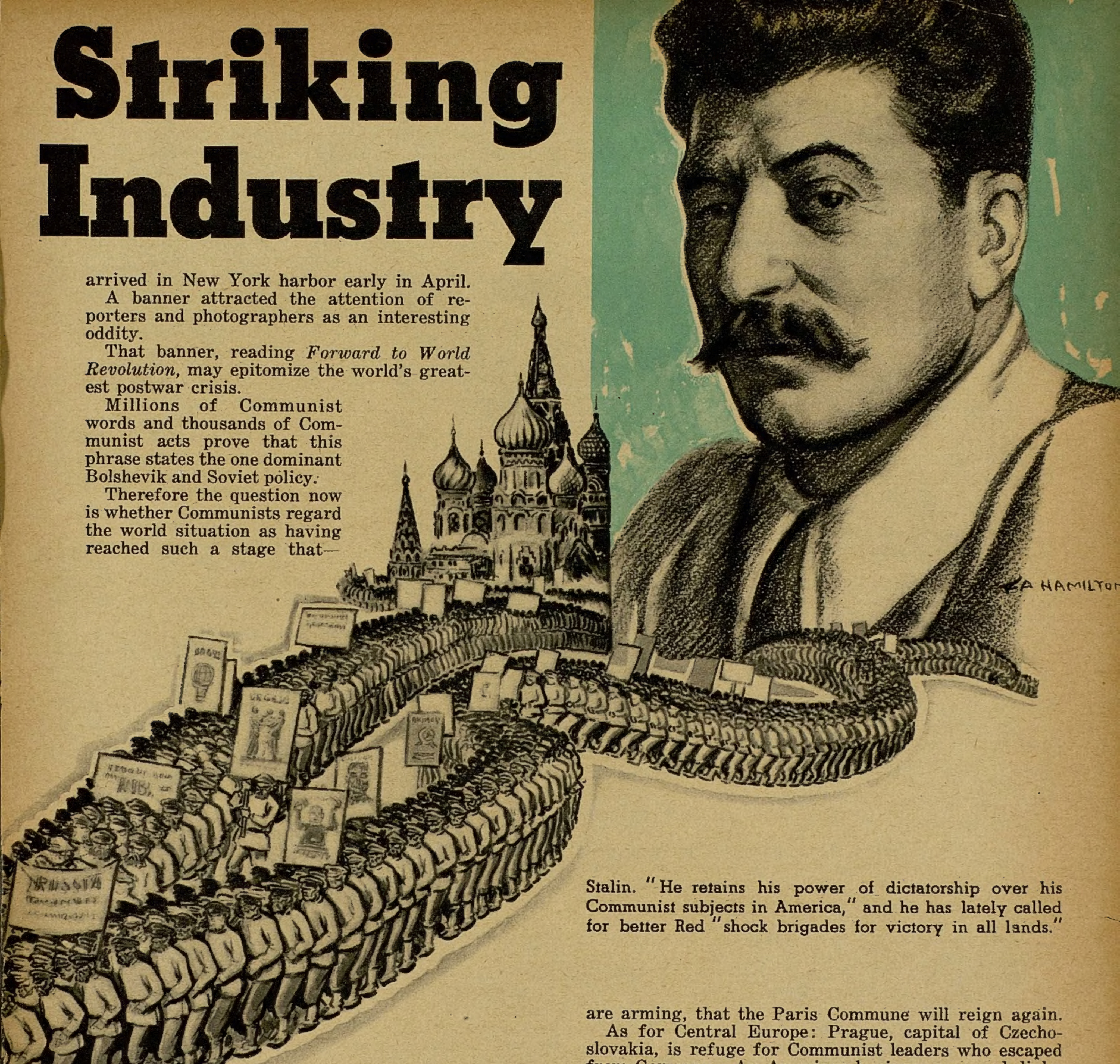
On the governing body of the Third International, dominated by Stalin, there are about thirty-eight Russian members—and three from the United States.

Early in April there was broadcast to Communists an order for " *sixteen weeks of intensive demonstration and strike agitation, to culminate in a general strike on August 16.*" This strike is to be aimed especially at plants making war supplies.

The general lack of comprehension of this situation in America was illustrated when the motor ship Kim, first Russian ship to touch at an American port in seventeen years,



Striking Industry



Stalin. "He retains his power of dictatorship over his Communist subjects in America," and he has lately called for better Red "shock brigades for victory in all lands."

arrived in New York harbor early in April.

A banner attracted the attention of reporters and photographers as an interesting oddity.

That banner, reading *Forward to World Revolution,* may epitomize the world's greatest postwar crisis.

Millions of Communist words and thousands of Communist acts prove that this phrase states the one dominant Bolshevik and Soviet policy.

Therefore the question now is whether Communists regard the world situation as having reached such a stage that—

First, Stalin and immediate associates must order a major offensive soon; and—

Second, if a Russo-Japanese war breaks, cold logic will dictate that Stalin simultaneously make a great gamble, the prize of which might be the addition of large areas of the earth's surface to the Soviet Union.

What is the "world revolutionary situation" which might induce Stalin to strike?

EUROPE. Three years ago it was noted in Moscow records that the three strongest Communist parties outside of Russia were, in order, those of Germany, France, and Czechoslovakia.

Communism gained such strength in Germany that the Rightist parties, hating Hitler as a fanatic, nevertheless handed him the government in order to avoid a Soviet Germany.

In France, by the time the recent Paris riots ended, the Communists were in the van of the battle. Since then all France has been excited over reports that the factions are arming, that the Paris Commune will reign again.

As for Central Europe: Prague, capital of Czechoslovakia, is refuge for Communist leaders who escaped from Germany. An American business man and diplomat returned from abroad some months ago to state privately that in the event of war France could not be sure of support from her mid-Continent allies because many tottered on the brink of Bolshevism.

ON April 2, in Washington, Leo Gallagher, who defended the Communists accused of starting the Reichstag fire, predicted a Communist "explosion" in Germany soon, to be followed by establishment of Soviet states through Central Europe. Stalin has predicted that in the event of war Europe would go Soviet.

LATIN AMERICA. Communists have considered Cuba ripe for Red revolution for many months. There has been an epidemic of general strikes. At times several local soviets actually have been in existence in interior Cuba. Red pressure has forced changes in government.

There is documentary evidence of a complete plan for Communist seizure of power in Mexico.

Much of the direction of Red plotting for revolution in Cuba, Mexico, and other Latin-American countries is known to come from within the United States.

In South America, excepting the northern tier of small countries, Montevideo has been the center of the Communist web for more than a decade. Various types of revolution, plus economic crises, lately have weakened many governments.

UNITED STATES. The Communist Party of the United States, headed by Earl Browder, and the Trade Union Unity League, American branch of the Red International of Labor Unions, headed by William Z. Foster, both are making frenzied—but coldly calculated and strategic—efforts for strangle holds which would make any activity by Uncle Sam most difficult if Stalin were to strike in the Western Hemisphere.

For the reader who belittles Communism in America as a mere "handful of Reds," here is a tabloid summary from Communist sources:

Dues-paying Communist Party membership, 24,500. These are trained, tried, and proven revolutionists. There were only about 50,000 Communist Party members in Russia at the beginning of October, 1917.

Self-styled "Revolutionary Unions" of the Trade Union Unity League, 225,000.

"Mass organizations through which we work," composed of affiliates, aspirants to party membership, and sympathizers, 500,000.

Press: Nine dailies—of which but one, the Daily Worker, is in English; circulation, 220,000. Periodicals, in excess of fifty.

Strikes instigated, aided, or prolonged in 1934, according to a Communist Party official statement, involved 1,000,000 workers.

Now seeking, through capture and "amalgamation" of independent unions (non-A. F. of L.), the formation and Communist control of an "Independent Federation of Labor," potential members approximately 1,250,000.

U. & U. photo

New York Reds stage a May Day demonstration in Union Square.

A careful survey of Communist and Communist-controlled organizations resulted in a report by William Green, president of the A. F. of L., to President Roosevelt, that these number at least one hundred; that they are dominated by an interlocking group of directors numbering not more than sixty; and that of this latter group perhaps ten dominate the entire network.

The effort of all is directed from Moscow, and the objective is revolution by violence in America.

A MOSCOW document—the "Thesis" of the Third International—ordered concentration on "the vital part of the war machine." Communists have sought to have abolished the Reserve Officers' Training Corps. They have agitated against civilian training, Officers' Reserve, and Conservation Camps; have violently opposed Army, Navy, and Air Corps appropriations; have sought to stir up disaffection in the army, the navy, and in the navy yards.

Communists have *admitted* the establishment of "secret cells" of Communists within our defense forces.

Headway in most of the above agitation efforts presumably has been slight; but it is in the realm of *action*—and action which could cripple the United States—that greatest progress has been made.

Two major offensives stand out:

First: On March 27 Communists struck at our national-defense plan. A walkout at the New York Shipbuilding Company's Camden yards held up work on nine warships. John Green, union head, promptly refused NRA code mediation.

This strike was called by the Marine Workers Industrial Union, Communist, a branch of the Trade Union Unity League and of the Red International of Labor Unions. National representatives of this Red union walked out of a Washington code hearing declaring they would "write their own code in strikes and blood."

In the report previously mentioned William Green declared that the International Longshoremen's Association (A. F. of L.) "have been compelled to put forth most vigorous efforts to retain unity and control," and to protect its membership against "Communist invasion."

Joseph P. Ryan, president of the longshoremen, states that Communists "have managed to get some of their members into *each* local union." By raising grievances they often induce I. L. A. men to leave their jobs; then Communists take those jobs.

On the west coast, when a longshoremen's strike vote was suspended on plea of President Roosevelt recently, the Red union and Reds within the A. F. of L. union attempted to break the truce and tie up shipping. In Baltimore the Communist union is so strong that it even controls the distribution of federal relief for marine workers.

COMMUNIST press shows that the sharpest recruitment gains of this union have been in New Orleans, Savannah, Norfolk, Hampton Roads, Portsmouth, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, San Francisco, and Seattle.

The reason, under Communist strategic plans, is simple: Such points would be naval or supply bases.

Second: Openly in the Communist press during recent weeks there have been calls for the collection of information regarding plants where war supplies are made. "Hit Munition Makers" was one slogan.

This information is spread through the Communist press and—in accordance with imperative Moscow orders of January, 1934, about forming "shop nuclei"—Red "secret cells" are being established in such plants. In some—notably in two major airplane plants—strikes have been fomented since this intensive concentrated action began.

An increase of nearly 200 per cent in "shop nuclei" in the basic industries recently was reported by the Communist Party.

Throughout the Communist "Youth Movement" and the "mass organizations" of sympathizers and aspirants to party membership, pledges have been obtained to "work for the stoppage of all production and shipment of war materials." Communist Party members need sign no such pledges.

If a Russo-Japanese war breaks, or Stalin strikes in Latin America, he can ORDER party members here to prevent shipments or stop manufacture of munitions by strike or sabotage; and discipline over world Communism is such that they must obey.

Suppose we look about the country at some other types of Communist action.

A new Vigilante organization is forming in California—the Imperial Valley Anti-Communist Association. The occasion was a Red slogan: "Not one carload of cantaloupes will leave the valley this season."

On the walls of T. U. U. L. headquarters in San Francisco hangs California's "strike score," showing a hundredfold increase in number of workers led into strikes by revolutionists, comparing 1933 with 1932.

At a Lenin memorial meeting in Los Angeles, early in the year, Lawrence Ross admitted Red instigation of the California strikes not directly led by T. U. U. L. But, he said, that was "merely the forerunner of a great wave of greater strikes, preparing the way for revolution."

Merely talk? Since then, and up to the time of writing, there have been three major crop strikes.

In New Mexico a Red union *completely controls* the coal-mining situation. The National Miners Industrial Union (T. U. U. L. and Communist) recently, by strike, stopped all coal production in the state.

In New York City, Communists were prominent in the first taxi strike but not strong enough to prevent settlement. Later we received secret information from Communist sources that another would be called in a fortnight. It came, with riots. But it was twenty days before the non-Communists involved learned that they were being used in *revolutionary* activity.

A strike of 6,000 shoe workers in Haverhill, Massachusetts, in March and April was started by a Communist shop nucleus that had only six members. Thereafter there was such a flood of Communist agitators into the town that citizens started to form a Vigilante Committee.

ВПЕРЕД К
РЕВОЛЮЦИИ
AHEAD TO WORLD'S REVOLUTION
VORWARTS ZU DER WELT REVOLUTION

U. & U. photo

Here is the Red banner, "Forward to World Revolution!" aboard the Russian motor ship Kim in New York harbor.

A Communist objective in Massachusetts was the *complete elimination* of the American Federation of Labor from the shoe industry, supplanting it by an "amalgamation" of non-Communist unions with the Shoe Workers Industrial Union, Communist. The new "amalgamation"—the United Shoe and Leather Workers Union—on April 2 elected Fred G. Biedenkapp, Communist, as national organizer. The goal for this year is a Red-led federation of 1,250,000 members.

Presumably the true nature of the famous "mystery strike" of steel workers at Weirton now has been revealed. The February issue of Labor Unity, official organ of the Trade Union Unity League, states that the strike was called by the Communist "rank and file" organization *within* the Amalgamated Association of Steel, Tin, and Iron Workers (A. F. of L.) and "over the heads of its officials."

On April 8 Detroit auto strikers telegraphed greetings to the Communist Party convention in Cleveland, stating that their strike also had been "called over the heads of A. F. of L. leaders." A part of the Detroit Communist delegation was permitted, amid cheers, to go home and help. But only the Daily Worker reported these facts.

MATTHEW WOLL

besides being a vice president of the A. F. of L. and director of its legal bureau, is acting president of the National Civic Federation. He is president of the International Photo-Engravers' Union of North America and of the International Labor Press.

WITH the rise of the railway wages issue recently there occurred an instant Communist concentration on methods of working *within* the railway Brotherhoods and through so-called "Unity Committees" of the unorganized. Studies were made of methods necessary to bring about a complete tie-up of Chicago as a railway center.

The Cleveland convention launched plans for a system of Communist training schools throughout the country, similar to the one in New York. With Moscow textbooks the technique of revolt will be taught.

In New York, at 95 Avenue B, the Red Front Fighters' League is located. Drill manuals and various bulletins are printed on a secret Red Front press, location unknown. Examination of some of these shows that the objective is formation of trained "shock brigades."

It should be noted that Red unions of the Trade Union Unity League differ from American unions because they exist for a different purpose. Ours are "trades" unions—or "horizontal" unions—there being many different craft unions in any plant or industry.

The Reds form only "vertical" unions, or "industrial" unions, including all types of workers in an industry—because thereby a strangle hold can be obtained on an entire industry. Thus it can be paralyzed in the general strike which must precede armed insurrection.

Revolutionary unions, self-styled, the recorded subsidiaries of T. U. U. L., number at least twenty-five. Place the phrase "Industrial Union" after each of the following and you have the list:

Needle Trade, Fur Workers, Food Workers, Hotel and Waiters, Packing House, Steel Workers, Metal Workers, Smelters and Oil, Auto Workers, National Miners, Shoe Workers, Agricultural Farmers, Medical Workers, Building Workers, Custom Tailors, Cleaners and Dyers, Laundry Workers, Jewelry Workers, Railway Workers, Marine Workers, Lumber Workers, Drygoods Workers, Furniture Workers, Rubber Workers, Painters' Workers.

The Cleveland convention in April ordered *all* Communists to join A. F. of L. or independent labor unions, and provided for a check-up as to whether they had done so within three months.

THIS is for the purpose of bringing about unauthorized strikes, raising grievances, prolonging strikes, attempting to unseat organized labor officials and elect Communists in their places.

"Self-determination for the Black Belt" is a Communist slogan. Behind that lies a Red ambition to so Bolshevize the Negro that he can be induced to rise in violence, seize control in the South, and form a Negro Soviet Republic. The Scottsboro case was fuel for this agitation.

Communism also seeks "education" of the public, "popularization of the Soviet," and gradual recruitment through "mass organizations" whose "tone" is mild. The chief of these pinkish adjuncts are:

The International Workers' Order, whose "benefit" program is attractive to many wage earners who have no knowledge of its true nature or objectives, and Friends of the Soviet Union.

The latter was ostensibly a temporary organization of non-Communists who worked for recognition of Russia. It is now being expanded nationally to lead "sympathizers" in their first timid steps toward Communism. Even here the Reds obey the Moscow order to "concentrate on the vital parts of the war machine."

A Washington document outlines a six-weeks drive for membership and is typical of recruitment elsewhere. The first prize for most members signed in southeast Washington is a trip to Soviet Russia. In the scoring, each navy-yard worker signed up will count twelve, "because they are especially desirable elements to interest in the Soviet Union."

Through agriculture, transportation and shipping, through the coal, food, and steel industries—*through the vitals of the nation*—American Communists, Moscow-directed, drive their strategic offensive for revolution and Soviet power in this country.

It is our conviction, first, that the government *must* fully inform itself regarding the details of this plot, and arm itself with the powers necessary for defense of our Constitution and democratic form of government.

Second, that the Moscow-directed agitation and *action* which are indicated in this article break the Litvinoff pledge which was a condition of American recognition of Soviet Russia.

THE END

FOG

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

ABNER GRIM, captain of the freighter Granada, used to say Old Lady Trouble, his sole passenger, gave birth to a new worry every time he dropped Scotland lightship. This was not strictly true. Upon the voyage in question he had made San Francisco and was back again, running north along the Atlantic coast before it happened. That Chief Engineer Andrew McTodd should be responsible was to be expected.

Four bells had just struck—six o'clock. The wind came raw and chilly out of the northeast after a warm November day. Captain Abner Grim, on the bridge wing, met it squarely, as he met everything, his hairbrush beard damp from spindrift, his raw-beef skin redder than usual. Short stocky legs spread, hands thrust deep in jacket pockets, he watched the big sullen swells through eyes as round and hard as little blue marbles. Mr. Marsten, the mate, came up the iron ladder.

"Chief's worse, sir. Maybe you better have a look at him."

Grim turned wrathfully. "I ain't a doctor, blast you! What's wrong with 'im? Cussedness jest b'ilin' out, I cal'late."

The mate shook his head soberly.

"Appendicitis, I guess, sir. If it busts it's like a boiler blowin' a tube. We've had ice on 'im, and hot rags, and he's downed enough whisky to put an ordinary man under."

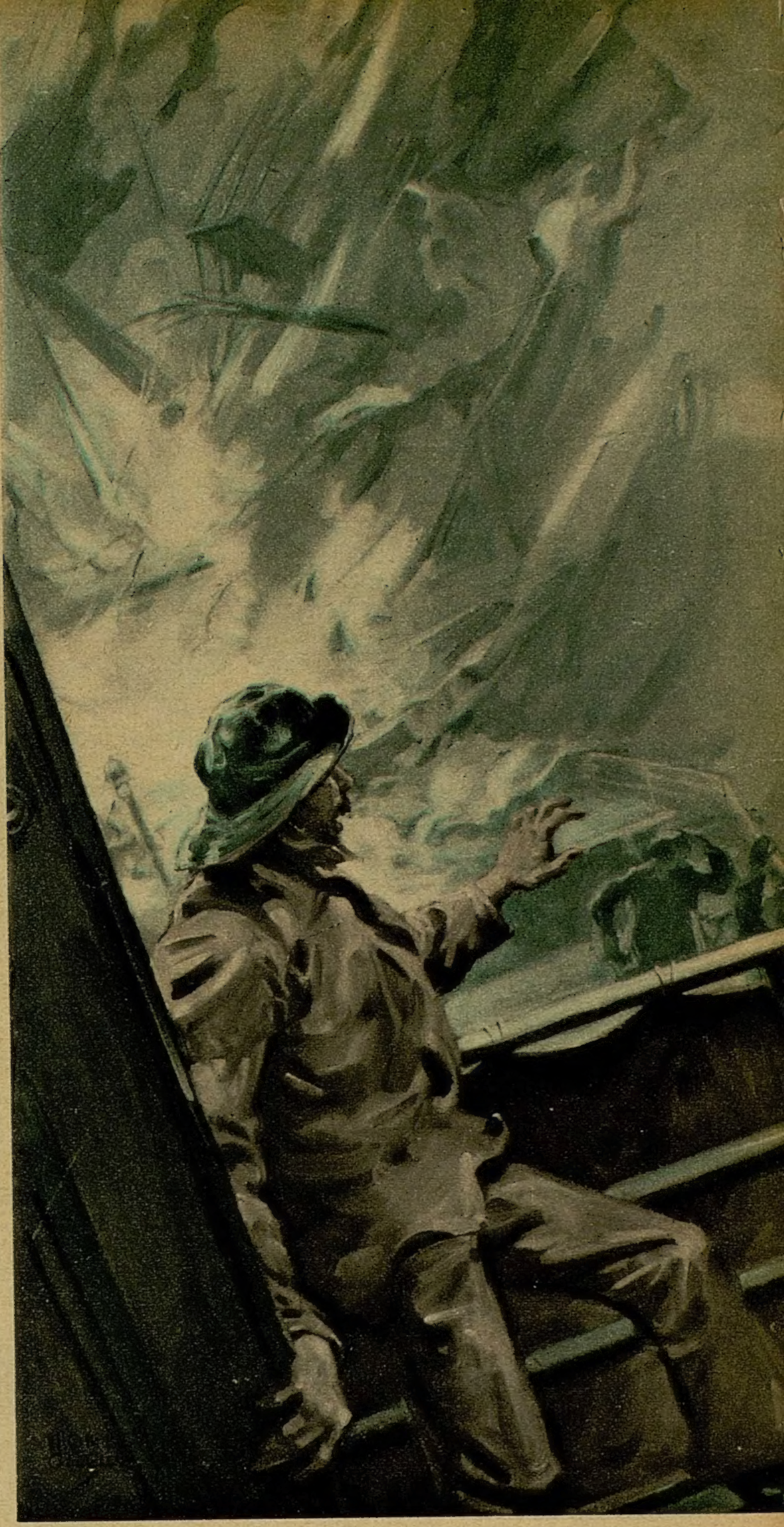
"He would!" roared Grim. "Got sick more'n likely so he'd git the chance." He paused, fingering his beard. "What's the book say about that there appen—appendix business?"

"It says to try ice and heat, and if that don't work, operate."

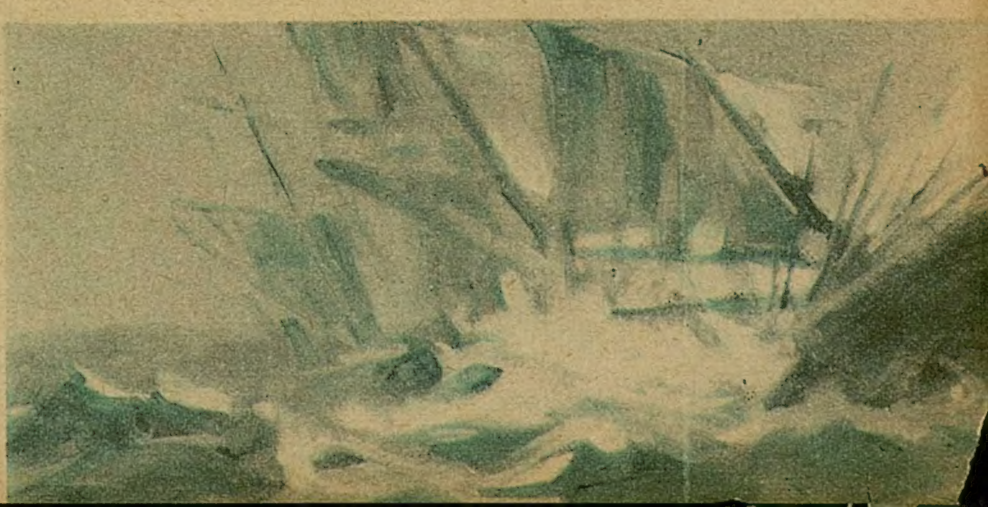
"Godfreys! Ain't figurin' on his dyin', be you? Course not! Them Scots never do—not while they got pay comin' to 'em."

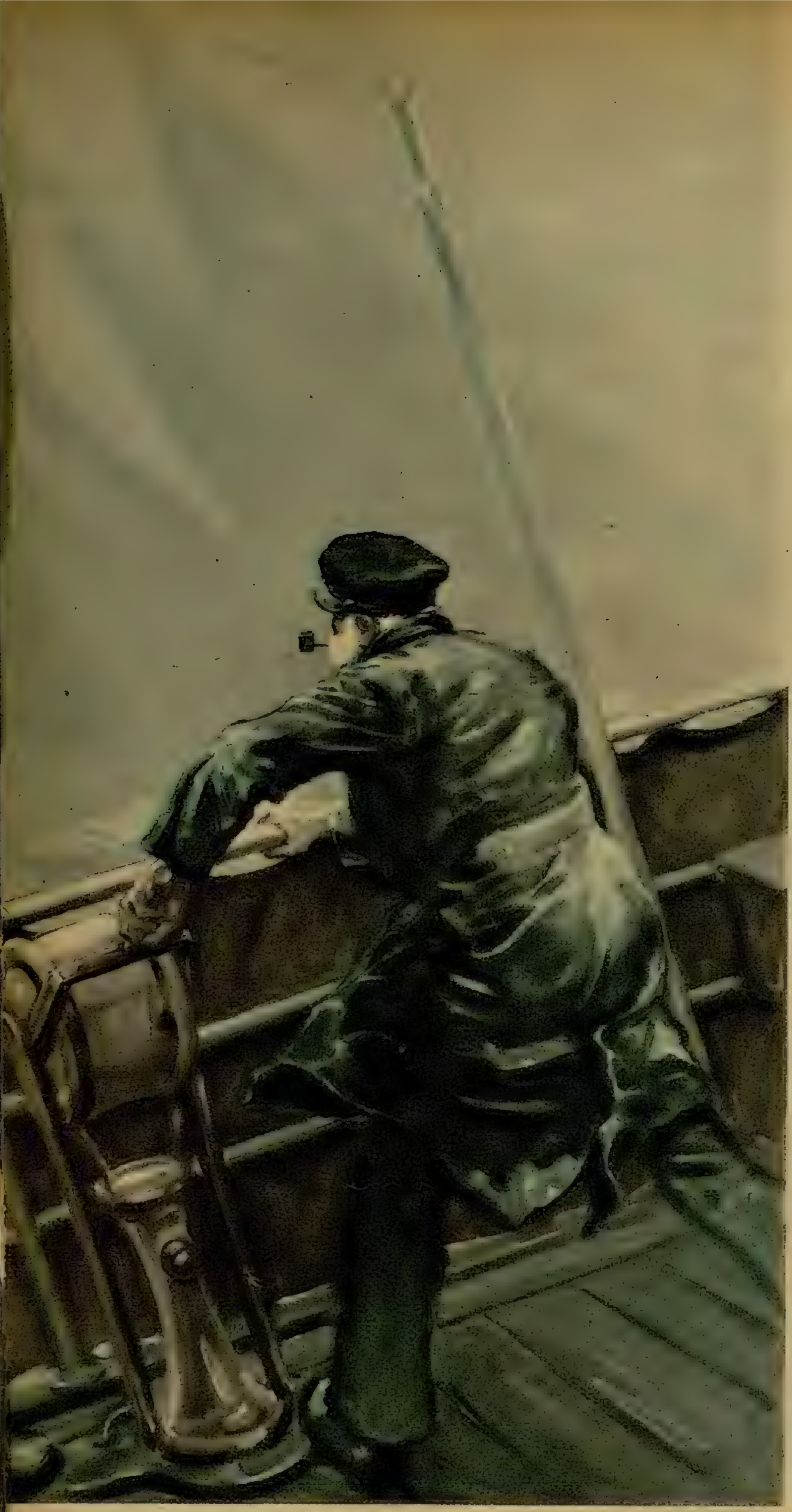
"Sure he'll die," said the mate with conviction, "unless we get him to a doctor."

Grim stared. Then, without another word, he stamped away into the wheelhouse to yell down the engine-room tube for the first assistant. When the proper voice answered, he



Groaning timbers, snapping gear, a thousand minor



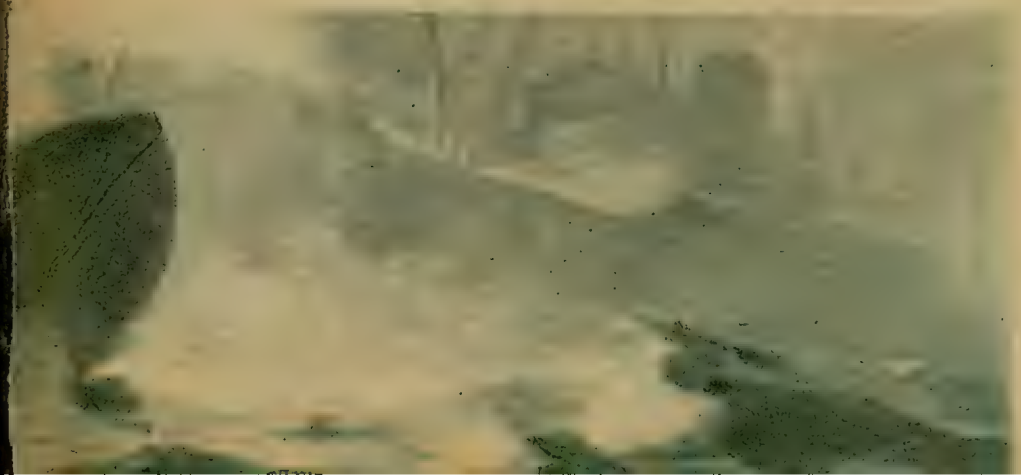


The Stirring Tale of a Race with Death, and a Sea Dog's Desperate Decision

by EUGENE JONES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

sounds followed that first terrific crash.



ordered, " Hook 'er up, Billings. . . . How many? . . . Well, 'tain't enough. She'll turn eighty. . . . I don't give a damn about the ile! Chief's blowed a tube or somethin'."

From there he continued aft to the officers' quarters, pushed past a group gathered in the alleyway, and entered the chief engineer's room. McTodd, a horse-faced Scot with slight beam but enormous over-all measurement, lay on his bunk, his cheeks flushed with fever.

" Playin' sick, are yer, and swillin' me good whisky!"

" Aye," agreed McTodd faintly. " 'Tis the only wa' ta git a drap frum ye."

" Feel pretty bad? "

" I'm ooverheatin', Abner. Ooverheatin' ta beat the deevil."

CROSSING to the bunk, Grim stood looking down at him. " Stand by, Andrew. We'll hold for Norfolk. 'Tain't fur. Have yer in a sick bay by mornin'."

" Mon, mon, ye're off yeer coourse. I'll na hear o'—"

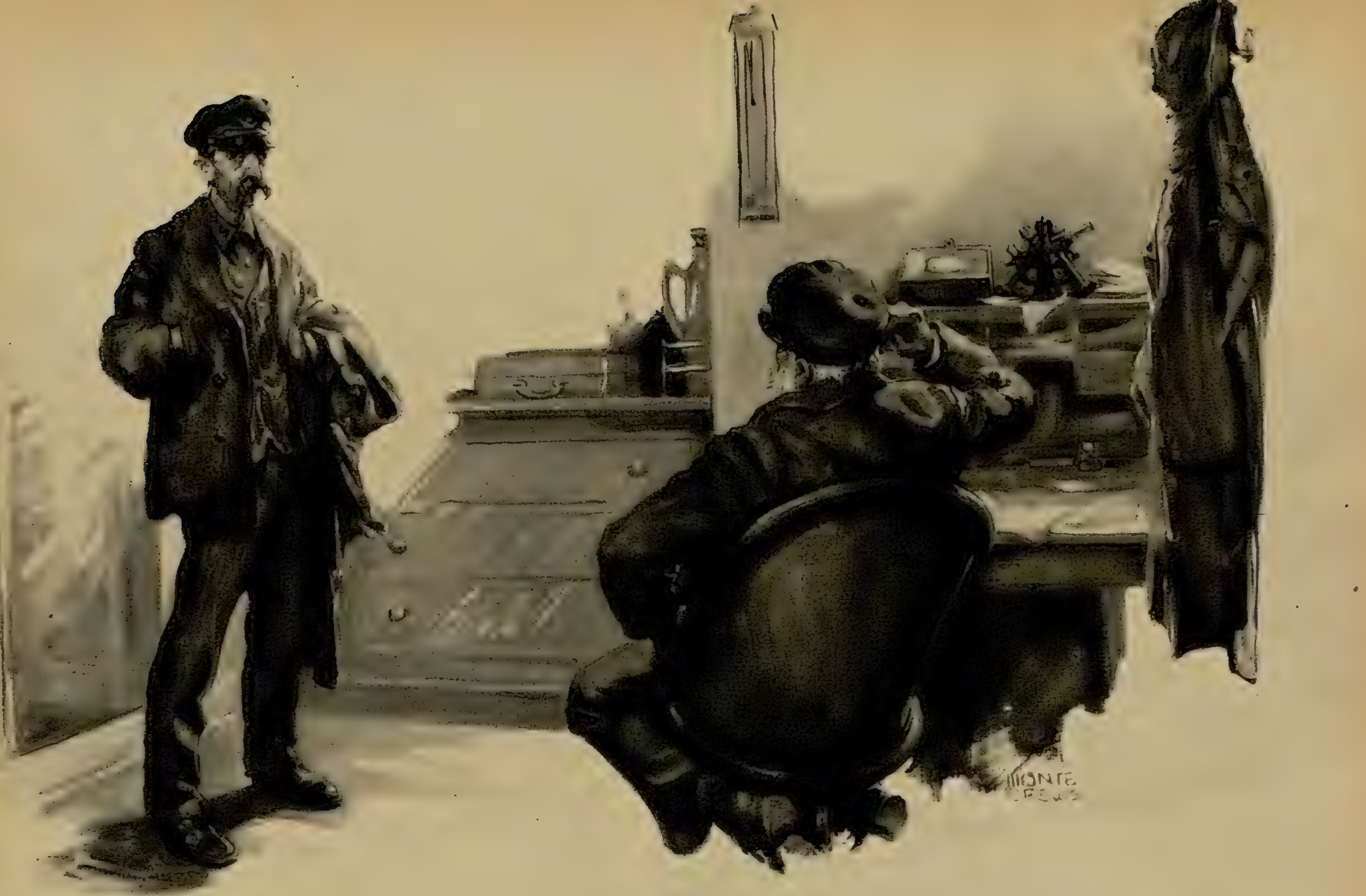
" You'll take orders from me," growled Grim, " an' keep yer ugly trap shet. Them tin mills of yours is turnin' eighty. Fust time they ever done it, too! So stand by, d'yer hear? Godfreys, I—"

He moved off abruptly, out into the alley and along the boat deck to the wheelhouse.

To the watch officer Grim snapped, " Nor'-west b' west, a half west. We're goin' in the Chesapeake." And to the mate, whom he found in the chart room, " Clear number three boat. Git a sling rigged and have a crew ready. I want the blasted boat over afore our hook's down."

Whether or not the old engines of the Granada, nursed along for months by Andrew McTodd, understood what was happening above decks, they gave their best. And Grim in the wheelhouse, smoking his blackened corncob, knew he was racing death; something in the chief's appearance had warned him.

For many years on many seas he and McTodd had sailed together and squabbled and damned each other, one on the bridge, the other in the engine room. Well—this appendix shouldn't separate them! Blast the Western Pacific Steamship Company with its taboo on excess fuel consumption. There were other com-



The other skipper stood inside the door. "Godfreys Jupiter!" muttered Grim.

panies but only one McTodd. Maybe the Granada was due in New York in two days, but she was going to Norfolk instead just as fast as white-hot fires and two hundred pounds of steam could take her.

Grim went below reluctantly for supper. When, a bare half hour later, he returned to the wheelhouse, the watch officer said, "It's thickenin' up, sir. Looks like fog."

Grim waddled back into the chart room, to stand staring at nothing and smoking very fast. Once the wall of mist shut him in, his duty would be clear—to slow down, even stop. The law said so. But he wasn't worrying about a law broken every foggy hour on every foggy sea. He was worrying about what Basil Williams, managing director of the Western Pacific fleet, had said to him four months earlier: "Grim, we're taking you off your passenger run and putting you back on freight because we've got some cargoes to haul we won't trust to anybody else. Forget schedules and speed. Just remember we're depending on you to deliver every last ton. It'll be your last freight job, and it'll be on passenger-ship pay."

And Grim had replied, "I'll do it, Williams, if you gimme McTodd an' don't cut *his* pay."

That was what Grim was worrying about in the chart room of the Granada carrying a million-dollar cargo under her rusty hatches. Eight bells sounded on the wheelhouse clock. The lookout repeated them on the big bell forward as Grim went back to the bridge, where the third mate asked:

"Want her eased, sir? Men for'ard say they can't see a ship's length."

"Keep 'er hooked up," ordered Grim—"and double the watch."

They were close to the traffic lanes now. Well to north and east lay Cape Charles and Cape Charles light. But in this weather he would never see its friendly flash. What he was counting upon finding was the fixed eye of Cape Henry, Horseshoe Shoals lightship, and other beacons farther inshore. If McTodd could only last! It would take time and considerable patience to locate markers in that white smother. A sailor sent periodically below brought back word the chief was worse.

Now far off to port came a hollow blast, the deep-throated warning of a vessel feeling her way out of the Chesapeake. The Granada's whistle answered, bellowing forth at regular intervals. And in the intervening moments of silence Grim heard fainter signals of varying description, impossible to locate, increasing in number.

Fog came in wisps over the bow, floating aft like miniature clouds, to brush against the superstructure or be torn by the rigging. The night took on a grayish cast.

"LIGHT on th' port bow," sang the lookout.

Yes, there it was—the glowing eye of Cape Henry. Grim pointed exultantly and the watch officer nodded. "Let 'er go west-nor'west," grunted Grim.

They had cut in well to the southward to save time and avoid any outward-bound vessels. Only through a streak of rare bad luck would they find so much as a fisherman on these bearings. The Granada swung away on her new course full speed into murk thick enough to cut. Full speed, with dark figures on the fo'c's'le head trying to pierce not miles but *yards*, with master and watch officer leaning over the bridge rail, with the fire room a white-hot hell. And in his cabin Andrew McTodd babbling about nothing intelligible.

Cape Henry light dead abeam, its horn suddenly blared forth. Grim, now confident of his position, bent to rekindle his corncob. And while he half turned to shield the flame from the wind, it happened.

A shout went up from the fo'c's'le head. Figures stumbled backward, arms upflung across their eyes. Tall, stark ghosts were rushing at them, materialized from nowhere—spars of a sailing vessel so near they seemed to tower over the very bow. In that brief gasping second the hull of the three-master became visible against the mist. Nothing in God's world could prevent collision.

"Hard aport! Hard aport!" screamed the watch officer. But Grim's

(Continued on page fourteen)

HOW'S BUSINESS?
ON THE BOOM! IF YOU HAVE
A SENSATION LIKE THIS

GOODYEAR
TIRE SERVICE
THE GREATEST GOODYEAR EVER BUILT
GOODYEAR
TIRES
43%
G3
"G3"

Buyers come with a rush to get the tire that defies fast tread-wear

43% more miles of real non-skid safety in "G-3" meets tremendous popular response

HERE'S thrilling news for the millions who are scanning the business horizon for signs of increasing sales.

Here's a *1934 success story* that teaches the homely truth that *people will buy if you build what they want.*

And the cash registers of 30,000 Goodyear dealers from coast to coast are ringing with the news that car owners want *43% longer non-skid mileage.*

An overnight success

"G-3" is the magic name that released this flood of buying.

"G-3" is the tire that stood up under the toughest tests ever dealt out by a test fleet.

"G-3" is the tire that *keeps its grip* 43% longer than former All-Weathers—*twice as long* as other tires tested against it.

"G-3" is the All-Weather Tread Goodyear tire that gives you a broader, flatter tread—more rubber in the tread—more rubber against the ground.

It gives you more non-skid blocks in the center of the tread—16% more, for greater safety, quicker stopping, longer wear.

It gives the finest foundation any tread could have—patented Goodyear Supertwist in the tire body—and frankly, it would be impossible successfully to build such a tread without this Goodyear ply material.

You might expect that this extra rubber, extra mileage, extra safety would make the "G-3" more expensive.

It *does* cost more to build this sensational new tire—but *you pay no more to buy it!*

These plain facts started the rush of buying at Goodyear dealers! Isn't it a good idea for you to join the crowd?

Seventy-five per cent of our customers have requested that their new cars be equipped with the new "G-3" tires. J.B.W., Huntsville, Texas. (car dealer)

These "G-3" tires . . . have run a total of 18,030 miles . . . and have practically 75% of their non-skid left. L. K., Seattle, Wash.

I have driven 25,850 miles since these tires were installed and you can hardly see that they have been used. A. K. L., Fergus Falls, Minn.

My car now has 17,500 on it with plenty of non-skid life. I feel that they will give at least 35,000 miles. K. H. S., Schuyler, Neb.

I have 33,000 miles on my set and they are still good for many more. W. H. K., Albany, N. Y.

I have this new type Goodyear on my Plymouth and they have run over 22,000 miles. The diamond blocks are in good shape and still give me plenty of traction. R. J. L., Cherokee, Iowa.

These tires have been well over 20,000 miles, and still have many more non-skid miles left. F. R. R., Albany, Ga.

I usually wear out a set of tires in about 15,000 miles, but have already driven these tires 12,879 miles and can note no appreciable wear on the front and very little on the rear. W. G. B., Cedartown, Ga.

. . . after more than 16,000 miles it appears that this set of tires will give me a non-skid feature for better than 25,000 miles. A. A. H., Baltimore, Md.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER
GOODYEAR
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

NRA CODE

(Continued from page twelve) bellow drowned his voice:

"Hard astarboard, yer lubber. Hard! Hard over!"

With only a few feet separating the vessels, the Granada answered, rolling to her rudder. By inches the angle changed until her prow bore down not on the schooner's after house but well forward of her mizzenmast. Next instant they struck her, the freighter barely trembling at the impact.

Groaning timbers, snapping gear, a thousand minor sounds followed that first terrific crash. Grim hurled the watch officer away from the telegraph, which he had jammed to "Full astern," and swung the indicator to "Dead slow ahead." His hairy ham of a hand shot out, gripping the man's shoulder. "Listen, you. Hold 'er as she is. Want to back off and let the sea into 'em?" He was still smoking his corncob as he shouted over the rail, "Mr. Marsten, get them fellers aboard over our bow. See if they c'n come up the shrouds. Rig a cluster light for'ard. Test number one hold for water. Mr. Sands—"

He continued unhurriedly, paying no attention to the bedlam under the bow. The schooner's mizzenmast went by the board; a mainsail tore free; men screamed from the deck of the doomed vessel. The blunt prow of the Granada was stopping the tremendous gash momentarily.

In no time a powerful cluster light was heaved aloft at the end of a derrick, and Jacob's ladders were flung from the fo'c's'le head down to the schooner's torn bulwarks.

"We're taking no water, sir," reported Marsten.

"Find out what craft that is," ordered Grim, "and how many's in her crew. Check 'em on the well deck. Lively, man!"

To add to the uproar, the Granada's safety popped. "Dead slow ahead" couldn't take care of the steam. The mate's voice came the moment the safety closed:

"It's the Mary B., out of Norfolk with coal, sir. All her crew's accounted for—eleven of 'em. Captain's coming up to you. How about—"

A cry from the fo'c's'le head interrupted: "She's going down!"

The mass of torn rigging overhanging the Granada's bow began to slide back. The crosstrees of the topmast caught on her stem, held a second, then parted with a tremendous report. And the cluster light showed the schooner heaving clear. She shuddered. Her after hatch gave way with a dull explosion as the air pocketed below made its escape. For just an instant she lay on her side. Then what was left of her bow disappeared, her stern reared high, and she took the final plunge.

"Hard astern," ordered Grim.

As the master of the Mary B. came on the Granada's bridge, Abner Grim reached through the open wheelhouse window for the whistle valve. Three long blasts went up into the fog—a salute and a farewell to the mangled hull on its way to the ocean floor. Before Grim spoke he himself swung the engine-room telegraph to "Full speed ahead." Mary B. might be gone, but Andrew McTodd still lived.

In the sudden darkness attendant upon the extinguishing of the cluster light Grim could barely make out the schooner captain's silhouette; but his protest was clear:

"Good God, full speed! Ain't you done enough?"

"I'm tryin' to save a life."

The other laughed shrilly. "Sure—by sinkin' ships!"

"Listen, you," rumbled Grim. "'Twas my fault I hit yer; it'll cost me my ticket. But we're goin' to Norfolk like a bat outter hell. One word from you and I'll knock yer cold."

Silence on the bridge while the blare of Cape Henry's horn faded astern. And then, without warning, one of those miracles of the sea occurred. There wasn't any fog—not a scrap of it! Although not five miles from the scene of the wreck, the Granada was entering the Chesapeake under perfect weather conditions.

"Got a license for this port?" ventured the man who had lost his ship. Grim answered without turning.

"Yep. But 'twouldn't make no difference to me now if I didn't. Told yer I was tryin' ter save a swab's life. Cal'late I'm goin' to heave to and wait for a pilot? Git below, will yer? Make me fidgety, you do."

Not once during the hours that followed did the Granada lessen speed by a revolution, nor did Abner Grim leave the bridge. Six o'clock found Norfolk on the port bow and Newport News abeam. Before the Granada swung around with the tide, number three boat, which was equipped with a motor, hit the water.

Grim himself supervised the lowering of his chief engineer in the specially prepared sling, and sent the second mate with him. He would have gone in person, but he expected the port authorities would be around to ask questions, and in justice to the Western Pacific Steamship Company he must see them as soon as the master of the Mary B. For a long moment he stood listening to the engine exhaust as it died away toward shore. Then he ran the back of his hairy hand across his eyes to clear away an unaccustomed blur, stuffed his corncob with fresh tobacco, and went to his cabin. The master of the Mary B. followed him.

Still without looking at him, Grim turned on the light over his desk and sat down, cap on the back of his head. Then he raised his eyes.

The other skipper stood just inside the door, a lank, walrus-mustached figure with sloping shoulders. He wore a nondescript uniform obviously dug out of the slop chest.

"GODFREYS Jupiter!" muttered Grim. "Sol Haskins! Why in time didn't you say somethin'?"

"Seems t' me I did, an' yer shet me up."

"Umph! I mean about who you was."

"'Twouldn't 'a' helped none; 'twas all over by then," Haskins said, folding himself into a chair.

"I swan ter man if I've laid sight of you in fifteen year. What was you doin' aboard that schooner, Sol?"

"Runnin' her, Abner. We was out of Norfolk with coal for Savannah." He hesitated, his gaze dropping. "Not much of a vessel, was she, Abner? But—well, she was my fust ship. Had my ticket pretty nigh ten year now without gittin' fu'ther'n a mate's berth, till the Mary B. came along."

Slowly Grim got up to stare out of a port, with his back to Haskins.

"An' I had to come bustin' into yer. Into th' one man—"

"Yep," interrupted Haskins hastily. "I was mighty nigh the only thing afloat south the main channel. Funny, ain't it?"

"Funny? Godfreys!" Grim spun about. "No, 'tain't funny. One thing we better git straight right off. Your owners'll git damages. I'll see they do. Insurance company will pay 'em full coverage. 'Twas my fault, Sol, clear as the nose on yer face."

"Heave to, Abner, and set down. Go off on that tack an' you'll be out a berth. Weren't nobody's fault. You was runnin' dead slow. When I heared your whistle there weren't enough wind to haul round. Man, man, blame the fog! Lord sent it to blame."

"No!" shouted Grim. "Not on yer life. You're lyin', Sol, to git me out o' trouble."

"What if I be? Cal'late I fergot what ye done for me once with that tug o' yourn? Harbor tug puttin' to sea in a blow to hunt a dumb fishin' craft! Umph, barge office talks about it yet." Suddenly the master of the Mary B. was out of his chair, waving his long arms.

"Where's yer brains, Abner? Gone down likely with my ship. All we got to do is swear nobody could of helped it—crew'll stand by us—and let the insurance companies settle. Won't cost 'em a penny more. Have to settle anyhow. The Mary B. was an old tub. Her—her owners'll be all-fired glad to see the last of her. It means a better boat for me and no trouble for you."

Grim groped behind him for his chair and let himself into it, his eyes never leaving Haskins's face. Basil Williams, managing director of the Western Pacific fleet, was a fine man, but not, Grim judged, quixotic enough to allow a million-dollar cargo to be risked in order to get an engineer to the hospital in a hurry. This scheme of Haskins's would satisfy him and the inspectors. It seemed like a pretty harmless lie, under the circumstances.

"Nope," Grim refused reluctantly.

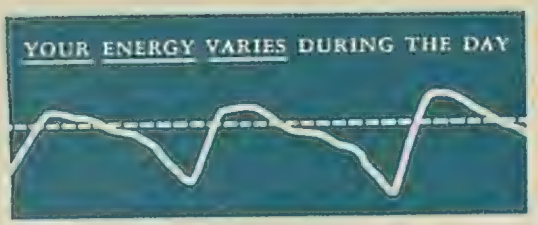
"Yep," insisted his *(Continued on page seventeen)*

WORN OUT...and then he smoked a Camel!

"DOG-TIRED" AFTER WORK...with a long evening ahead...and dinner time still an hour away! Just one of the many times during the day when you will want to light up a Camel—for restoring your flow of healthful energy. You'll *like* Camels—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

FOUND

Important Facts for Smokers Discovered by Science!



Experience of Camel smokers is now Explained

From a famous research laboratory in New York comes a basic discovery that throws new light on our past knowledge about cigarettes. It embodies an "energizing effect"...a harmless restoration of the flow of natural body energy...a delightful relief from fatigue and irritability. When you smoke a Camel you enjoy an increase in your flow of energy. And this benefit you get from smoking Camels can be enjoyed over and over again... *without upsetting your nerves.*

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Let CAMELS increase your flow of ENERGY

Tired? Light a Camel. And as you enjoy its cool, pleasing fragrance, you feel a new flow of energy...a quick and delightful "energizing effect."

You've probably noticed this yourself and wondered how it happened. The "lift" you get from Camels is a release of your own *natural* energy...made easily and harmlessly available.

So when you're feeling "all in," smoke a Camel. That tired feeling slips away. Camels have helped your own body to help itself.

You can smoke just as many of these delightful Camels as you want. And you need *never* worry about your nerves. *For Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves.*

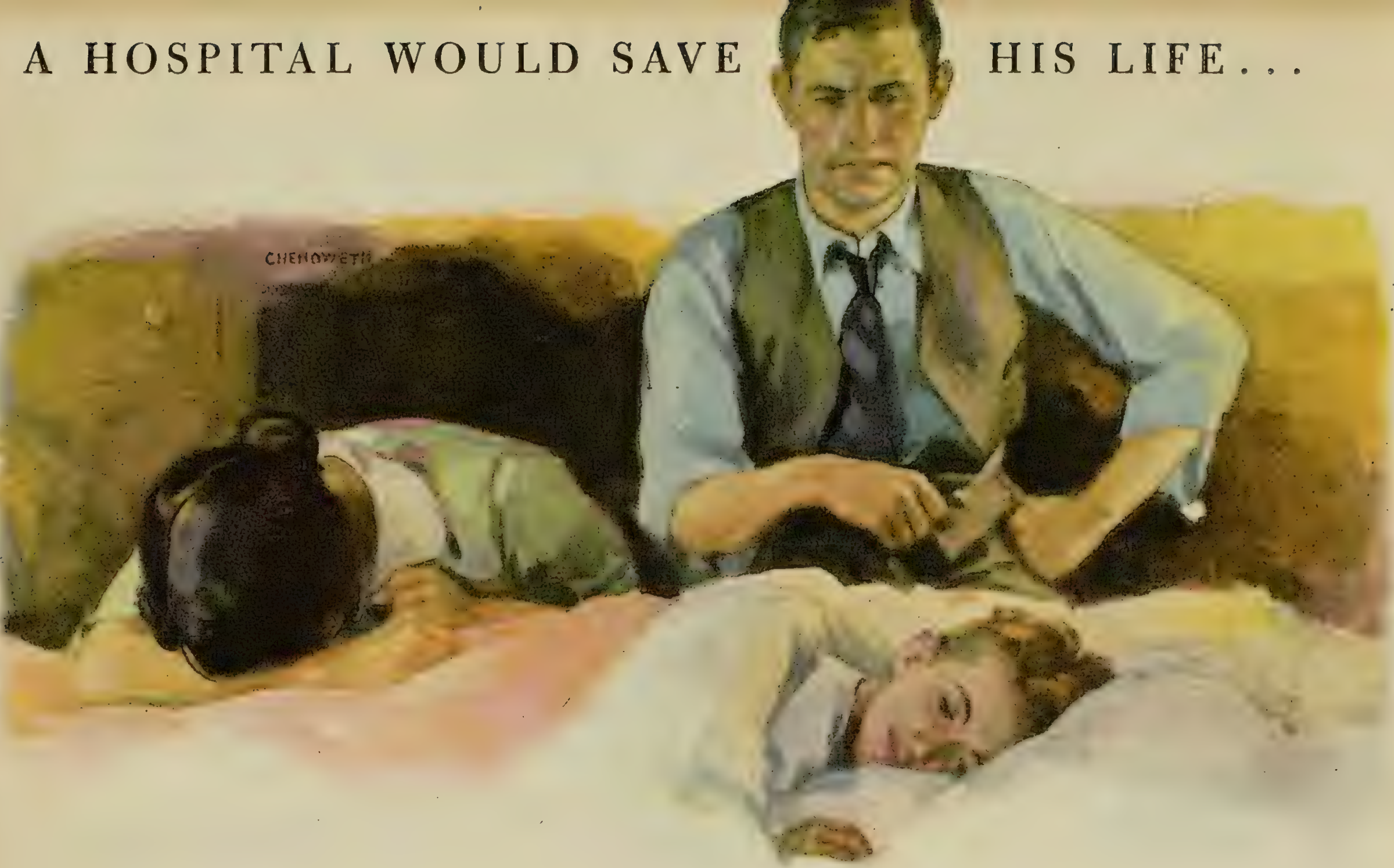
CAMEL'S Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand.

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

A HOSPITAL WOULD SAVE HIS LIFE . . .



. . . but he will have to die

Too bad, little fellow, but you will have to die.

Some of the hospitals are full, others are running part time or not at all, because of the lack of money.

It takes a lot of money to run America's hospitals. Oh, yes, a lot of money, a billion dollars a year.

You see, we spent our money in the war. It was a very expensive war. It cost the nations of the world almost a billion dollars every four days.

THE ANNUAL BUDGET OF ALL OUR HOSPITALS BLOWN UP, IN POWDER AND SHOT. EVERY 96 HOURS!

This advertisement, written by Bruce Barton, painted by Joseph Chenoweth, and presented here through the co-operation of LIBERTY, is an exhibit of an educational campaign dramatizing the horrors of war; a campaign which Henry Ewald has called "a bold, practical plan which dwarfs all former use of advertising." Co-operation to develop this campaign into a persistent, extensive, efficient drive for Peace is invited by World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

(Continued from page fourteen)

friend. “ Been years waitin' for a chance to square up with yer. Here it comes, and you git sot as lead ballast. I'm tellin' you my owners won't squawk.” He smiled. “ An' they won't fire me; I know 'em.”

Grim sat still, pulling at his beard. For him the climb to the top of the maritime ladder had been a tough one. It had taken twenty years of unceasing work, determination, vigilance, to bridge the gap between a harbor tug and a liner's deck. While in his heart he was convinced he had done nothing wrong in driving the Granada full speed through the fog, he also knew the steamship company might be expected to take a different view. Provided Haskins could make peace with his own owners, here was a way out for both of them.

“ I wouldn't mind so much about the inspectors, Sol,” he admitted. “ 'Tain't them. It's Williams. Never lied to him yet. Pretty good friend o' mine.”

“ You don't have to lie. Say the smash couldn't be helped. Couldn't, could it, seein' how things was? ”

“ That's beatin' the devil round the mainm'st, Sol.” Haskins snorted.

EUGENE JONES

writes both fiction and advertising. He has, he says, been fired from some of the best papers in the country. But despite this his fiction has appeared in many leading magazines. He is married, has one daughter, and lives in Florida.

“ Which is a dumb-sight better'n lettin' 'im ketch you, ain't it? Think it over till we git to New York. I'm goin' along with yer—to see Williams.”

“ Thanks, Sol. Course I will. But—well, I never got fur dodgin' weather. It ketches up with yer sooner or later, and I'd ruther take it on the bow.”

Twenty minutes later Grim was on his way to the hospital where McTodd had been taken, Haskins promising to handle the port authorities, should they come aboard in his absence. Dawn broke as he landed at the wharf. In the hospital office he waited a half hour before the chief's nurse came in to say:

“ He's doing very well, captain. We had to operate at once. If you hadn't brought him here when you did, peritonitis would have set in.”

“ Will he git well, young lady? ” he inquired.

“ Oh, yes! Dr. Adams says he's as strong as a horse.”

“ How about me—me—seein' 'im? ”

“ I'll ask the doctor. But you'd have to wait quite a while; he is still under ether.”

When toward noon the master of the Granada was allowed to tiptoe into McTodd's room, he found his chief engineer a “ little white around the gills,” as he put it, but otherwise apparently on the road to recovery.

“ Umph, don't look so blasted sick, Andrew. How's yer b'iler feel now? ”

“ Weel, they drawed the fires, Abner. Coome close—I'll tell ye a secret. 'Twas yer vurra fine whusky thot saved me. Ha'e ye a drap wi' ye, b' chance? ”

DURING the trip back to the Granada lying at anchor, her master kept his eyes away from her except to note that she had suffered no injuries beyond a bit of scratched paint and a lost “ eyebrow ” or so. If only he could bring himself to back up Haskins's story! While a report to the steamboat inspectors must be made, they could be counted upon to drop the matter if they learned both skippers agreed the collision had been unavoidable. Williams, thankful for safe delivery of a valuable cargo, would let it go at that; while Sol Haskins would get a better vessel to replace the antiquated Mary B. But Grim was blasted if he could bring himself to lie to Williams, the man who had first put him on the bridge of a liner.

As the small boat came alongside the Granada's starboard landing stage Grim noted the wind had backed to the northwest and they could get under way on a fair tide the moment the hook came up. He went slowly to his cabin to change his “ shore ” clothes. Upon opening the door, however, he received a second shock almost equal in magnitude to his discovery of Sol Haskins.

Basil Williams, who should have been in New York and to whom Grim had sent a wire while ashore, sat waiting with a cigar in his mouth and a faint smile upon his lips.

“ Come in, Abner,” invited Williams. Grim dropped into his swivel chair and devoted himself to filling his corncob. He said, without looking up:

“ What in time you doin' here, Williams? ”

“ I might ask you that. You were due in New York tomorrow. As a matter of fact I've been inspecting that new ship of ours they're launching next week. When I saw the Granada this morning from my hotel window, I was—well, curious.”

“ Cal'late you ain't any longer.”

“ Captain Haskins told me, Abner, not an hour ago in this very cabin. From his story I can't see where either of you was to blame. You were apparently running dead slow, and he didn't have enough wind to get out of the way. How's McTodd? ”

“ All shipshape. Just seen 'im. Come nigh dyin', though, accordin' to them doctors. Where's Sol now? ”

“ Oh, he went ashore with his crew. He'll send his report in to the inspectors. Abner, it's pretty tough on the owner of the Mary B. She carried no insurance except on her cargo. I made it a point to find out something about her before I came aboard this morning.” Williams examined the burning end of his cigar. “ That fellow Haskins must be a pretty good friend of yours.”

GRIM'S marble-hard blue eyes were suddenly still, boring into the managing director of the Western Pacific Steamship Company.

“ Jest what are you hintin' at, Williams? He'll git a better ship—told me so himself. Mary B. oughter been scrapped years ago.”

Williams was still examining his cigar as he said gravely, “ Yes. He told me the same thing until he found out I *knew*. You see, Abner, Sol Haskins not only commanded the Mary B.; he *owned* her. Every cent of his savings was tied up in that poor old tub. Quite a man, Captain Haskins is, to my way of thinking.”

Silence in the cabin. Grim's stubby fingers gripping the chair arms and his corncob sagging from his mouth. After a time Grim got up unsteadily to stare across the bay. When he turned, Williams was looking at him.

“ Sol owned the—the Mary B.? He— Why, the blasted—” With a stride he was standing directly before his employer, beard quivering, his face redder than ever and an unreadable expression upon it. “ Listen, Williams. Listen careful. Every word o' it's a lie! He was lyin' f'r me. I wasn't runnin' dead slow; I was runnin' hooked up —eight or nine knots—through fog thick as soup! ”

“ Knowing you, Grim, it didn't occur to me you were doing anything else. And I judge you weren't merely experimenting to see how many schooners you could sink.”

“ Nope; course not. McTodd—”

“ I understand,” Williams cut him short.

“ No you don't, neither. I'd do it ag'in! There ain't no cargo afloat worth McTodd's life. Oh, I ain't expectin' you or any company man ter stand f'r it! Things look different ashore. Git it over. Fire me. But, by crimps, somebody'll pay Sol Haskins for the Mary B., if I have to go to court to make 'em. That swab tried to save my job—by—by—” His voice broke. Williams rose, smiling now, and put his hand on Grim's shoulder.

“ Haskins'll be paid. Saving life means more than saving dollars—even to us! You've still got something to learn about our policies, Grim.” Grim groped for his pipe, blew through his beard, and turned his back on Basil Williams.

“ Umph, maybe so. But Sol can't buy no new ship f'r what the Mary B. was worth—not with prices where they be.”

“ He doesn't want to. He's going to work for us. We need both of you in our business.” Williams's voice changed. “ Next time you get in a jam, do what you think is right and try trusting me.”

After a while Grim said, without turning, “ We'll put t' sea afore noon, Williams. Comin' along? Blasted fog's cleared away—f'r all hands, I cal'late.”

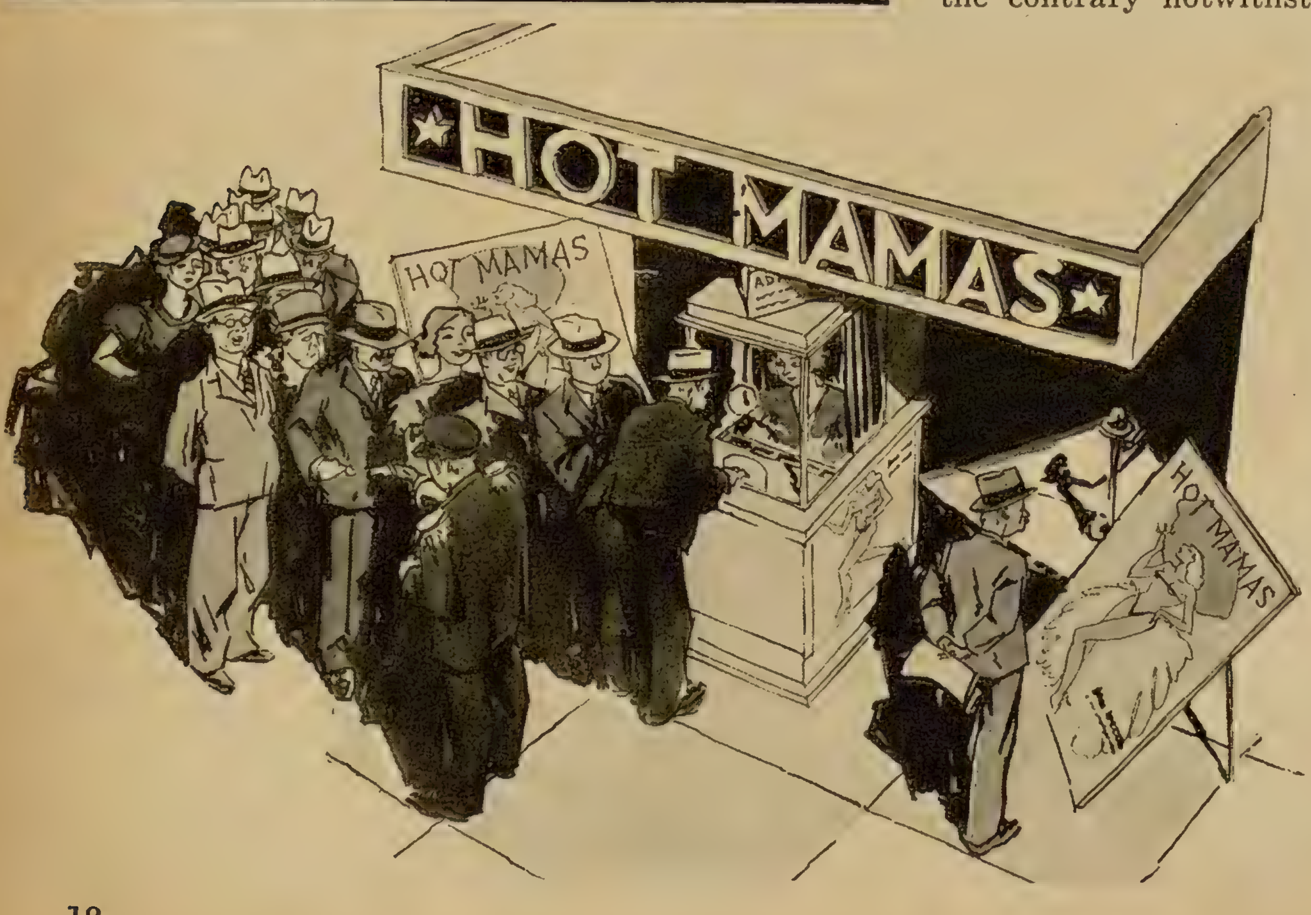
THE END

Why Hollywood Loses Money on Good Pictures

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IN January, 1933, Paramount presented a bouncing baby, Mae West, to a nation satiated with slimness. We led the unforgettable revolt against automobile shapes for women—indistinguishable fronts and rears, stream lines, and the elimination of wind-resisting surfaces. The first gun in our national campaign was a trade-paper ad addressed to the exhibitors of America, with a chaste line of copy reading, "Hitting the bull's-eye of lusty entertainment." This seemed to me unimpeachable; but within twenty-four hours I was summoned into the presence of my revered chief, who pointed out, dictionaries to the contrary notwithstanding, that "lusty" placed in close juxtaposition to certain provocative protuberances was susceptible of one interpretation and one only.

Thenceforward "lusty" was banished from our campaign; but the good news from the Western front had already penetrated to the hinterlands. Contracts and play dates of the dear old Coolidge vintage inundated the Paramount home office. As a gag we inserted ads for additional clerks to handle Mae's mail, and to our delight we were able to use the applicants. She Done Him Wrong crowded bal-



"The demand for risque or wild-youth pictures far exceeds that for artistic or educational ones," says Mr. Mayer. Above: Clara Bow and Richard Cromwell in Hoopla

It's Perfectly Simple, Says One Who Knows: The Public Just Doesn't Want Them—and Here Are Some Surprising Figures to Prove It!

[illegible]

by ARTHUR L. MAYER

Director of the Rialto Theater, New York City; formerly Advertising Director of Paramount Pictures

conies which jocose exhibitors had advertised as available for deer-shooting privileges, and filled mezzanine seats which had not been dusted for years. Ushers, doormen, cashiers, and additional cleaning crews were employed. The backbone of the depression was broken!

For the first time in motion-picture history not a single cancellation from any exhibitor was received on either of the pictures which starred Miss West. This, ladies and gents, is four-star inside information, because the cancellation possibilities and proclivities of the American exhibitor are at present the subject of national debate.

WHEN motion-picture knights of the road—"fillum peddlers" to the trade—pack their grips, grab their highly-colored annual announcement books, and sally forth to face the ancient enemy, their unsealed and openly avowed instructions are to sell as many pictures as possible for as much money as possible. Probably 99 per cent of the pictures offered to exhibitors are still unborn. In most cases the idea, if any, is an amiable intention on the part of the producer. The description furnished by the peddler of the product which he is offering to the exhibitor is necessarily of the vaguest character. On the whole, the exhibitor purchases pictures much as you subscribe to your favorite magazine. If in the past it has given you pleasure, you renew your subscription, although you have scanty information as to the stories and articles contemplated in the coming year.

This practice when applied to the purchase of pictures is known as "blind buying," and it is difficult to see how it can be avoided. Motion-picture prints are distributed from thirty-two centers to the 15,000 or more theaters in the United States. Contracts totaling more than ten million play dates for pictures are entered into annually between distributors and exhibitors. More than 25,000 miles of motion-picture film are interchanged daily between the branch exchanges of the distributors and the theaters where the prints are exhibited. Each picture must be returned by the theater immediately after it is used. The average distance of each theater from its source of supply is considerable. About 450 pictures are produced in America annually. If the average exhibitor making three or four changes of program a week were to screen all of them and all the available short subjects prior to debating the correct price with the salesman, his theater would frequently be closed while he spent days on end in the exchange offices. Showmen from the more distant

HEROES OF HISTORY

Fox Film photos

"The so-called best element cannot be relied on to support the type of picture they claim to favor." Above are Heather Angel and Leslie Howard in Berkeley Square.

towns would have to spend all of their time there.

Another peculiar difficulty in merchandising pictures arises from the fact that their rental price is primarily predicated not on their cost but on a supposititious entertainment value. A picture may require a million-dollar investment, and gross less than one that costs $150,000. Moreover, the rental price varies with the size and importance of the theater where it is shown and, above all, with the week of its exhibition. The value of a motion picture declines rapidly with its age. For the first run in New York City the Music Hall guarantees as much as $7,500 and occasionally pays triple that amount. Within six months the same picture will be playing subsequent runs for ten dollars or less. Regardless of the merit of a picture or the possibilities for its revival, it is completely written off the books of any major producer within two years.

The higher price paid by first-run theaters is justified by what was formerly called "protection," then rechristened "clearance." The first-run exhibitor wants clearance over the second-run exhibitor, the second-run exhibitor over the third, and so on. When a theater manager lugubriously tells you that he cannot get such and such a picture, he means that he cannot get it soon enough to show it profitably in his opinion. There are very few pictures he cannot play eventually if he is only willing to wait long enough and repeat on some jubilant competitors.

Naturally the duel between salesman and exhibitor takes on Homeric proportions. Out of the mêlée emerged the practice of block booking. Some ingenious prehistoric exhibitor discovered that he could buy pictures cheaper in wholesale lots than one at a time. Also, by purchasing them in advance he could assure himself of a steady flow of product. The salesman or his boss, on the other hand, ascertained that the saving in time, selling expense, and certainty of a satisfactory outlet for his product more than compensated for the smaller revenue on each individual picture.

This moderately successful compromise spread rapidly, but it is by no means as prevalent as recent propaganda would indicate. Less than 20 per cent of the contracts call for the purchase of the entire product of any major company. In many situations there is no competition. Big de luxe theaters playing only a few pictures are also apt to buy in limited quantities. On the other hand, many exhibitors have two or three theaters. Others play double features, changing shows as often as four or five times a week. To an exhibitor who requires over 500 pictures a year, block booking is a godsend.

HOWEVER, it has always seemed grossly unfair to a limited but truculent group of exhibitors. Quite naturally they would prefer to buy the pick of all the major companies' product. Their first resort was the Federal Trade Commission. They waited patiently for five years, at the end of which time their hopes were gratified by an order from the Commission to Famous Players Lasky (grandpa of the present Paramount Company) to cease and desist its unfair distribution practices. Famous promptly appealed, and another five years elapsed, at the end of which time the United States Circuit Court of Appeals declared block booking not monopolistic and a justifiable trade practice. In 1932 the Commission finally announced that no further effort would be made to enforce its anti-block-booking order.

Nothing daunted, the embattled exhibitors turned from legalistic courts to idealistic crusaders.

Never in history have pictures been sufficiently virtuous for the moralists, artistic for the æsthetes, educational for the learned, or propagandist for the reformers. Their earliest available record is disreputable. The receipts for the opening day of the peep-show arcade on Fourteenth Street, in New York, were as follows:

U. S. Battleships	$ .25	Ballet Dancer	$1.05
Joseph Jefferson	.43	Girl Climbing Apple Tree	3.65

The Christian Century states: "These trade practices [block booking and blind buying] are the devices to keep independents out of the industry."

When independent pictures have box-office potentialities they have no difficulty in securing play dates in the Roxy, Rialto, or Mayfair. Even the Strand and the Rivoli in New York City played independent pictures during the past year, and if these pictures made a creditable showing on Broadway, no block-booking system can prevent exhibitors from shelving current major releases in favor of independent.

In declining the presidential appointment to the Code Authority, President Emeritus Lowell of Harvard stated: "The five major producing companies have by their business methods obtained a controlling grip on the business and are able to put forth upon the community any films that they please. This monopolistic practice based on block booking and blind buying many of us asked to have checked by the motion-picture code; but instead of that it has been given a certain legal sanction."

Actually the five major producers turn out less than 300 pictures a year. There is practically no town in America which does not consume more than this, and there is for most towns a dearth of playable film. Moreover, under the NRA code there is a 10-per-cent cancellation clause which enables the exhibitor to dispense with any pictures which he is disinclined to play. Of course, he may not show any pictures that would be offensive to common decency.

THE trouble with reformers seems to be that they always select the wrong place to fight. The creation of pictures is carried on by high-pressure mass-production methods not suitable to the development of a unique and highly individualized form of expression. The distribution of pictures in competitive spots is handled with extreme rapacity. The exhibition of pictures is marred by advertising which is frequently as extravagant, untruthful, and salacious as the law allows. So the crusaders surveyed the entire field and decided to concentrate their attack upon the least vulnerable and probably the most socially useful aspect of motion-picture distribution—block booking.

Actually, block booking is the only protection which most small exhibitors have from being deprived of the first run of any desirable product. Let me illustrate.

The average American town has three first-run theaters. Under the existing selling arrangement, the best theater in town (usually called the A house) plays pictures from two or three major producers. Due to block booking it is compelled to play 90 per cent of the product of these companies and consequently is unable to buy pictures from other companies. The next best theater (the B house) plays the pictures from the next three or four companies. It has to play 90 per cent of their pictures. Consequently the third theater (or C house) still has the choice of the product of at least two companies and also of the independents. The A theater is frequently affiliated with some large producing and distributing organization. It has a New York office in close personal touch with the other leading companies and representation in Hollywood. The B theater is apt to be affiliated with some local circuit controlling theaters in near-by towns. The C theater is independent and has to stand entirely on its own. If block booking were abolished the independent theater would lose all chance of getting the choice product of any company. Theater A would play the pick of the pictures of all existing major producers and independents; theater B would play the second selection; and theater C would get the rejects from all of them.

Of course there may be towns where the purchasing power is about evenly balanced between the two or three leading theaters. What would happen in these situations?

We have a pretty clear indication, because there is one major company (United Artists) which up to this season consistently refused to sell its pictures in blocks—to do anything except sell them one at a time. Are they loved by the exhibitors as a consequence? I'll say they're not! Even Al Lichtman, their silver-tongued sales executive, could scarcely maintain that their individual-picture-selling policy is conducive to an exhibitor's comfort and peace of mind. United Artists sells its pictures almost invariably on a percentage of the gross. Where most companies ask 20 to 30 per cent of the gross for their pictures, United Artists thinks nothing of demanding 35 to 40 per cent for Fairbanks, Pickford, Chaplin, or a Sam Goldwyn production. If all pictures had to be purchased in the open market the way United Artists pictures are merchandised, prices for box-office productions would soar to unparalleled heights. The exhibitor who had previously played Will Rogers or Janet Gaynor pictures would pay almost any price to prevent his competitor taking away assets which he felt he had developed in his community.

Such high prices would be paid for desirable film that inevitably admission prices for the public would have to be raised, and in the long run, as usual, the ultimate consumer would foot the bill for the reformers' folly.

Those who advocate legislation against block booking as a panacea which will automatically insure the exhibition of good pictures are assuming that theater owners, if unrestricted, would select the type of pictures they favor. But the undeniable fact is that the average exhibitor is fundamentally a business man and does not operate his theater for social, educational, or idealistic purposes. A survey has recently been completed of film-distribution problems, covering the experiences of exchanges in all key centers. This survey clearly proves what every one with any practical experience in the motion-picture industry has always realized: the elimination of block booking would decrease rather than increase the exhibition of socially valuable pictures.

ARTHUR L. MAYER

who now operates the independent Rialto on Broadway, has operated national-circuit and independent movie houses throughout the country—besides having been advertising director for Publix Theaters and chief of advertising and publicity for Paramount Pictures.

The St. Louis exchange reports particularly bad business with Abraham Lincoln, the finest biographical film ever produced. In Springfield, Illinois, for instance, only twenty people came in to see the picture. Although Warner Brothers had 230 contracts for Alexander Hamilton, they were only able to secure 149 play dates. This is not as bad, however, as with the finest of all Arliss pictures, Disraeli. It was impossible to get exhibitors to play the picture at any price when it was first released. In the hope that their reaction had changed, the picture was recently reissued; but in this territory only one contract has thus far been sold.

Compare these results with Scarface, a gangster picture. Play dates were given immediately on every contract and repeat bookings are continuing to date. Many exhibitors report that Scarface enabled them to make up for the losses which they suffered on pictures like Arrowsmith. Cradle Song, Paramount's beautiful picture with Dorothea Wieck, has had twenty-five cancellations thus far. On the other hand, Wheeler and Woolsey in So This Is Africa, a decidedly off-color picture, did a tremendous business in this territory.

In the Salt Lake City territory, the only way exhibitors can be compelled to play Alice in Wonderland is by refusing to give them Mae West pictures until they do. On Old Ironsides price adjustments were demanded and given in approximately 15 per cent of the contracts in order to get play dates.

This compares rather dismally with Little Cæsar, which was played by every large exhibitor in the territory.

THE Pittsburgh exchange did not receive a single cancellation on Public Enemy, I'm No Angel, or So This Is Africa; but Berkeley Square was canceled by 15 per cent of the exhibitors and Voltaire by 25 per cent. Cavalcade was canceled by the majority of small towns, and larger cities insisted on a reduction in price.

Philadelphia reports Alice in Wonderland a complete flop. It was withdrawn on the fourth day of the first run and has since played chiefly children's matinées.

Cavalcade was successful only in first-run houses in large cities, and played at a heavy loss in all other situations. Berkeley Square was canceled throughout the territory, but Clara Bow in Hoopla did not receive a single cancellation.

In Oklahoma City Emperor Jones could not even get a downtown first-run showing, and Maedchen in Uniform was unable to secure a single booking in the entire territory served by this exchange. It was almost impossible to get exhibitors to play Michael and Mary or Oliver Twist, but no exhibitor refused to play any of the sex or gangster pictures.

In the Minneapolis territory 50 per cent of the exhibitors asked for cancellations on George Arliss in Voltaire. One did ten times as much business on I'm No Angel as with either Voltaire or Alexander Hamilton.

In Los Angeles Michael and Mary obtained only 150 play dates out of 300 contracts; but The Half Naked Truth, with the same number of contracts, was booked solidly. Topaze, with John Barrymore, had 20 per cent cancellations out of 250 contracts, as compared with Slim Summerville and Zasu Pitts in They Had to Get Married, which with the same number of contracts had no cancellations with many repeat dates, and did a tremendous business.

Kansas City with The Silent Enemy, a splendid silent picture of Alaskan adventure, had 200 cancellations. It did not receive a single play date out of sixty-five theaters in Kansas City. So This Is Africa had only one cancellation out of 350 contracts.

In Dallas Alexander Hamilton received about 100 bookings; a sophisticated risqué picture, Ex-Lady, had 230. It was almost impossible to obtain play dates with Grumpy, and even Abraham Lincoln flopped in the college town of Bryan.

IN Cleveland S O S Iceberg played only 67 contracts out of 157. Even nontheatrical accounts such as schools refused to play Evangeline. On the other hand, Doorway to Hell and other gangster wild-youth pictures were getting repeat bookings galore.

Charlotte, North Carolina, listed as doing practically no business Jesse Lasky's magnificent specials, Power and Glory, Berkeley Square, and Pilgrimage.

Boston's taste was exemplified by the fact that there were no cancellations on Little Cæsar but forty cancellations on Abraham Lincoln.

The demand for risqué, gangster, or wild-youth pictures exceeds that for artistic, educational, or classical productions. Of course there are occasional exceptions. Little Women, with the glamorous new star Hepburn, has scored a sensational success, and in the larger cities Henry the Eighth has done exceedingly well. These exceptions, however, only emphasize what every exhibitor has learned to his cost. The so-called "best element" in the community cannot be relied upon to support in large numbers the type of picture which they claim to favor. Years ago I learned this lesson, to my cost, with The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari, daddy of all modern art pictures. It has been driven home to me season after season when I lost money with instructive thrilling pictures like Byrd at the South Pole, with humanitarian, inspiring productions like Lubitsch's Broken Lullaby, with mystical, deeply religious pictures like Outward Bound, or with masterly American classics like Von Stroheim's Greed.

This season alone any exhibitor who put his bank roll on such magnificent and unusual productions as Cavalcade, Cradle Song, Berkeley Square, or Eskimo is fortunate if he is not in the poorhouse.

I believe that there is no exhibitor who does not greatly desire to be numbered among the socially useful members of his community and who does not thrill with pride when his pictures receive critical approbation for their artistic or educational merits. Indeed I think that most exhibitors would make heavy personal sacrifices to forgo showing shabby, meretricious, or salacious pictures. The reason they do not do so is unrelated to any trade practices; it is because the public has thus far been completely indifferent to pictures which failed to conform to the accepted canons of public entertainment. If the reformers' zeal, instead of being wasted on false clues, could be thrown into campaigns for the support of meritorious and unusual pictures so that it would prove even moderately profitable to exhibit them, the problem of block booking would rapidly sink into insignificance.

THE END

FRANK GODWIN

New Clues, New Tangles, New Excitements in the Best of All the Perry Mason Mystery Thrillers

The Case of the Curious

PERRY MASON, lawyer, is visited by Helen Crocker, who wants legal advice on whether a woman friend must produce the body of her husband, killed in an airplane accident seven years ago, in order to remarry. Mason suggests that perhaps the husband was murdered and his visitor rushes away.

Paul Drake, private detective, reports she was shadowed. Then Mason and his secretary, Della Street, find a small loaded automatic, $152, and a telegram in her hand bag, which she forgot and left behind. The message was addressed to R. Montaine, announced an answer must be had by five o'clock that afternoon, and was signed "Gregory."

Perry Mason realizes Helen Crocker was speaking for herself instead of for a woman friend, and was in some dire trouble. He hurries to the address in the telegram to offer his help. But Nell Brinley, a trained nurse there, says she recently married a man named Montaine and disappeared. Helen Crocker, she adds, is in reality Rhoda Lorton.

Drake checks on the marriage and finds that Rhoda Lorton married Carl W. Montaine. The license application said she was a widow whose first husband had died of pneumonia. He checks on the gun and finds that Dr. Claude Millsap, to whom it was sold, had attended the first husband at his death.

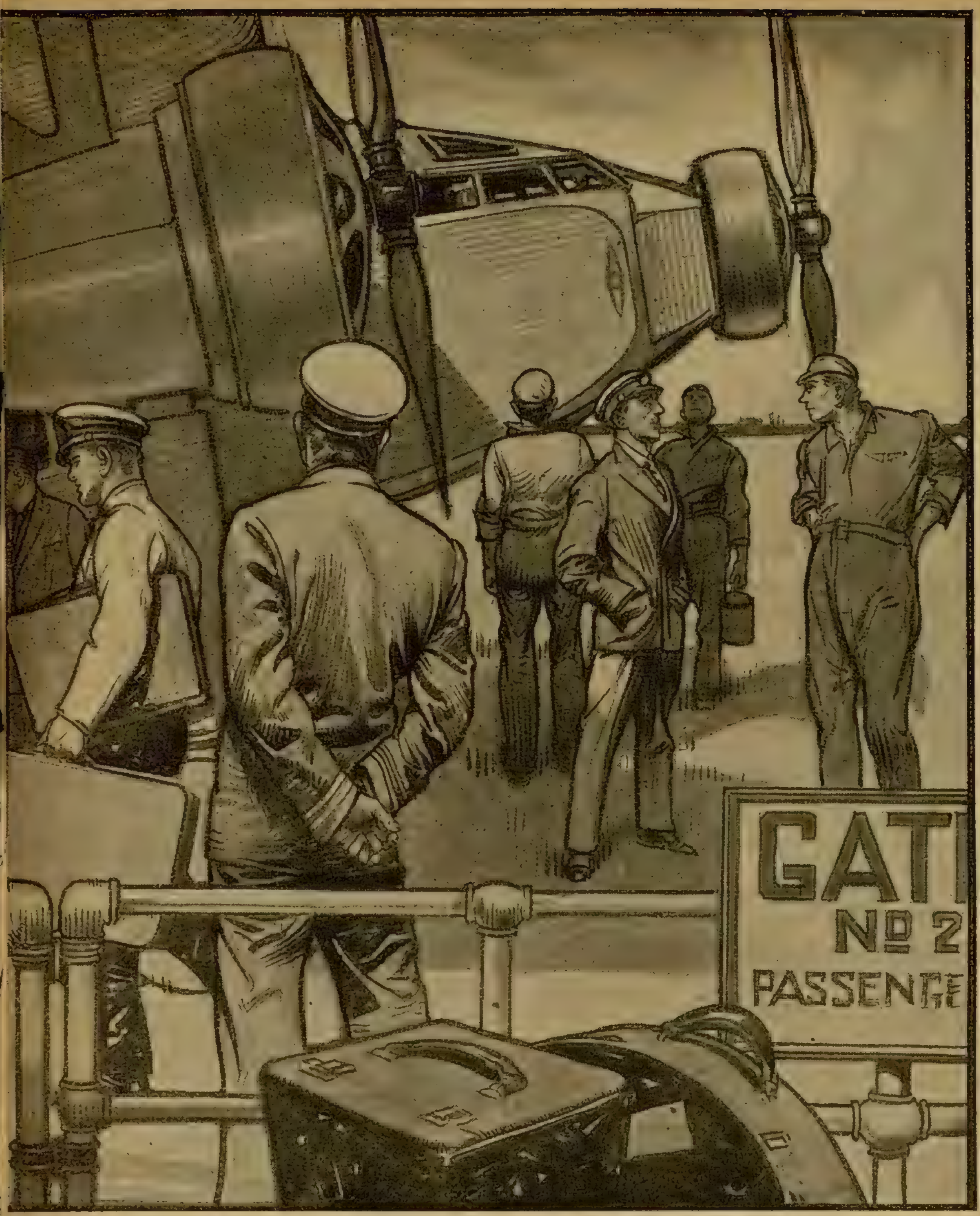
Mason goes to see Gregory Moxley, sender of the telegram. But when he announces he is a lawyer and a friend of Rhoda, Moxley whips out a pistol and he slips back to the street. There he meets Rhoda and gives her back her purse. She admits Moxley was her first husband, who had decamped with her life savings. Then she had married Carl W. Montaine, a drug addict and son of a multimillionaire whom she had nursed at a hospital, and Moxley had reappeared to blackmail her. She promises Mason she will go back to his office next morning and tell him the whole story. But next morning the newspapers carry glaring headlines announcing a big murder.

PART THREE—A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

PERRY MASON pushed on to his private office, spread the newspaper out on the desk, and read the account:

While occupants of the Bellaire Apartments at 308 Norwalk Avenue frantically telephoned for police early this morning, Gregory Moxley, thirty-six, residing at the Colemont Apartments, 316 Norwalk Avenue, lay dying from skull injuries inflicted by an unidentified assailant who may have been a woman.

The police received a telephone call at 2.27 A. M. When they forced the door of Apartment B on the upper floor of the Colemont Apartments they found Gregory Moxley alive but unconscious. He was fully clothed, and lying face down-



Bride

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

"Don't show any surprise, Rhoda," he said quietly. Her eyes, dark with apprehension, flashed up at him.

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

ward on the floor, hands clutching at the carpet. An iron poker lying near by, with bloodstains on it, had evidently been used to strike at least one terrific blow. It had crushed the man's skull.

The officers put in a hurried call for an ambulance, but Moxley died on the way to the hospital without regaining consciousness.

At headquarters, police identified the body as being that of Gregory Carey, alias Gregory Lorton, a notorious confidence man whose activities were well known to the police. His method of operation was to fascinate an attractive but not too beautiful young woman of the working class who had saved some money. Using an assumed name, Moxley would court his victim. His suave manner, pleasing personality, well tailored clothes, and glib tongue made his victims fall easy prey to the wiles of the swindler and usually resulted in the money being turned over for "investment."

When it became necessary to do so, the confidence man had no hesitancy about going through a marriage ceremony under one of his many aliases.

Police state that he may have married large numbers of his victims, many of whom never made complaint when Moxley subsequently disappeared.

That his assailant may have been a woman is indicated by the statement of Benjamin Crandall, who, with his wife, occupies Apartment 269 in the Bellaire Apartments. Between this apartment and the one occupied by the murdered man in the Colemont Apartments there is an air-line distance of less than twenty feet. The night was very warm and windows in both apartments were open.

Sometime during the night Crandall and his wife were awakened by the insistent ringing of a telephone bell. They then heard Moxley's voice pleading with some one for "a little more time."

Neither Crandall nor his wife can place the exact time of the conversation, although it must have been before two o'clock in the morning, because Moxley told the party at the other end of the telephone wire that he had an appointment with "Rhoda" for that hour and that she would undoubtedly bring him more than sufficient funds to take care of his obligations.

Both Crandall and his wife remembered the name of "Rhoda." Crandall thinks the woman's surname also was mentioned; that it may have been a foreign name, ending in "ayen" or "ane." The first part of the name was spoken rapidly and he did not hear it distinctly.

Following the telephone conversation, Crandall stated to the police: "I drifted off to sleep, was sort of half dozing, when I heard conversation in Moxley's apartment. Then I heard a masculine voice that seemed to be raised in argument.

There was a sound that may have been a blow, and then the sound of something falling with a jar.

" During this time, and at the very moment the blow was struck, the doorbell in Moxley's apartment was ringing as though some one was trying to get Moxley to open the street door. I drifted off to sleep once more, and was awakened by my wife, who insisted that I should call the police. I went to the window, looked across to Moxley's apartment. The lights were on, and in a wall mirror I could see the feet of a man who was apparently lying on the floor. I went to the telephone and called the police."

Mrs. Crandall says she did not go back to sleep after she was awakened by the ringing of the telephone bell in Moxley's apartment; that she heard the conversation over the telephone concerning the woman named Rhoda; that thereafter she lay " just dozing," and she heard the sound of low voices coming from Moxley's apartment, and then the sound of a woman's voice raised in vigorous protest; that she heard Moxley's voice raised in anger, then the sound of a blow, the noise of something thudding to the floor, and then silence; that immediately preceding the sound of the blow the doorbell in Moxley's apartment was ringing with steady insistent rings. She says this ringing continued for some minutes after the sound of the blow, and that she thinks the party who was ringing secured admittance, because she heard whispers coming from the apartment, followed by a noise that may have been the gentle closing of a door and then silence. She lay for fifteen or twenty minutes trying to go back to sleep, and then, feeling that the police should be notified, awakened her husband.

Police have a very definite clue as to the identity of the slayer. The woman who entered Moxley's apartment, and who either inflicted the blow which caused death or who was present when the blows were struck, dropped a leather key container containing the key to a padlock which police feel certain is used to lock the doors of a private garage, as well as keys to two closed cars. From the make of these keys, police have identified the machines as being of certain different popular makes. They are, therefore, checking the automobile registrations to list all persons who own both such cars, as well as taking steps to identify the garage key.

Because of the absence of fingerprints on the murder weapon, police feel that it was wielded by a woman who wore gloves. They are slightly puzzled by the fact that there are no fingerprints of any sort on either the murder weapon or the knob of the door. Police feel, however, that in this case fingerprints are secondary in importance to the positive identification of the mysterious visitor through the padlock key which was left in the room.

Moxley's police record shows that his real name is Gregory Carey; that on September 15, 1929, he was sentenced to San Quentin prison for the term of four years for a swindle, and

(Continued on page 2, column 1)

MASON was just turning to page two when Della Street knocked at his door and slipped quietly into his private office, closing the door carefully behind her.

" Her husband's in the office," she said.

" Montaine? " asked Perry Mason.

She nodded.

Perry Mason half closed his eyes in thought.

" Could you get any statement from him about what he wanted? " Mason asked.

" No. He said he could only talk with you; that it was a matter of life and death."

" Did he try to find out if his wife had been here yesterday? "

" No."

" How does he seem? "

" Nervous," Della Street said. " He's pale as a ghost. There are dark rings under his eyes. He hasn't shaved this morning, and his collar is wilted."

" What kind of a looking chap is he, Della? "

" He's short and small-boned. His clothes are very expensive but he doesn't wear them well. He doesn't seem to have much force of character. His mouth is weak. He seems to be a year or two younger than she is."

Mason reluctantly folded his newspaper, thrust it in the drawer of his desk.

" Send him in," he said.

A man slightly below medium height entered the office with quick restless steps, walked to the edge of Perry Mason's desk, and spilled words with the rattling speed of a child reciting meaningless poetry:

" My name is Carl W. Montaine. I'm the son of C. Philip Montaine, the Chicago multimillionaire. You've probably heard of him."

The lawyer shook his head.

" You've seen the morning papers? " Montaine asked.

" I've looked at the headlines," Mason said.

Montaine crossed to the big leather chair, sat on the extreme edge of it, leaning forward. A mop of hair hung over his forehead.

" Did you read about the murder? "

PERRY MASON wrinkled his brows as though trying to focus some vague recollection in his memory.

" Yes, I believe I did. Why? "

" My wife," Montaine said, " is going to be accused of that murder."

" Did she do it? "

" No. That is," he amended, " I don't think she did. I think she's shielding some one."

" The murder," Mason reminded him, " was committed around two o'clock in the morning. Wasn't your wife home then? "

" No."

" How do you know? "

" It's a long story. I'd have to begin at the beginning."

" Begin, then, at the beginning," Mason said. " Sit back in the chair and relax."

Montaine slid back into the recesses of the leather chair, whipped his hand to his forehead with a quick nervous gesture of brushing his hair back. His eyes were a reddish brown.

They were fastened on Perry Mason's face as the eyes of a crippled dog might fasten themselves upon a veterinary.

" My name is Carl Montaine. I'm the son of C. Philip Montaine, the Chicago multimillionaire."

" You told me that before," the lawyer said.

" I finished college," Montaine said. " My father wanted me to go into business. I wanted to see something of the world. I traveled for a year. Then I came here. I was very nervous. I had acute appendicitis. It was necessary that I be operated on immediately. My father was working upon a very involved financial matter. There were many thousands of dollars involved. He couldn't come here. I went to the Sunnyside Hospital and had the best medical attention. I had a special nurse night and day. The night nurse was named Lorton—Rhoda Lorton."

Montaine stopped impressively, as though the words would convey some significance to Perry Mason.

" I married her," he blurted, in the manner of a man who was confessing to some crime.

" You can imagine how that must have seemed to my father," he went on. " I'm an only child. The Montaine line must be carried on through me. I had married a nurse."

" What's wrong with marrying a nurse? " the lawyer asked.

" Nothing. You don't understand. I'm trying to explain this from my father's viewpoint. Out of a clear sky my father gets a telegram announcing that I have married Rhoda Lorton, the nurse who was employed on the case."

" Why didn't you become engaged to her and notify him of that? "

" Because he would have objected. He would have made a great deal of trouble. I wanted to marry her worse than I had ever wanted anything in the world. I knew that if I gave him any notice of my intentions I could never carry them out. He would have discontinued my allowance, ordered me to come home, done almost anything."

" Go ahead," Mason said.

" Well, I married her. I wired my father. He was very nice about it. He was working on that same business deal and couldn't *(Continued on page twenty-six)*

From Golden Grains to—

GOLDEN WEDDING

IT'S ALL WHISKEY

Look for the MARK OF MERIT
BORN in the Grain Fields OF THE U.S.A.
MATURED in the Oak
MARK OF MERIT
Schenley
ONE PINT
95 PROOF
De Luxe
GOLDEN WEDDING
REGISTERED BRAND
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
It's All Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
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DEMAND GOLDEN WEDDING—ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful

(Continued from page twenty-four)

leave. He wanted us to come to Chicago to visit him. But Rhoda didn't want to go right away. She wanted to wait a little while. So we didn't go. I don't think he liked that."

"You wanted to tell me about a murder," Mason prompted.

"Have you a morning paper here in the office?"

Mason opened the drawer of his desk, took out the newspaper.

"Turn to page two, please," Montaine said.

Mason turned to the second page of the newspaper. The photograph of a key, reproduced in its exact size, appeared in the center of the page. Below the picture appeared the words, "Did the Killer Drop This Key?"

Montaine took a leather key container from his pocket, detached a key, handed it to Perry Mason.

"Compare them," he said.

Mason held the key over the photograph, then placed the key on the other side of the paper, made a pencil tracing, slowly nodded his head.

"How does it happen," he said, "that you have this key? I understood the police were holding it."

Montaine answered with hysterical rapidity:

"This is my key. The one that's pictured there is my wife's key. We've got duplicate keys to the garage and to the two automobiles."

He reopened the leather key container, spread it on the desk, and indicated the keys.

"Keys to the coupé and the sedan. My wife usually drives the coupé. I drive the sedan. But sometimes we change off, so we each have duplicate keys."

"You've talked with your wife about this?"

"No."

"Look here," Mason said. "Where is she now?"

"Home."

"Does she know that you know about this?"

Montaine shook his head.

"Well, let's hear the story."

"It starts in when I came home from the hospital. That is, it really starts before that time. I had been very nervous. I started taking what I thought was a sedative. I didn't know it was habit-forming. It turned out it was habit-forming. My wife told me I must break it off. She got some ipral to give me. She said that would help me cure myself."

"What's ipral?"

"It isn't habit-forming. It cures nervousness and insomnia."

"Do you take it all the time?"

"No, of course not. I took it to quiet my nerves when I had one of those fits of nervous sleeplessness. Last night my wife asked me if I would like some hot chocolate before I went to bed. She said she thought it would be good for me. I thought it would be fine. I was undressing in the bathroom. There is a mirror in the bathroom, and a door opens through to the kitchen. By looking in the bathroom mirror I could see my wife fixing the chocolate. I noticed her fumbling with her purse. I saw her take out the ipral bottle and shake tablets into the chocolate. I don't know how many tablets she put in. It must have been more than the usual dose."

"THEN what happened?"

"Then she brought the chocolate in to me."

"And you told her you'd seen her drugging the drink?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I wanted to find out why she was doing it."

"What did you do?"

"I poured the drink down the bowl. I filled the cup with cold water and took it into the bedroom. We have twin beds. I sat on the edge of my bed and sipped the water."

"She didn't see you were drinking water?"

"No; I was sitting where she couldn't see into the cup."

"Then what did you do?"

"Then I pretended to fall asleep. I lay perfectly motionless, waiting to see what would happen."

"What did happen?"

"At one thirty-five in the morning my wife slipped out of bed and dressed quietly in the dark. She left the house. I heard her open the door of the garage and back her car out. Then she stopped and closed the garage door."

"What kind of a door?" Mason asked.

"A sliding door."

"A double garage?"

"Yes."

"How do the doors slide?"

"There are two tracks, one just outside the other. Either door can slide all the way back and forth across the entire front of the garage. You can take out the car on the left by sliding both doors to the right, or the car on the right by sliding both doors to the left. Then, when you close the garage, you simply leave one door on the left, slide the other back to the right, and lock it with a padlock."

PERRY MASON'S finger tapped the key on his desk.

"And this is your key to the padlock?"

"Yes."

Mason indicated the newspaper photograph.

"And this is your wife's key?"

"Yes."

"How do you know?"

"Because there are only three keys. One of them I keep in the desk, one of them in my key container, and the other in my wife's key container."

"And the third key is still in the desk?"

"Yes."

"What happened after your wife closed the garage door?"

"She backed her car out to the street."

"Did she," asked Perry Mason, "lock the garage door?"

"Yes—no, I guess she didn't."

"The point I am getting at," Mason said, "is that if this is her key, she couldn't have unlocked the garage door when she returned. Because I take it she did return, since you say she is home now."

"That's right. She couldn't have locked it."

"What happened after she left?"

"I tried to dress," Montaine said, "so that I could follow her. But I couldn't make it. She had driven away before I had my shoes on."

"What time did she come back?"

"Sometime after two thirty and before three o'clock."

"Did she open the garage doors then?"

"Yes; she opened them and drove her car in."

"Then did she close them?"

"She tried to but couldn't."

"Why?"

"Well, sometimes when the doors are slid back, the brace on the inside of one of them will catch on the bumper of the other car in the garage. Then you have to lift the door back away from the bumper."

"The door caught this time?"

"Yes. She wasn't strong enough to lift it away."

"So she left the garage door open?"

"Yes. When I went out to look this morning, I saw what had happened."

"All right—go on."

"I pretended to be asleep when she came in."

"Why didn't you ask her where she'd been?"

"I don't know. I was afraid she'd tell me; tell me something that would shatter my ideals."

Perry Mason stared steadily at the reddish-brown eyes.

"Now," he said slowly, "you mean something by that. What is it?"

Montaine took a deep breath.

"My wife," he said, "is rather secretive. She isn't the type who would volunteer explanations."

"That still doesn't tell me anything."

"Well, she's very friendly with a doctor—a physician who does quite a bit of operative work at Sunnyside Hospital."

"What's his name?"

"Dr. Millsap—Dr. Claude Millsap."

"And did you think she had gone to meet him?"

Montaine nodded.

"And you were afraid to find out?"

"I was afraid to ask her at the time, yes," he said.

"Then what happened?"

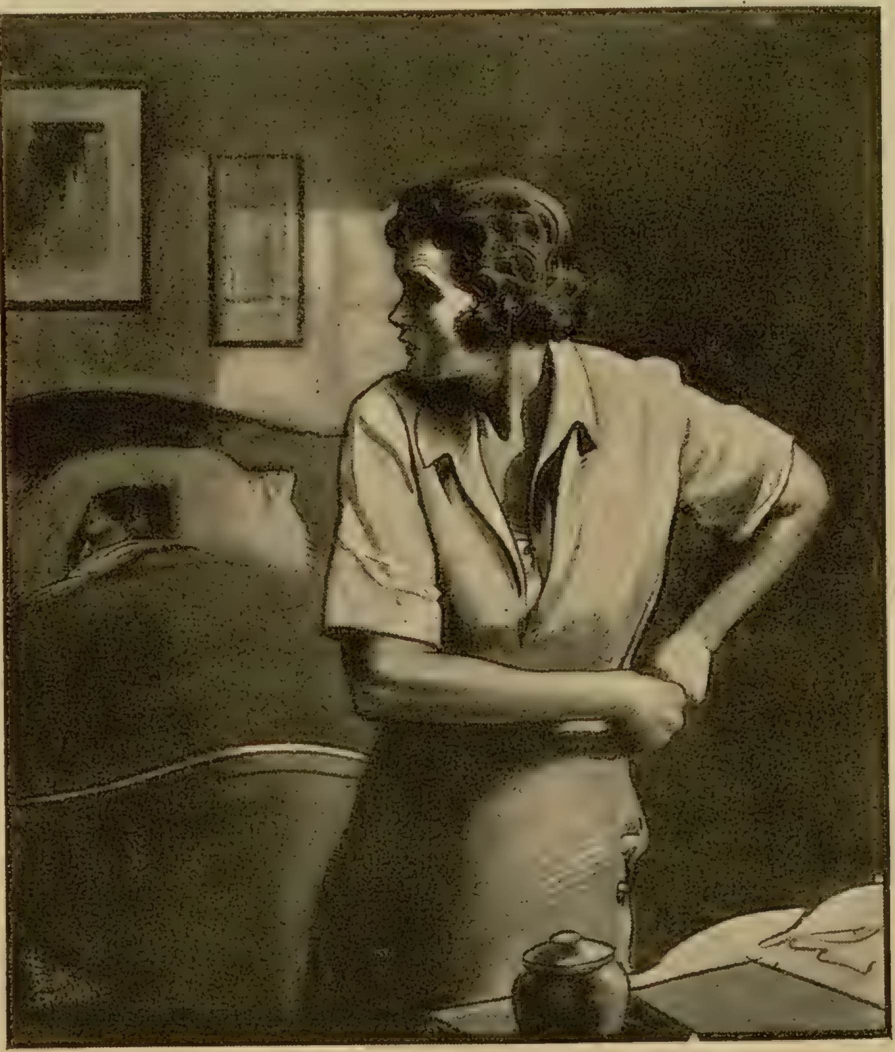
"I saw the paper and realized what must have happened."

"When did you see the paper?"

"About an hour ago. In a little all-night restaurant where I stopped to get some breakfast."

"You hadn't had breakfast before that?"

"Yes, I got up early this morning. I don't know just what time it was. I made some coffee and drank three or four cups of it. Then I went for a long walk, and stopped in at the restaurant on the way back. Then was when I saw the newspaper."



"I pretended to fall asleep. My wife slipped out of bed and dressed in the dark."

"Did your wife know you had gone out?"

"Yes; she got up."

"Did she say anything?"

"She asked me how I'd slept. I told her I'd slept so sound I hadn't heard a thing all night."

"Did she make any statement?"

"Yes. She said she slept very well, herself; that it must have been the chocolate that made us sleep so soundly. She said she went to bed and didn't know anything from the time her head hit the pillow until she woke up."

"And you didn't say anything at all?"

"No, nothing."

Montaine lowered his eyes.

"It sounds bad when I tell it," he said, "but it was really the most natural thing in the world. When I got up I saw my wife's purse lying on the dressing-room table. I opened it and looked inside. I thought I could find some clue as to where she had been."

"How about shattering your ideals?" Mason asked.

"By that time," Montaine said, "I was in an awful mental state. You don't know anything about the agonies I suffered during the still hours of the night."

"What did you find in her purse?" Mason asked.

"I found a telegram addressed to R. Montaine at 128 East Pelton Avenue. The telegram was signed 'Gregory' and said: 'AWAITING YOUR FINAL ANSWER FIVE OCLOCK TODAY EXTREME LIMIT.' There was a name and address penciled on the telegram. It was Gregory Moxley, 316 Norwalk Avenue."

"The name and address of the man who was killed," Mason said thoughtfully.

Montaine nodded his head in quick acquiescence.

"DID you," asked Mason, "notice whether her keys were in her purse at the time?"

"No, I didn't. You see, at that time there was nothing to make me notice that particularly. I found the telegram, and as soon as I had read it I thought that I understood why she had gone out."

"Then it wasn't Dr. Millsap at all?"

"I think it was Millsap, but I didn't think so at the time."

"What makes you think it was Millsap?"

"After my wife went out I was in agony. I finally decided to call Dr. Millsap and let him know that I knew of his friendship with my wife."

"What good would that have done?"

"I don't know."

"Anyway, you called Dr. Millsap."

"Yes."

"What time was it when you called the doctor?"

"Around two o'clock."

"What happened?"

"I could hear the ringing noise of the telephone, and then, after a while, a Japanese answered the telephone. I told him I must speak with Dr. Millsap at once, that I was desperately ill."

"What did the Japanese say?"

"He said that Dr. Millsap was out on a call."

"Did you leave word for him to call when he came back?"

"No. I hung up the telephone. I didn't want him to know who had called."

Mason shook his head, took a deep breath.

"Would you kindly tell me," he said, "why the devil you didn't have this matter out with your wife? Why you didn't confront her when she returned to the house? Why you didn't ask her what she meant when she handed you the drugged chocolate? Why you didn't—"

THE young man drew himself up with dignity.

"Because," he said, "I am a Montaine, and we don't do things that way. That would have led to a common brawl. There are more dignified ways of settling those matters."

"Well," Mason said wearily, "you got the paper this morning, and then what happened?"

"Then I realized she must have gone to meet Moxley. Dr. Millsap must have been there. There was a fight. Dr. Millsap murdered Moxley. My wife was mixed up in it in some way. She was in the room at the time. Her key container was left there. The police will trace it to her. She'll try to shield Millsap."

"What makes you think so?"

"I feel positive that she will."

"Did you say anything to your wife about the garage door being open?"

"Yes," Montaine said. "I called her attention to it."

"What did she say?"

"She said she didn't know anything about it at first, and then, later on, she said she 'remembered' that she had left her purse in her car and just before she went to bed went out to get it."

"How did she get in if she keeps her keys in the purse?"

"That's what I asked her," Montaine said. "You see, she's rather forgetful about her purse. She's left it around two or three times. Once she lost over a hundred dollars. And she keeps her keys in her purse. So I asked her how it happened she could have opened the door if her purse was locked in the car."

"What did she say?"

"She said she got the extra key out of the desk."

"Did she seem to be lying?"

"No; she looked me straight in the eyes and said it very convincingly."

"But you know that it wasn't true?"

"Yes. Because I heard her open the door and drive out, and then I lay awake counting the minutes until she returned, and I heard her struggling with the door, trying to get it shut."

"Exactly what is it," Mason asked, "that you want me to do?"

“I want you to represent my wife,” Montaine said. “I want you to promise me that you'll see to it she doesn't shield Dr. Millsap. That's first.

“The second thing that I want is for you to protect my father.”

“How does he come into it?”

“It will kill him if our name is involved in a murder case. I want you to keep the Montaine name out of it just as much as possible.”

“What else is it you want me to do?”

“I want you to assist in prosecuting Millsap if it should turn out that he's guilty.”

“Suppose the prosecution of Millsap should involve your wife?”

“Then you'd have to see that he isn't prosecuted.”

Mason stared steadily at Carl Montaine.

“There's a chance,” he said, “that the police may not be able to identify this garage key. They'll check down the list of persons owning both these two types of cars. But if they should find your name, go to your garage and find that there wasn't any padlock on it or find a different padlock, they might not even question you or your wife.”

Montaine stiffened with dignity.

“The police,” he said, “are going to know about it. I am going to tell them. It is my duty as a law-abiding citizen.”

“Suppose your wife is innocent?”

“That,” Montaine said, “is up to you. You have got to represent her rights after the law has been notified. But the law must take its course.”

“Why,” Mason demanded, “don't you go to your wife and get an explanation from her?”

“Because I consider it my duty to notify the police of what I know.”

Montaine got to his feet, stood very dignified.

“I am a Montaine,” he said. “We Montaines have our standards.”

“When are you going to notify the police?” Perry Mason asked him quietly.

“Now.”

“Over the telephone?”

“No. I am going to see them personally.”

He turned and marched toward the door; then, suddenly remembering something, spun about and approached Mason's desk.

“My key, counselor,” he said. “I almost forgot that.”

Perry Mason heaved a sigh, picked up the key from the desk, and reluctantly dropped it into Montaine's outstretched palm.

PERRY MASON, frowningly consulting his wrist watch, jabbed an impatient thumb against the bell button. After the third ring he turned away from the door and looked at the houses on either side.

He saw a surreptitious motion of lace curtains in one of the adjoining houses and crossed directly to it.

His ring at the door brought a fleshy woman, who stared at him with eyes that glittered with interest.

“I'm looking,” said Mason, “for Mrs. Montaine.”

“She lives next door.” The woman waved toward it.

Mason nodded, waiting.

“Did you try over there?”

“You know I did. You were staring out at me from behind the curtain.”

“Well, what if I was? I've got a right to look out of my own window, haven't I? Look here, my man, this is my house, bought and paid for—”

Perry Mason laughed.

“No offense,” he said. “I'm trying to save time, that's all. You're a woman with an observing disposition. I'm wondering if you didn't see her when she left.”

“She went away in a taxicab about half an hour ago, maybe a little less.”

“How much baggage?” Perry Mason asked.

“Just a light bag,” she said; “but there was an expressman came about an hour ago and got a trunk.”

“You mean a transfer man?” asked Perry Mason.

“No; it was the express company.”

Perry Mason bowed.

“THANK you,” he said, “very much. I think you've given me just the information I want.”

“If she comes back, who should I say called?”

“She won't be back,” Perry Mason said.

The woman followed him to the edge of the porch.

“You mean won't ever be back?” she asked.

Perry Mason said nothing but strode rapidly to the sidewalk.

“They say his folks don't approve of the match. What's her husband going to do, then?” asked the woman.

Mason lengthened his stride, turned, smiled, raised his hat, and rounded the corner. He caught a cab at the boulevard.

“Municipal Airport,” he said.

The cab driver nursed his car into speed, slipped in and out of traffic along the boulevard deftly.

“This is as fast as the bus goes?” asked Perry Mason.

“When I'm driving it, it is.”

“There's a good tip if you get me there in a rush, buddy.”

“I'll get you there just as fast as it's safe to drive,” the cab driver rejoined. Then, “Say, buddy, do you know you've got a tail?”

Perry Mason straightened to rigid attention.

“Don't look around,” said the cab driver, “if you don't want to. He's commencing to crowd up on us. It's a small coupé. I noticed it a ways back, just after you got in, and I didn't think anything of it. But he's been sticking pretty close to us all through the traffic.”

Perry Mason raised his eyes to the rear-view mirror. He said slowly, “A coupé with a dented fender on the right. Two men in it. Tell you what you do: you swing to the left at the next corner and figure-eight around a couple of blocks. Let's just make it sure.”

“They'll figure we've spotted them if you figure-eight,” the driver said.

“I don't care what they figure,” Perry Mason rejoined.

OVERLOADING

By TOM A. BURKE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the eighteenth of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

DON'T overcrowd your car. A five-passenger auto will carry five people comfortably. To carry seven or eight means not only discomfort but danger as well. Especially is this true when more than two persons ride in the front seat.

Do not permit anybody to ride your running boards, and keep a wary eye out for the youngsters who steal rides on the tire rack or rear bumper. A sudden jolt, a quick turn, or a sudden stop may throw them off into the path of other cars.

The old saying “Two's company—three's a crowd” is particularly appropriate to front-seat riding. In emergency the driver needs freedom of action for the brakes and especially for the “emergency”; also free arm movement for controlling the steering wheel.

Riders hanging on the outside or rear are always in danger, and the motorist who knowingly permits them to so ride is grossly negligent.

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

"I want to smoke them out in the open. If they don't follow us, they're going to lose us. If they do follow us, we'll stop and ask them what it's all about."

The cab lurched into a fast turn, slid down a side street.

"Hold everything, buddy. We're making another turn to the left."

Once more the cab screamed into a wide turn.

"They went by," Perry Mason said. "Pull in close to the curb and stop for a minute.

"Let's see if they circle down the other street. I was watching them in the mirror. They slowed down at the intersection. They got there just as we made the second turn to the left. They acted for a minute as though they were going to make the turn, and then they passed it up."

The cab driver halted and peered about.

"All the time we stand here we're losing time," he said. "You going to take a plane?"

"I don't know," Perry Mason said. "I want to get some information."

"They ain't coming down any of these side streets."

"Suppose we run down to another boulevard and try for the airport out there?"

"O. K.—you're the boss."

The cab once more clashed through its gears and rattled into speed. Perry Mason sank back in the cushions. From time to time he turned to look thoughtfully back at the road behind him. There was no sign of pursuit.

"Any particular place?" asked the cab driver as the car turned into the airport.

"The ticket office," Mason said.

The cab driver nodded his head in a gesture of indication and said, "There's your boy friends."

A small coupé with a dented fender was parked beside the curb at the place where signs painted in red announced there was "No Parking."

"Dicks, eh?" said the cab driver.

"I don't know," Mason answered.

"They're dicks or they wouldn't park there," the cab driver remarked positively. "You want me to wait, buddy?"

"Yes," Mason said.

"I'll have to drive down there for a parking place."

"O. K. You wait down there."

PERRY MASON got out and walked into the lobby of the airport ticket office, took half a dozen quick strides toward the ticket window, then abruptly halted as he caught sight of a brown coat with a brown fur collar. The coat was catching sunlight in a small inclosed space next to a swinging gate. Beyond this gate was a big trimotored plane glistening in the sunlight. The propellers were clicking over at low speed.

Perry Mason pushed his way through the door. A uniformed official strode toward the gate. A stewardess climbed down from the plane and stood by the steps leading to the fuselage.

Perry Mason moved up behind the coated figure.

"Don't show any surprise, Rhoda," he said quietly.

She seemed to stiffen perceptibly, then slowly turned. Her eyes, dark with apprehension, flashed up at him. There was a quick intake of breath, then she turned away.

Suspicion of the murder of Gregory Moxley lies heavily upon Rhoda. Her keys found in his rooms, her spineless husband's story of her disappearance that night, and her attempted flight look bad for her. And the fact that Moxley was trying to wreck her happiness might prove motive enough. But Perry Mason has sworn to help her. See how he goes about it in next week's installment of this gripping mystery story.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How did the British flag, the Union Jack, get its name?

2—What is sympathetic ink?

3—What is a yataghan?

4—Who was the first white man to discover the Mississippi River?

5—What is the origin of the word bankrupt?

6—Why is the thyroid cartilage sometimes called Adam's apple?

7—Where, in what year, and by whom was the first successful parachute jump made?

8—What is meant by the railroad expression "boomer"?

9—From what did the variety of muskmelon known as cantaloupe derive its name?

10—What is a neologism?

11—Who was the first woman governor of a state in the United States?

12—What world-famous composer was deaf?

13—Where is Shiloh National Monument?

14—What place inspired the song My Old Kentucky Home?

15—In what battle did the charge of the Light Brigade occur?

16—What is mineral wool?

17—What was the black death?

18—Who first said "Take the cash, and let the credit go"?

19—What was the real name of Blackbeard, the pirate?

20—What is a felucca?

(Answers will be found on page 36)

Every Move I Made Was Torment!

I thought I'd go mad with the suffering I had to bear in secret"

HEMORRHOIDS—or, more frankly, Piles—is there anything worse? The pain or itching is almost enough to drive you mad. Walking, sitting or even lying down, you are always in distress. And what it does to your health and vitality is plainly apparent in your looks!

Real Relief at Last!

True relief for Piles is found in Pazo Ointment. It not only relieves any pain or itching almost instantly, but it actually tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole.

This is why: First, Pazo is *soothing.* It allays any inflammation and pain. Second, it is *healing.* It repairs torn and irritated tissues. Third, it is *absorbing.* It takes up excess mucus and reduces the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo is doubly effective for the method of application. A special Pile Pipe attached to the tube makes it possible to apply the ointment high up in the rectum where it will thoroughly cover all affected parts. (Pazo also comes packed in tins for application in the ordinary way.)

Pazo is sold by all first-class drug stores. Buy a tube today and realize that Piles no longer need be your torment. Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

MILD and MERRY

Messrs. Arliss, Haley, et al. Go In for Light Summer Entertainment—Miss Davies Plays a Civil War Spy—Wheeler and Woolsey Again

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 34 SECONDS]

Below: Mary Boland and Jack Haley as they appear in Here Comes the Groom.

★ ★ ★ THE LAST GENTLEMAN

THE PLAYERS: George Arliss, Edna May Oliver, Janet Beecher, Charlotte Henry, Ralph Morgan, Edward Ellis, Frank Albertson, Rafaela Ottiano, Donald Meek. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. From the play by Katherine Clugston.

WITH summer here in full stride, the producers, picturing you as lolling away your time in some resort, are turning out light entertainment, saving their more pretentious films for the autumn. Even George Arliss, who generally accepts little less than knighthood for a climax, is content to die in his latest offering, The Last Gentleman.

Strangely enough, it is after Arliss's death that the picture becomes better than ordinary entertainment. But Arliss is in those scenes too, for he returns almost to life in a picture within a picture. As Cabot Barr, proud and eccentric New England aristocrat, he exhibits a theatric flair quite surprising in this supposedly repressed type.

Basically the picture is nothing more than one of those last-will affairs, with the eager family waiting around for the rich old man to die. But The Last Gentleman lifts itself out of that category by the authoritative performances of Arliss, Edna May Oliver, Janet Beecher, and Edward Ellis, and by its surprise trick ending.

Convinced that his descendants are not worthy of carrying on the proud name of Barr and its attendant inheritance of wealth, old Cabot draws the bickering family together for a last party in order to discover where their sympathies lie.

Money, it has been said before, does strange things to people. Disgusted, Cabot Barr listens to his quibbling descendants, certain that few of them except his granddaughter, played by Alice-in-Wonderland Charlotte Henry, really care for him alone. But granddaughter would naturally lose her name with marriage.

Frank Albertson, as the granddaughter's suitor, takes the musty but aristocratic name, thereby enabling the old man to die peacefully.

The distinctive playing of the principal rôles will hold your interest in The Last Gentleman until the climax. And that will give you one of the surprise treats of the movie season. Shrewd Mr. Arliss has not attempted to top his smash hit, The House of Rothschild. This latest film is a pleasant interlude of mildness.

VITAL STATISTICS: Production costs: about $400,000. . . . George Arliss is English-born; always wears a monocle and always carries a spare; practices "humane vegetarianism," never eating anything he can pat (you can't pat a fish, folks); wears higher heels to appear taller; is married to Florence Montgomery, actress, who usually appears in films with him; likes American slang, mixing it up, however, once being caught referring to his "stand-ins" as his "step-ins." . . . Edna May Oliver was born in Boston, Massachusetts, very conservatively, is a descendant of John Quincy Adams, and does best in Puritan protest comedy rôles. . . . Suave, ingratiating Ralph Morgan is a brother of Frank Morgan (family name Wupperman); married; has one daughter; and shares in the Angostura Bitters fortune. . . . Charlotte Henry was chosen in a huge contest as Alice of Paramount's Wonderland and hails from Brooklyn. . . . Joseph Schenck, producer, is a Schenck Brother, owner of Palisades Amusement Park, and ex-husband of Norma Talmadge Jessel. . . . The film's "props" called for 74 antique clocks in running order; 2 stuffed peacocks; and an 1870 walking stick. Clocks almost ruined film with tickings until "buttered."

★ ★ ½ HERE COMES THE GROOM

THE PLAYERS: Jack Haley, Mary Boland, Patricia Ellis, Neil Hamilton, Isabel Jewell, Lawrence Gray, Sidney Toler, E. H. Calvert. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Story by Richard Flournoy.

WITH an ambition no higher than that of providing light entertainment, Here Comes the Groom accomplishes its end with a minimum of flourish. As the story of a young Caspar Milquetoast, played by the engaging Jack Haley, who forsakes his beloved piccolo tooting for a life of burglary in order to win the affection of his publicity-minded girl, Isabel Jewell, it's unimportant and pleasing fluff.

Neil Hamilton, among the best of Hollywood's leading men, is personable in a straight romantic part opposite Patricia Ellis.

But love is not a vital element in this slightly mad picture. It's essentially a treatise on thwarted piccolo tweeters.

Giving up his music for the sensation-seeking girl, Haley himself is held up on his initial robbery. All his clothes—that is, all Mr. Hays will allow—taken away, and the police on his trail, Haley seeks refuge on a train. Complications, such as being mistaken for a radio crooner, and a marriage that is, as the phrase goes, a marriage in name only, are but a few of the things that happen.

Mary Boland, with a mastery of burlesque unsurpassed in pictures, assists Mr. Haley considerably in extracting laughs from situations which might very well have been routine.

VITAL STATISTICS: Production costs: about $200,000. . . . Sick-cow-eyed comic Jack Haley is a Boston bean, ex-electrician's apprentice, ex-vodvilyan, and ex-"roof" comedian. Salary: around $2,500 a week. . . . Gushy fifty-four-year-old Mary Boland began life as a tragédienne; was John Drew's leading lady; became comédienne against her will; has rarely been in a stage failure. . . . Patricia Ellis is a daughter of Alexander Leftwich, dance and stage director. . . . Neil Hamilton is the original collar-ad boy, married to nonpro, and has an adopted baby.

and MILITARY

by BEVERLY HILLS

At the left: George Arliss and Charlotte Henry in a scene in The Last Gentleman.

Below: Marion Davies and Gary Cooper, who are rival spies in the film Operator 13.

★ ★ OPERATOR 13

THE PLAYERS: Marion Davies, Gary Cooper, Jean Parker, Katherine Alexander, Ted Healy, the Four Mills Brothers, Russell Hardie, Walter Long. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. Story by Robert W. Chambers.

As with all Marion Davies's films, Operator 13 is fairly stuffed with a good portion of Hollywood's best players. It is beautifully mounted and costumed and photographed skillfully enough to bring out the color of its background.

There is, to tell the truth, so much of what is known in Hollywood as "production value" that the simple little story is smacked down every time it raises its wistful head.

Taken from the late Robert W. Chambers's Civil War tale, the picture opens with Marion Davies as an entertainer in a Union Army station. Enlisting as a spy for the North, she goes back and forth through the battle lines with the ease and regularity of a commuter. While in the South Miss Davies falls in love with angular Gary Cooper, who complicates her life no end by being a Confederate spy.

While visiting unsuspecting Southerners, Miss Davies sends back news through the lines informing the North of a Confederate attack. Her tip causes the death of a friendly Southern belle's fiancé. Ill with remorse and suspected by her lover, Miss Davies attempts to return to the North and retire from a life of espionage.

But her path home is blocked by a raging battle. Taking shelter in a deserted house, she is discovered by Cooper, who believes that her love was a pretense, that she might extract valuable information from him. Confronted with the problem of convincing Southerner Cooper of her true love and saving her own pretty hide at the same time, Miss Davies does a neat job.

VITAL STATISTICS: The picture was almost entirely remade when W. R. Hearst, head of Cosmopolitan Productions, scrapped $200,000 worth of "takes" because he no liked—bringing production costs to about $750,000. . . . Thirty-four-year-old Marion Davies (father's name: Judge Douras) is ex-Follies gal from Brooklyn; Hollywood's most lavish hostess; proprietress of fifty-odd-roomed Colonial beach house at Santa Monica and $45,000 dressing-room house on M.-G.-M. lot at Culver City; excellent mimic of other ladies of the kliegs. . . . Hurt-looking gangling Gary Cooper is the ex-beau of the Countess di Frasso, and present husband to Sandra Shaw (Veronica Balfe). . . . Katherine Alexander is fresh from the stage and wife of William Brady, Jr. . . . The Four Mills Brothers are from Cincinnati, cullud, and use no instrument in their instrument-imitative singing besides a guitar for chords. . . . Ted Healy, made famous by stooges, appears without them, stooges having been unstoogelike and asked for more money.

★ ★ COCKEYED CAVALIERS

THE PLAYERS: Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Thelma Todd, Dorothy Lee, Noah Beery, Robert Grieg, Henry Sedley. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Story by Edward Kaufman and Ben Holmes.

CONSTRUCTED in such a way that you know always what the next scene will be, Cockeyed Cavaliers still contrives to be amusing most of the time. It's typical Wheeler-Woolsey stuff, rowdy, fast, and pun-laden.

Dorothy Lee and Thelma Todd supply the feminine touch to the ribald antics of Wheeler and Woolsey. Miss Todd, packing plenty of pulchritude, makes a striking contrast to the small and dark Dorothy Lee.

The plot of the film would fall apart if it were picked up, but that is not important. Held together by a string of gags and one grand drinking song by Beery, the story, laid in a mythical country, reaches its climax when Wheeler and Woolsey inadvertently snare a man-eating boar on whose head a large prize is posted. With the prize money they win their women and all ends as life does in comedies.

VITAL STATISTICS: Production costs: about $250,000, Wheeler and Woolsey splitting about $75,000 per piktsch betwixt them. . . . Tortoise-shell-goggled cigar-puffing Robert Woolsey has been in the public eye—and hair—since Ziegfeld teamed him with Bert Wheeler in Rio Rita. Has galloping Adam's apple; is ex-jockey and ex-bellhop. . . . Bert Wheeler is married; poker-faced ex-vodvilyan who rode to success with an eating act, devouring a sandwich and an apple between gags and laughs. . . . Luscious Thelma Todd is known as "Hot Toddy"; usually appears in black underwear in some portion of the film. . . . Lilting Dorothy Lee once sang with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians; is divorced from agent-writer Jimmy Fidler; is now wedded to Marshall Duffield, U. S. C. football toter. . . . Noah Beery is of the old whip-cracking sneering villain type; is outmugged on the screen only by his younger brother Wallace; and operates successful trout-fishing "ranch" in near-by Hollywood environs.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol.

★★★—The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady.

The Federal airman in the center is Mohun's friend and enemy Fierro. At his right is Antonio Cardenas.

A Gay, Sardonic, and Revealing Chronicle of Heroism for Hire in Mexico, as It Looked to an American Soldier of Fortune Who Flew and Fought for Both Sides

The Revolution

by PHILIP MOHUN

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

I WAS loafing in New York, waiting for something that looked like easy money to turn up, when the Mexican revolution started in 1929. So I went to Washington and offered myself to the Mexican embassy. Colonel Samuel Rojas signed me up and sent me to Monterey to fly for the Federals about the time that Gustavo Salinas was swearing in the first American members of the rebel air corps at Ciudad Juarez.

After those Americans had sworn to fly, fight, and die for the glory of General Escobar and a thousand bucks a week, all hands adjourned to Tom Hanlon's saloon in Sixteenth-of-September Street. And there an El Paso newspaperman—I've heard it was Tom Mahoney—christened the outfit the Yankee Doodle Escadrille.

I became a member of that escadrille some weeks later after I deserted the Federals and got into the revolution racket as a flying soldier of fortune in Escobar's rebel army. I was in it to the finish, and I'll take my affidavit that the columns written of the heroism of the Yankee Doodle Escadrille were, to some extent, hokum. Some of us were about as heroic as a bowl of cherries. The most heroic thing I remember doing was drinking *tequila* with a dash of lemon and a pinch of salt.

We fought some battles, of course. We had to fight. We bombed some cities and wrecked some trains. A lot of men were killed. But for us, if not for others in the outfit, it wasn't a war—it was just the grand old revolutionary game of gyp-the-leader.

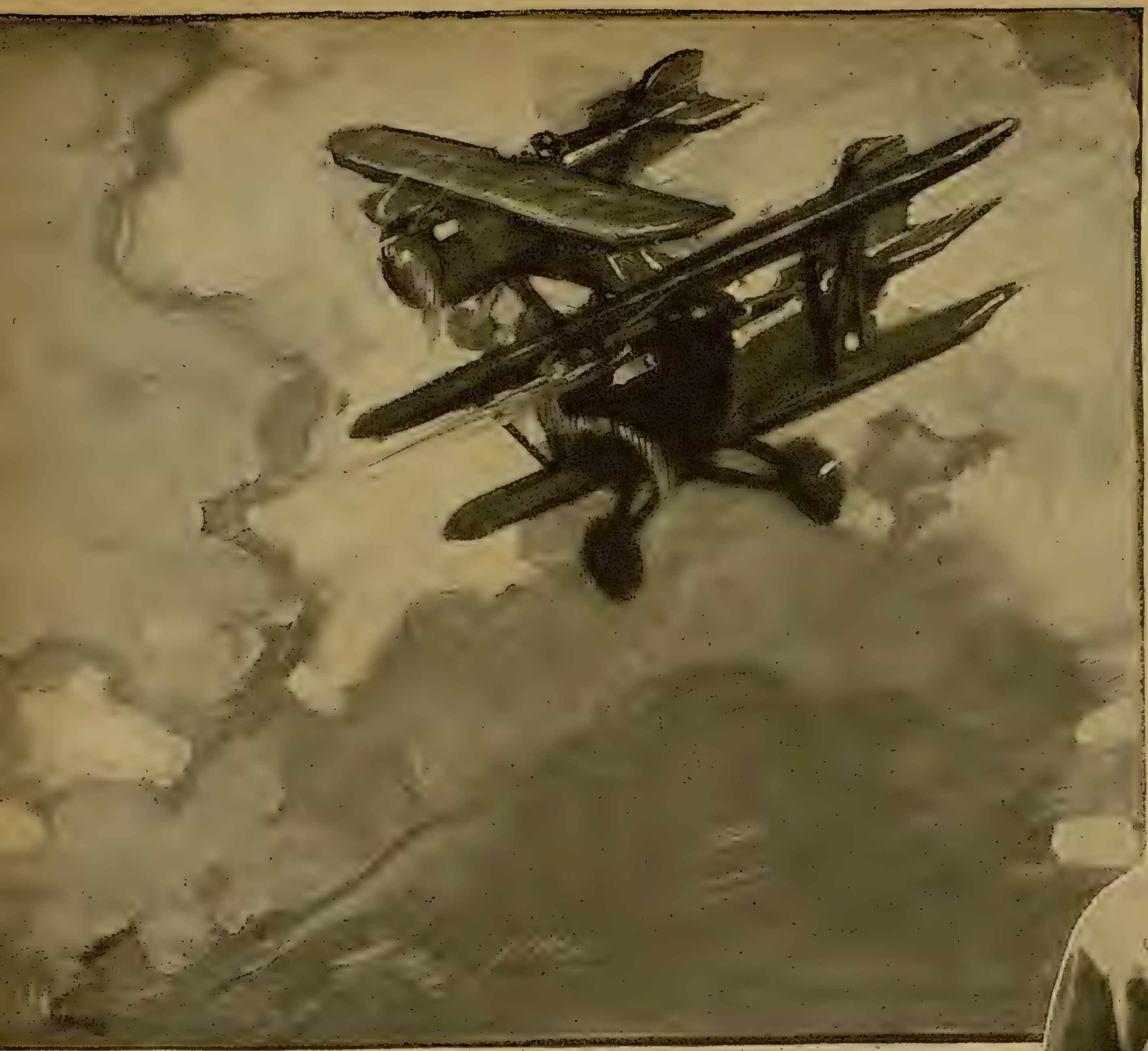
One of the pet tricks was to fly a rebel plane to American soil and then sell it back to the rebels for a couple of thousand dollars more than any of those old crates was ever worth. Then you tried to steal the plane again and once again sell it back to the rebels.

Those of the flyers whom I refer to weren't the only Americans who sat in that little game of gyp. There was one hotel-lobby hero who graciously offered to aid the cause of freedom by selling General Escobar 1,000 American army rifles.

The rifles were smuggled across the border, and our hero got his money. He scooted to the safety of American soil without mentioning that he had bought the guns from a movie costumer in Hollywood. The Mexican soldiers did not discover that the rifles lacked firing pins until they went into action at Jimenez. Then it was too late for them to do anything about it except die.

When I first got to Mexico, my job as an aviator attached to General Juan Almazan's Federal army was to fly over Torreon once a day and drop hand grenades on the rebels who were holding the town.

I was making my tour one day with a couple of Mexican officers in the cabin of my ship when I saw a rebel plane taking off. I yelled to them to drop their grenades so we could beat it. I had no desire for aërial combat in my venerable Stinson Detroiter.



"We went up to give Fierro a scrap. He sprayed bullets at us as we sped past him. We charged again, blazing away."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DE FEO

Below: Philip Mohun in Juarez during the Revolution Racket. He has also flown and fought in China and for Sandino in Nicaragua. He was one of the pilots who staged that head-on crash in the movie, Hell's Angels. No wonder Mohun has spent much time in hospitals!

Racket

My officers didn't savvy English and they didn't pay any attention to me. I didn't speak Spanish and I was afraid it might be treason or something if I flew home without dropping the grenades. So I kept circling over Torreon while machine gunners blazed away from the ground.

The rebel flyer—I learned later it was Antonio Cardenas, an ex-mail pilot—was climbing fast. He wasn't much better off than I was. He had a Stinson too, and neither of us had machine guns.

BUT I had those jabbering officers, and they nearly blew our ship to kingdom come. As soon as they saw the rebel plane they started dumping grenades at the very instant I banked sharply to get more altitude. The grenades missed our tail surfaces by inches. I cursed them plenty, but I might as well have saved my breath. They weren't going home with any bombs. You see, they got fifty cents for every safety pin they took back to prove that a grenade had been dropped.

Cardenas was on my tail at 3,000 feet. The machine gunners were pegging away from the ground. They didn't seem to care which of us they hit.

Cardenas took a pot shot at us with his automatic. I zoomed above him and dived. But that guy was one game Mexican. He sideslipped and let us have a couple of bullets through the cabin.

We started doing wing-overs, and in those old Stinsons it was like turning somersaults in a delivery wagon. I was on top one minute, and then Cardenas would be peppering bullets at us from above.

"Andale!" yelled my officers. "Andale!"

I was too busy dodging Cardenas to answer. He swung off, apparently reloading his automatic. I slipped a fresh clip in my gun. I'd never heard of this Andale, but I was in favor of going there. I was in favor of going any place where I could get a cool drink.

"Sure," I said. "We'll go there *muy pronto*."

But I couldn't find the darned place on the map. The harder I looked, the louder the officers shouted, but I didn't know what they said. Then Cardenas was on me again. Bullets zipped through my wings.

"Andale!" screamed my officers.

"Find it yourself!" I yelled.

Cardenas and I started doing wing-overs again, and by this time my officers were hanging on each other's necks. I'd had plenty, too. I'm no hero. Cardenas seemed to feel the same way about it—though as far as I'm concerned, he won that scrap, which I was told later was the first air battle ever fought over North American soil.

By the time I set the old Stinson down at Monterey, my officers were feeling like a couple of Eddie Rickenbackers. I was still sore, though, and I hailed my commander, Lieutenant Colonel Roberto Fierro.

"Say, where's this burg Andale?"

He didn't get it at first. Then he laughed.

"*Andale* isn't a place," he said. "It means—as you would say—scram, and scram quick!"

This bridge was blown up by Escobar's rebels in their retreat from Durango toward Torreon.

FIERRO was a good pilot, and that's more than I can say for most of the American flyers I met in General Almazan's army. Their bright stunts disgusted me, and the pay wasn't any too regular, though there was plenty to drink and General Almazan was a good guy.

I was getting more and more fed up with the Federals, and I heard about that bunch of Americans who had signed up with the rebels at Juarez. Somebody told me they were getting big money. I decided I'd better change sides quick.

I couldn't get my clothes out of the hotel in Monterey; they'd never have let me take off with my baggage. So I put on six pairs of socks, two pairs of pants, four shirts, and my flying jacket before I set out for my daily bombing tour. I didn't drop any bombs, though. I kept on going until I reached Puente Alta.

The rebels didn't believe I was really a deserter at first, but my extra clothes convinced them, and I offered my services and my venerable Stinson to the cause of liberty for, of course, an equitable consideration. Ignacio Moran, former Mexican ambassador to Germany and Escobar's fiscal agent, accepted my offer.

I was teamed up through most of the revolution with Bob Polk of Nashville, Tennessee, and Pete Stanley of Harrison, Arkansas. Or maybe Pete came from San Francisco. He claimed both places. He also called himself Stanley Thompson sometimes.

Polk was said to have brought down four German planes during the World War, and he was among the best of the fighting pilots in the revolution. Pete was younger, almost as young as I was. The oldest of us was short, bald, fat Pat Murphy, who was edging on to fifty. He was mostly in Sonora, and I didn't see much of him. But he could fly. And he could fight. Which was a darned sight more than you could say for most of the American flyers who littered the border barrooms.

We had only one parachute, and we took turns wearing it. One day the High Command got big-hearted and decided to buy their brave aviators another. So a pilot was given $400 and told to purchase the chute in El Paso. He didn't come back.

And for the rest of the war the Yankee Doodle Escadrille had only one. That is, we had it until another brave soldier of fortune swiped it.

The first big job of some of us as rebel flyers was to get planes across the border. The United States prohibited the sale of planes to the rebels, and so the ships were bought in my name as an American citizen and flown to El Paso. Then, when the chance came, one of us rebel pilots would hop them across the border. At one time the United States Department of Commerce records listed me as the owner of nine planes, though I couldn't have bought a box kite.

The most enterprising of us were mere pushcart peddlers compared to Edward Brophy, who sold everything from rickety planes to stock in the Arizona Flying Service, Inc., before he departed for China.

He was lost out there while trying to fly from Hongkong to Manila.

BROPHY had an American Eagle with an OX-5 motor, which was worth about $1,000, at Phoenix, Arizona. The rebels agreed to buy the crate for $3,750 if it was delivered in Mexico; so I was sent to Phoenix to fly the plane to Juarez. But Brophy wasn't letting the ship get out of his hands until he got his hands on the money, and so we flew the plane to El Paso. Brophy took all the controls out of my cockpit so I couldn't put him south across the Rio Grande into Mexico.

"Of course," Brophy said, "I trust you like I'd trust my brother, Red, but business is business."

While Brophy and the rebels were trying to figure out some way of completing their deal, two of us were ordered to steal a Puritan monoplane from the El Paso airport. Salvador Ateca, the rebel paymaster, said he would pay us $5,000 on delivery of the plane, which had been bought by the Mexican government and interned by the American authorities. Some Federal infantrymen, also interned, were guarding it.

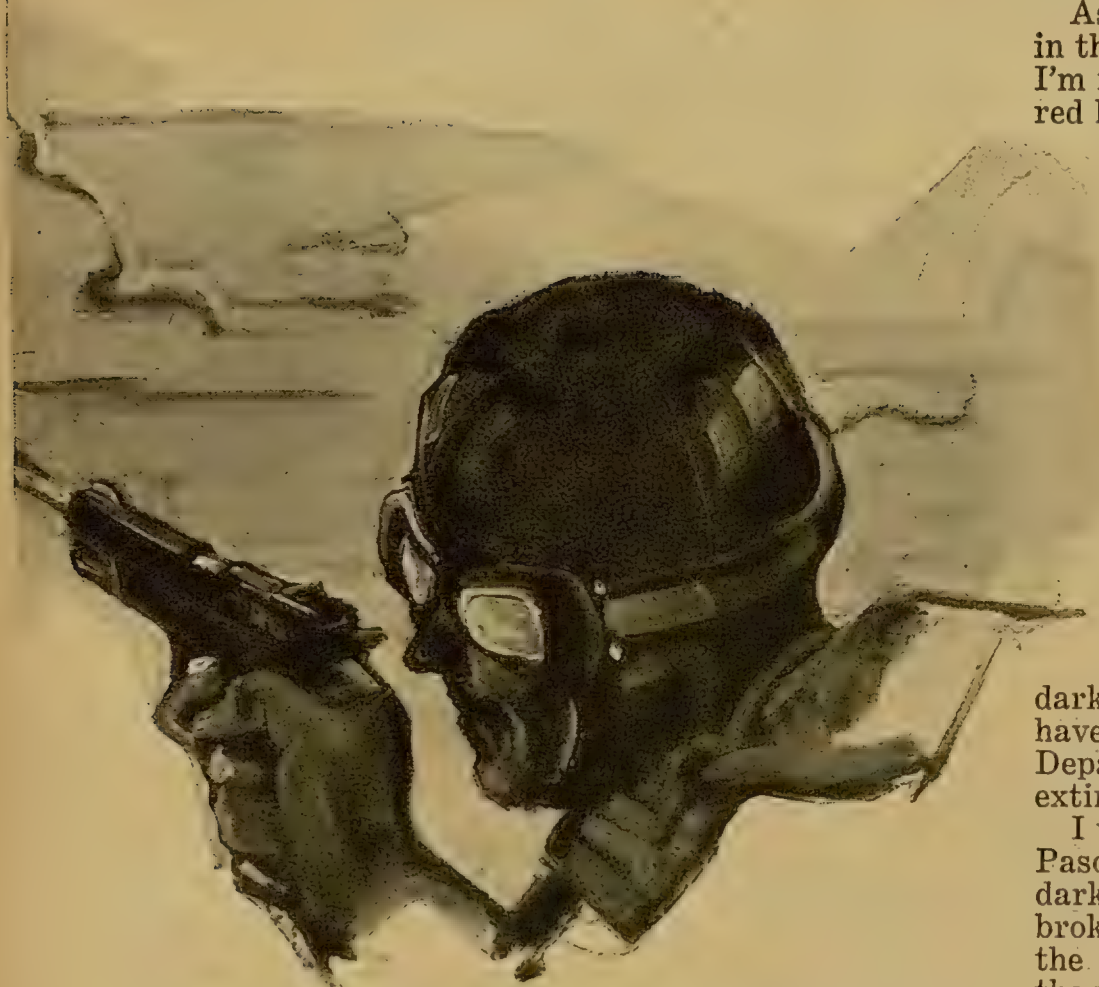
We went across the river and legged it five miles to the airport. We could see the light in No. 1 hangar where the Puritan was. We lay out in a ditch waiting for the light to be doused, and we got colder and colder.

Finally we edged across the airport and hid in the half-finished Scenic Airways hangar.

"It's too cold to stay here," said the other fellow.

"It's too cold to walk back," I retorted.

"Well, let's get that Puritan."



"The rebel flyer wasn't much better off than I was. He had a Stinson too, and neither of us had machine guns."

"Okay. If we're bumped off we'll be warmer anyhow."

We slipped around to the radio office and I peeped through the window. I saw the airport manager, A. E. Johnson, dozing on a cot.

"Come on," I whispered, and we slipped in. Johnson was snoring. I jabbed my automatic into his stomach.

"Get up, bum," I said as tough as I could. "What about getting a plane?"

He just yawned in my face.

"It won't do any good," he said. "The points are gone."

"Oh, yeah?"

"I mean it," he said; "but if you guys come back tomorrow night she'll be ready to fly."

"Okay," I said. "If we get that Puritan, we'll split with you."

So we hoofed it back to Juarez. The next day I saw a big story in the El Paso papers about an attempt to steal the Puritan. The paper said that deputy sheriffs had been stationed at the airport with orders to shoot me on sight. We decided that let the Puritan out, but after a few cognacs we decided that 5,000 bucks was too important money to lose because of a few shotguns. So I left my partner in the car and slipped up to the window of the radio room.

The airport manager was alone. I pulled my automatic and went in.

"Well?" I said.

He just shrugged.

"Talk fast, mister. What about that ship?"

"Don't go in the hangar, kid," he said. "You won't have a chance. I'm supposed to walk you in there to the plane and then step back. Then they'll let you have it."

I thought fast. If I tried to duck out the way I had come in, he might call the deputies.

"Listen," I said. "I'm going to walk through that hangar, and you're going along. If you step back, mister, I'll get you before they get me. Come on."

We walked slowly to the car. The deputies didn't budge. I jumped, and my pal stepped on the gas and kept stepping until we were back in Juarez. We never did get that Puritan; but then, the Federals didn't either.

Meanwhile Brophy and the rebels had arranged their deal on the American Eagle. Brophy and I were to go to the El Paso airport with Antonio Maquero, Ateca's secretary. After they saw me off they were to go back to the Hussman Hotel in El Paso and wait until they were telephoned that I had landed at Puente Alta. Then Maquero was to give Brophy the money.

As our car swung up I saw a couple of deputies loafing in the hangar as though they were waiting for some one. I'm not very bashful, but I put my helmet on to hide my red hair, pulled down my goggles, and turned up the high collar of my flying jacket. Otherwise I figured they might think I was somebody they wanted to see.

I've always thought that Johnson, the airport manager, recognized me as I got into the American Eagle, but he didn't let on. He just asked me where I was going.

"San Antonio," I said, and gave her the gun.

As I circled the airport I could see the deputies looking up at me. One of them had his mouth open. I learned later that, among other things, they suspected me of hijacking a Mexican agent out of $10,000 a couple of days before in El Paso.

Before I went to El Paso to get the plane I had set out three big drums of waste in a triangle at Puente Alta so I would have landing lights in the darkness. But when I got where Puente Alta should have been, there were no lights. The heroes of the Fire Department had dashed gallantly out from town and extinguished my landing fires.

I was out on a limb, all right. I couldn't go back to El Paso. The only thing I could do was set her down in the dark. It wasn't such a hot landing. The prop was broken. So the rebels telephoned to Maquero not to give the money to Brophy. They said they would pay for the plane when it was in the air.

We had to smuggle another prop from El Paso, and that was where Vincent Andreas came in. He was an El Paso coal dealer with modern ideas. The customs guards let his coal truck pass freely to and from Juarez.

The prop he smuggled across was a dinky wooden affair, and I had doubts that it would get the ship off the ground. Brophy was worried too.

"Listen, Red," he said. "You get that crate off the ground and I'll give you a cut of my dough. And if you fly it back to the States, you can keep the plane."

I guess I was crazy not to do it, but when I took off—it was like taking off with a load of bricks—I swung south toward Chihuahua City as ordered by Ateca. I ran out of fuel and was forced down a few miles from Chihuahua City. After fuel was sent out, I took off from among the mesquite and ant hills, though I still think it was impossible. Then I pancaked when I sat her down on the landing field and washed out the landing gear. But the plane had been in the air; so Brophy got his money. He never gave me my cut, though.

General Escobar was retreating northwestward into Chihuahua. It was his plan to draw the Federal General Almazan into the Sierra Madre Mountains, and then launch a frontal attack at the same moment that General Marcelo Caraveo and his Indian cavalrymen attacked from behind. Thus Escobar hoped to smash Almazan's army in time to strike an equally crushing blow at the second Federal army, which was being led northward through Durango by the former President of Mexico, Plutarco Elias Calles.

Almazan and Calles, however, were trying to get Escobar between two Federal armies and crush him. General Calles, able and shrewd, was advancing so swiftly that Escobar feared the Federals would cut off his line of retreat. So Escobar decided to give battle to Almazan at Jimenez, in the southeastern part of the State of Chihuahua. His troops were strongly intrenched at Jimenez, and we started moving south from Juarez to join them. Chihuahua City became the base of the Yankee Doodle Escadrille, and Thompson submachine guns were issued to us. We knew the big fight was coming.

The rebels were sapping railroad tracks and bridges between Jimenez and Chihuahua City. Headquarters ordered Ateca to send 133 quarts of nitroglycerin from

Juarez, and I was told to fly it down. The "soup," in bottles with rubber bottoms, was loaded in my plane. The rest of the guys tried to cheer me up by telling me how easily nitroglycerin exploded and how little was ever found of anybody who got in the way of the explosion. I'd have sold my share of that revolution for a trolley ticket to El Paso, but I couldn't rat on the job; so I threw another slug of *tequila* into me and took off about dusk, following the railroad tracks south.

There were no flying beacons, but there was a moon, and I was able to see the tracks gleaming below me as the old American Eagle droned on through the night and I mused on the possibility of being hit by a bullet or forced to land with that highly temperamental cargo. I stuck my hand in my shirt where I carried a pair of my daughter's baby shoes.

"Pat," I said, "if you ever gave your daddy luck, do it now, girl—do it now."

I figured I was about four or five miles from the Chihuahua City landing field when my motor cut out dead. The moon was clouded over and it was dark below me as that plane started down with enough explosives in the front cockpit to blow up Mexico City.

I didn't know what I'd hit. All I knew was that nitroglycerin will explode if you even look at it very hard, and then the ground shot up out of the darkness. I sat her down.

I waited for the explosion, but there wasn't any. I decided I'd better get out and have a look to see where I was; but I couldn't move. My legs were as weak as though there were no bones in them. I couldn't do anything except sit limply in the cockpit of that ship perched on an ant hill until three newspaper correspondents rattled up in an old flivver. They drained four and a half gallons of gasoline out of their tank and gave it to me.

I've landed in a lot of places, including the tops of trees in Nicaragua and a rice marsh in China, but I never saw a place that looked as hard to take off from as that ant hill did. I had to do it, though. But if ever a guy was a pacifist, I was that night until I saw the Eagle wheeled into the hangar in Chihuahua City.

WE hadn't been in Chihuahua City long before a bald, bleary-eyed American sidled into the bar and told us he was a mechanic. After a drink or so he told us he was the proprietor of the best machine shop in the whole State of Chihuahua. He was as welcome as a movie contract to a blonde, for there wasn't a mechanic in the rebel army nor a kit of tools with which the pilots could try to repair their own planes.

I don't remember what the fellow said his name was, if he ever told me, but I always thought of him as Bozo. We soon found that his machine shop was a myth and that his knowledge of mechanics was limited to changing automobile tires and removing the caps from bottles of Orizaba beer. But he did have the tools; so we let him hang around and gave him the title of "technical adviser." In his way, he wasn't such a bad guy. I've always been sort of sorry that my little joke got him killed. But that was later.

Less than a week before the battle at Jimenez, Polk and I shot it out in the air with my old friend Fierro. We saw Fierro's Corsair dropping bombs and propaganda. He had an observer with him.

We went up to give Fierro a scrap. We were two to one, but he had those synchronized guns and an observer; while we had to use submachine guns at the same time we piloted our ships. As usual, the rebel machine gunners opened up on all hands from the ground.

Fierro sprayed bullets at us as we sped past him. We swung back, trying to get on his tail and shoot him down, but Fierro forced his plane higher and let loose another burst of bullets that rocked my ship.

We charged again, blazing away with our Thompsons, and a lucky bullet hit Fierro's cam ring. He made a plucky attempt to get his crippled ship back to the Federal lines, but he was forced down about eight kilometers from town. A detachment of rebel cavalry galloped out to get the plane and the Federal flyers.

I WAS glum when Polk and I came down. I guessed the Federal pilot was Fierro from the way he handled his ship, and I felt sort of bad thinking he would be stood up before a firing squad. They would have shot him sure if they had caught him, because he was the commander of Almazan's air force and he had done plenty of damage to the personnel and morale of the rebel army. But they didn't capture him or his observer.

General Escobar's plan for the Battle of Jimenez would have been a great plan if it had worked out according to schedule. General Miguel Valle, who had captured Juarez for the rebels when the revolution began, was intrenched in Jimenez with 800 men. Escobar's plan was to let the advancing Federals beat back his flanks and surround Valle's forces in the trenches. Then—applying the Federals' own nutcracker strategy—the main body of rebels would make a counterattack from outside while Valle launched an attack from his surrounded trenches, thus catching the Federals between two fires.

General Almazan began the battle with a simultaneous advance of three columns of infantry and cavalry before dawn. We heard sharp firing beyond the town.

"Well, it's here," I said.

"Let's have a drink," said Polk.

"It may be a long time before the next one," said Floyd.

The firing was heavier. The artillery opened up. The rebels fought stubbornly for every inch of that worthless sand before Jimenez, but their skirmish line was beaten slowly, steadily back.

The fighting flamed into the outskirts of the town, and the rebels stopped retreating. The charging Federals were sickled down by machine guns. Almazan threw more men forward on the double. And there, in the gray of early morning, the real Battle of Jimenez began.

That fantastic battle—in which the rebel cause blew up when Federal airmen, despite the Yankee Doodle Escadrille, dropped a bomb on a carload of dynamite—will be fought over again, and half a dozen equally hair-raising and grimly humorous adventures that Philip Mohun had after it will be chronicled, in next week's, the concluding installment of The Revolution Racket.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—The British national flag was formed by combining the cross of St. George (England) with the cross of St. Andrew (Scotland) and the cross of St. Patrick (Ireland) in their original colors. Hence the name Union Jack.

2—An ink which is invisible until the action of heat, light, or chemical makes it visible.

3—A Turkish sword or scimitar with a double-curved blade and a handle without a guard.

4—Hernando de Soto in 1541.

5—Up to about 100 years ago the Venetians said that a merchant who could not pay his debts had declared *bancarotta—banca,* bench, and *rotta,* broken—from the custom of breaking the bench or table of a merchant who was delinquent.

6—From the superstition that it was caused by a piece of the forbidden fruit sticking in Adam's throat in the Garden of Eden.

7—At Lyons, France, in 1784, by Sebastian Lenormand, from an upper window of a house.

8—A worker who works at any job only a day or so and then moves on to another place and a different job.

9—From Cantalupo in Italy, where it was first grown in Europe.

10—A new word or phrase not yet sanctioned by good usage.

11—Nellie Tayloe Ross of Wyoming.

12—Ludwig von Beethoven.

13—Near Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee.

14—Bardstown, Kentucky.

15—The Battle of Balaklava, October 25, 1854, in the Crimean War.

16—A form of fiber produced by turning a jet of high-pressure compressed air or steam upon molten glass.

17—A highly fatal disease which originated in Asia and swept Europe from 1347 to 1350.

18—Omar Khayyám, the Persian astronomer-poet, in his Rubáiyát as translated by Fitzgerald.

19—Edward Teach.

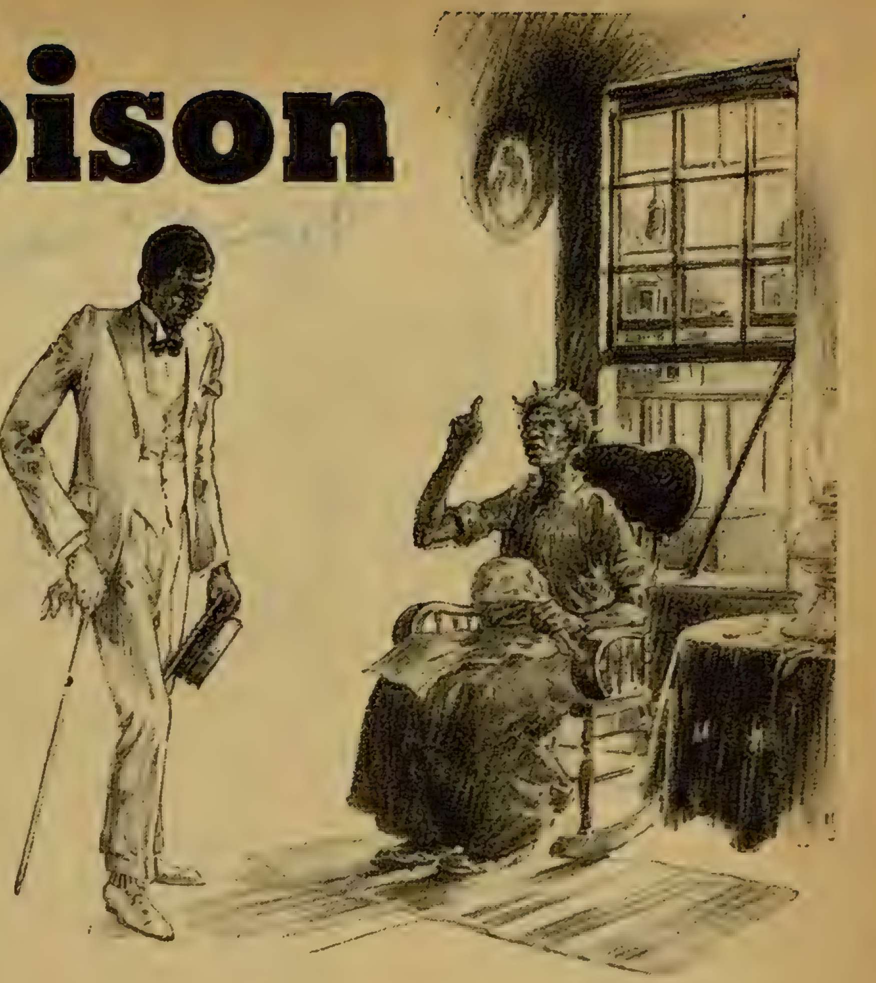
20—A small swift Mediterranean coasting vessel usually equipped with three masts with lateen sails.

Orchid Poison

A Short Short Story

by LEE PASQUIN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



CHESTUH, whut-all gnawin' at you, son? Don' tell me dat Lucinda gal's got you feelin' so peckish dat you cain't eat yu' vittles."

Chester pushed back his plate of half-consumed supper, rolled his eyes sideways until the whites showed gleaming targets against the blackness of his face.

"Tell yo' mammy, son," urged his mother. "Yo' mammy's seen lots 'n' lots trouble. Mebbe she kin help. Tell yo' ol' mammy whut's a-eatin' on you, boy."

Fingers caressing his kinky hair as if seeking there the words to frame his trouble, Chester began haltingly:

"Well, you know, maw, dat Lucinda 'n' me's bin goin' togedder fo' a long time now. 'N' everything seem to be rollin' 'long. Den one night—up to de Elite dance it was —dis feller Ratio Jones comes along. He dance wid Lucinda, 'n' I didn't think nothin' much 'bout it until mebbe two three nights later when Lucinda 'n' me's goin' to anudder dance, an' she begin to hint round whut no gen'man ever goin' to take his lady fr'en' out nights less'n he dedicates her wid a bunch of dese orchid flowers.

"'How cum you hear dat?' I asks her. She say she always know it, but pretty soon I discovers it's dat Ratio Jones' doin'. He has himself a job at one of dese here swell 'partment houses on Park Avenooo, maw, 'n' when de ladies whut lives dere comes home nights, dis Ratio's got it fixed wid some of de maids to save de orchid flowers fo' him. He puts de flowers in de 'frigerator, 'n' de nex' night he gives 'em to Lucinda.

"'N', maw"—Chester's voice very, very apparently was on the verge of breaking here—"maw, I jus' cain't keep up wid dese here orchids. I hears me 'bout a florist man over on Lex'ton Avenoo whut rents de posies, 'n'—"

"Whut you mean, son? How he rent de flowers?"

"Sho nuff does, maw. Lots de fellers rent de orchids off'n him. You makes de deposit 'n' you gets de orchids. When you gives de posies back you gets yo' deposit again. How much deposit 'n' how much de rent depen's on how 'spensive orchids you wants. 'N', maw, I rented de posies fo' or five times, but when de dance is over Lucinda she don' give me back de flow'rs, an' she's done set me back ten dollars!"

"Lawsy, son," his mother ejaculated, "dat's powerful lot o' money. You sure cain't go buyin' no mo' dose orchid flowers. When you gwine to anudder dance wid Lucinda?"

"I expecks"—and Chester slightly emphasized the second word—"I expecks to go tomorrow night, but—" His voice dwindled hopelessly.

"Don' you worry, Chestuh son," the old woman comforted. "You let yo' ol' mammy ponder some. Mebbe she ain't forget all 'bout how to make a spell fo' her boy when he-all's in trubble. You jus' lemme ponder onto it, son."

Fully three quarters of an hour before Chester's usual rising time the following morning his mother hustled him off to his chauffeuring duties.

"Yo' maw's got her a busy day today," she said. . . .

"Hey, maw!" he called, when he entered his home that evening. "Here I is. Now what I goin' do 'bout de orchid flowers tonight?"

"Now you jus' take yo' foot in yo' han', son," came his mother's reply, "'n' make tracks to dat florist man. You gets fo' five of he bigges' ones and den you hurries right 'long back. An' effen you ain't got nuff money fo' de orchid flowers you takes dis"—from her apron pocket she drew a crumpled bill.

Chester was back from the florist's in half an hour.

"Gimme." His mother reached for the tissue-wrapped flowers. "Gimme, 'n' you go 'long and fix yo'se'f."

Somewhat later, arrayed in splendor that would have put a Harlem Solomon to shame, Chester was ready.

His mother sat in the creaking rocker beside the window. "Here's yo' posies, son," she began, "'n' you lissen at whut I's gwine tell you. Tonight you takes dese here flowers jus' lak I have 'em now"—and she displayed a tissue-covered package. "Yo' get yo' Lucinda, 'n' don' you give her dese flowers until you and she's arrive at de dance place. 'N' you be sure you 'n' Lucinda stays to de ve'y las' dance, 'n' once or twice during de night you say to dat gal somepin 'bout how you don' lak to give her dese orchid flowers, 'cause you hear dat some people ve'y receptable to orchid poison. Kin you remember all dat?"

"Yes, I kin, maw," replied the resplendent youth.

HIS mother was still up when he returned.

"Did you do whut-all I tol' you?"

"Yes, maw. 'N' Lucinda said de flowers wuz elegant."

"Where she wear 'em?" his mother asked. "Here?" And she pointed between her neck and shoulder.

"Yes, maw. But"—and Chester's voice showed hesitancy—"she say as how she never heard no sich thing 'bout dis yere orchid poison, 'n' she don' care nohow."

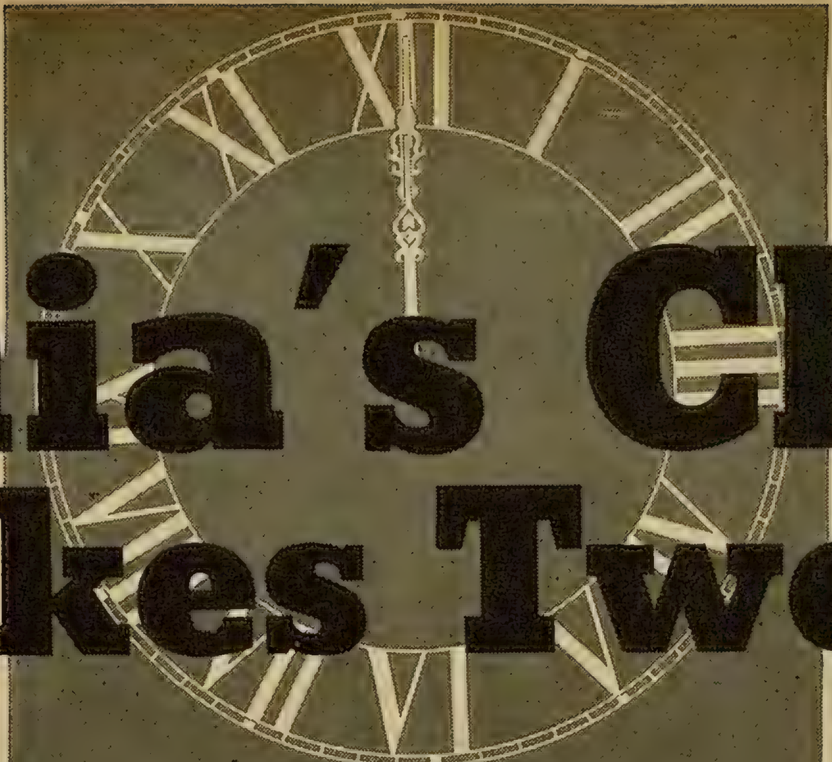
"Well," chuckled the mother, starting to retreat into her room, "you jus' wait till tomorrow. Mebbe yo' ol' mother's spell gwine work so dat Lucinda gal'll change her tune. Tomorrow night, son," she commanded, "'fo' you comes in to eat, you stop by Lucinda's house. You tells her you jus' stops fo' a minit to pass de time o' day."

"Maw!" Chester exclaimed as he burst in the door the next evening. "Whut you think? Lucinda she got orchid poison! 'N' she got it bad! Her maw tell me her face 'n' neck's all swelled up lak a poison' pup's, 'n' even her eyes is almos' close'. Her maw she say Lucinda don' want no mo' dese orchid flowers. Do she never go to de dance again, she ain' gwine wear no mo' orchids! Look yere, maw"—and Chester's voice took on a wheedling tone—"did you-all make one o' yo' spells on Lucinda?"

For a minute or two his mother sat silent in the rocker, her face a wrinkled ebony image of mystery and complacence. Then her tiny frame began to jerk and twist. Her chuckles breaking into open laughter, she said:

"Yes'day while you-all uz at work yo' mammy take ride out in de country ways. Out where de trees 'n' de flowers grows wil'. Den she come home 'n' wait fo' her boy. Las' night when you was gettin' dressed up, she worked her spell whut she brought back from de country wid her. She jus' twist two three stems 'n' leaves o' de poison ivy in dose orchid flowers. 'N' effen dat don' cure dat highfalutin Lucinda gal, yo' ol' mammy miss her guess!"

THE END



Sonia's Clock Strikes Twelve

In Which a Modern Cinderella and a Moonlight Bathing Suit Make Romance Come True

by

GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

AT three o'clock in the afternoon of the day when our story opens, a venerable sedan might have been seen making its way along the shore road of Burgess Point.

This car, known to the ribald as the Ark, was nevertheless spotless. Its high cathedral windows glistened in the sunlight. Its brasswork gleamed like burnished gold.

Miss Burgess—of Miss Burgess's School for Girls—was driving. Her eyeglasses were attached to a wide black ribbon, and for forty years, no matter how drastically the length of feminine skirts had changed, no living man could truthfully say that he had seen her knees.

The second occupant of the front seat was Miss Burgess's brother, Professor Oswald Burgess, M. A., LL. D.—a brisk little man with a quizzical, learned air. His English diction was exceedingly proper, but the intelligentsia knew that when he reached a certain mellowness of mood among his peers he could deliver himself of an unpublished Ciceronian oration which first astonished and then delighted Latin scholars to such an extent that they had been known to laugh themselves to tears.

And the third occupant of the car was Sonia, their niece.

Even as the Portland Vase, that marvelous product of a classical age, pleases the eye—even as, in spite of its cultural background and museum setting, it is altogether lovely in form and texture and minor embellishment—so too was Sonia Burgess.

And though outwardly she tried to look intellectually self-contained—that is to say, although to the eye of the beholder she was as cool as a lily in ice water—lately at night she had been sitting in her bedroom at the Burgesses' summer cottage on the Point—sitting in the window of her bedroom and dreaming, and musing, and breathlessly watching that sweet regent of the sky which, for want of a better name, is called the moon.

Every earnest student of life may hazard one guess about this. . . .

The Ark had come to rest in front of a Norman château which overlooked the ocean.

It was an imposing château, and although only just finished, it had been built so artfully that it looked old enough to have seen the Hesperus.

By the side of the château a swan pond had been dredged. At the rear was a private golf course. And near the edge of the sea was a Roman bathing pavilion.

Aunt Frances and Uncle Oswald had gone inside to pay their respects to their new neighbors; but Sonia, suddenly and privately feeling somewhat shabby in the midst of so much splendor, had stayed in the Ark.

She sat looking at lighthouse and ocean, and then turned to see if she could locate the chimneys of the Cottage, the Burgesses' modest house on the other side of the Point. This rocky promontory projected its sinuous length for nearly a mile into the sea, always making Sonia think of a dragon, the lighthouse on the far end serving at night as a rolling bloodshot eye.

"There may be a storm tomorrow," she thought, "the way the waves are breaking over the Dragon's back."

She had hardly completed this weatherwise reflection when a car came tearing around the circular driveway—driven by a girl with white-gold hair and lips like two sliced strawberries. Evidently she hadn't expected to find another car on the drive.

She struck the spare tire of Sonia's car with such a tremendous though muffled shock that the venerable sedan first slewed off the driveway and then tilted backward over the fringe of lawn into the swan pond.

There was one faint stifled shout as the Ark reached the water.

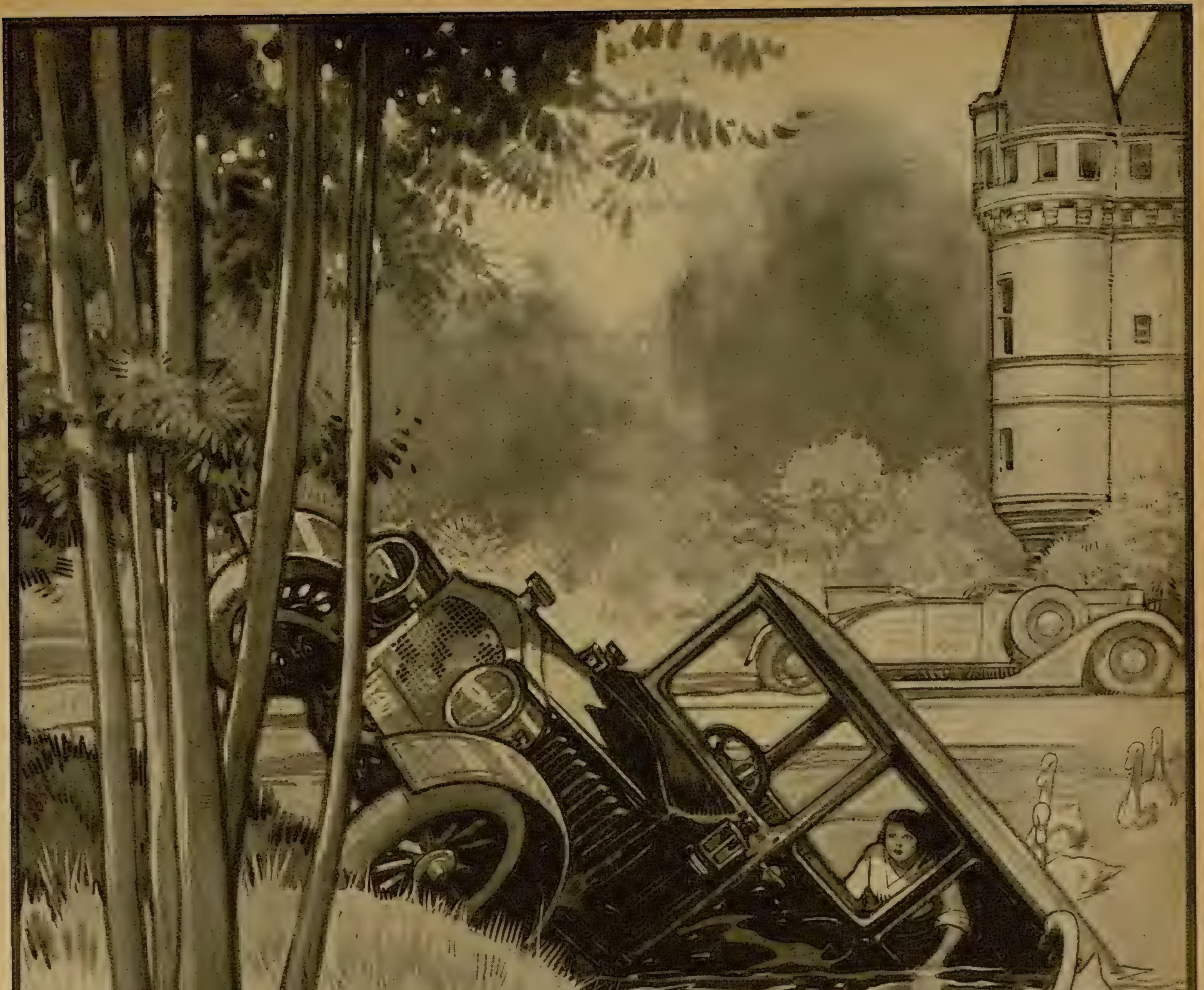
Sonia, making a desperate effort to get to the door, caught a glimpse of a bronzed young man bounding up from the bathhouse on the beach.

A single glimpse, then one great splash, one great surge of pond and swans. The waters came welling through the open windows, and she had all she could do to hold her breath until she could push through one of them.

In this escape she was assisted by a pair of large hands which seemed to descend like grappling hooks to grasp her firmly underneath her arms.

"Are you all right?" asked a voice as she shook her head and blinked to clear her vision.

"Rather damp—I'm afraid—but otherwise apparently—in fairly good order," she managed; and being able to



The venerable sedan slewed off the driveway and then tilted backward into the swan pond.

see by that time, she perceived that the bronzed young man was lying flat on the roof of the Ark and was still holding her, his hands now under her arms and around her shoulders.

" You are standing on the window sill?" he asked.

" I think so."

" Any one else in the car?"

" Fortunately no."

"Fine. Now let me see if I can pull you up—"

Over his shoulder Sonia caught sight of the girl with the strawberry mouth, watching her with an impatient air which seemed to say, "In the name of Heaven, why are you waiting? Because he has his arms around you?" And perhaps for the reason that it had always been a trait of the Burgesses never to withdraw under fire, Sonia relaxed and smiled at the young man.

"If you'll wait a moment—till I pull myself together—" she said. "I've never been in a pond with swans before—I had no idea it could be so exciting."

"Do you live around here?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Do you?"

"I live here"—this with a careless backward nod toward the château. "I'm Lynn Tucker."

"I live on the other side of the Point. I'm Sonia Burgess."

He whistled.

"Your nose isn't as blue as I thought it would be."

"Do you think it will color with age?"

They both laughed, and immediately felt better acquainted.

"Were you calling to see me when Midge bumped you?" he asked eagerly.

"No; I was staying outside to avoid you."

"You mean you have heard about *me?*"

But she wouldn't tell him that.

"Then what were you doing in front of the house?"

"My uncle and aunt are calling on your father and mother. They couldn't have heard the splash or they would be out here. And that reminds me—we'll have to find some way to take them home." Whereupon, lifting her hands, "So now, if you please—"

Both helping, she was soon on the roof of the Ark; and from there it didn't take long to reach the shore. The girl with the white-gold hair and the strawberry lips was waiting on the edge of the driveway.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said in a flat impenitent little voice. "It was my fault, of course."

Lynn beamed at them both.

"This is Midge," he said. "Miss Midge Ranford—Miss Sonia Burgess. Miss Ranford is staying with us and—listen, Midge, suppose you take Miss Burgess to your room and give her something dry to wear, and I'll phone for a wrecking car." Then, turning to Sonia, "I'll take you home as soon as you're ready to go."

A WEEK had passed and Uncle Oswald was seated at the table in the dining room of the Cottage, chatting with Sonia over an after-dinner cigarette. Aunt Frances had gone to town that afternoon.

"Oh, Uncle Oswald," said Sonia after a thoughtful pause. "Do you mind if I talk to you confidentially?"

"Not at all. Why should I?" And to help her over an awkward moment of silence, "You are still uncertain about the arrangement of the chapters?"

This was a reference to Tennyson—The Poet and the Man, which Sonia was writing that summer.

"No; it isn't the book," she slowly told him. "It's something more complicated. As a matter of fact," she continued, her color rising, her words now coming faster, "I would like to talk to you about myself and Lynn Tucker. Do you mind?"

"Of course not." And hiding a quizzical smile, he again thought to help her over an awkward moment of silence. "So where shall we start?"

"It is difficult to decide exactly where to start," Sonia said in a musing voice. "But I think we may as well begin with Miss Ogilvie and Miss Abbott and Miss Fitzgerald and the other teachers at school. You know them, Uncle Oswald. So I need not remind you that they are unmarried. And of course you know Aunt Frances very well. And she is unmarried."

"Very much unmarried!"

Sonia smiled at her uncle.

"I like you, Uncle Oswald," she said, leaning over and touching his hand. "You have such a happy gift of emphasis. These teachers on Weybosset Street—whenever I look at them, or listen to them, I have lately seemed to see a prophetic vision of myself—that is, you understand, if I become like Aunt Frances and never marry."

Whereupon he gave her a glance which was both significant and sympathetic.

"Now, on the other hand," continued Sonia, releasing her fingers long enough to make a small quaint gesture, "here's Lynn Tucker—and Midge Ranford—"

"Ah, yes."

"And I don't mind telling you, very confidentially, that I like Lynn Tucker."

"I was beginning to suspect."

"And he, I think, likes me. But Midge would do anything—literally anything—to marry him. And she will have him to herself practically all winter, whereas in a very few weeks I shall be obliged to return to Weybosset Street. So you see, if anything is to happen—I mean between myself and Lynn—it must happen quickly."

Uncle Oswald concentrated upon his cigarette.

"Have you mentioned this subject to your aunt?" he asked.

"N-o. Not because I am trying to hide anything—please don't think that! But Aunt Frances could hardly be of practical help, because she has never had experience in such matters—personal experience, I mean."

"Which implies that I have?"

THIS time Sonia not only smiled, she laughed—with tenderness. "When Aunt Frances took me to visit you at Windham, the day you received your Master of Arts degree, you and she went to a reception somewhere; and while you were gone I came across a tin box in the back of one of your bookshelves—"

"Wasn't it locked?" he asked, startled.

"Yes, dear. But the key was in it. And I was very young."

"Which now leads to what?" he asked.

"Which now leads to a question that I want to ask you, Uncle Oswald. But first you must know that Midge is terribly modern. She doesn't believe in a thing that's old-fashioned. She scoffs at Tennyson, for instance. She smokes a lot, drinks a lot; she emphasizes most of those things which I was taught to ignore; and she makes witty, bitter remarks."

"I can see her. I can hear her."

"In that event," concluded Sonia, drawing a deep breath, "you are now ready for the question. Do you think I have any chance against a girl like Miss Ranford? I mean, of course, so far as Lynn Tucker is concerned. Or do you think that I ought to forget most of the things which Aunt Frances has taught me—and act like Midge?"

Uncle Oswald suddenly banged his hand on the table and almost shouted, "No! If that girl had the brains of a gnat, she would copy you!"

"If you could only make that clear—" hesitated Sonia, her eyes shining, her color rising.

"But it's clear as crystal. The current styles for women tell the story. Consider that dress which you are wearing tonight. It has long, graceful lines—and time after time the theory has been proved that the manners of any age can be determined by the feminine fashions of that age. Abbreviate a woman's dress sufficiently, and you make her hard-boiled and slangy for the simple reason that you have killed all tender illusions regarding her. She is no longer a Phantom of Delight. She is merely a physiological—er—actuality. But lengthen her skirt again, and you will very soon find that you have returned to poetry, conversation, music, and gentle living."

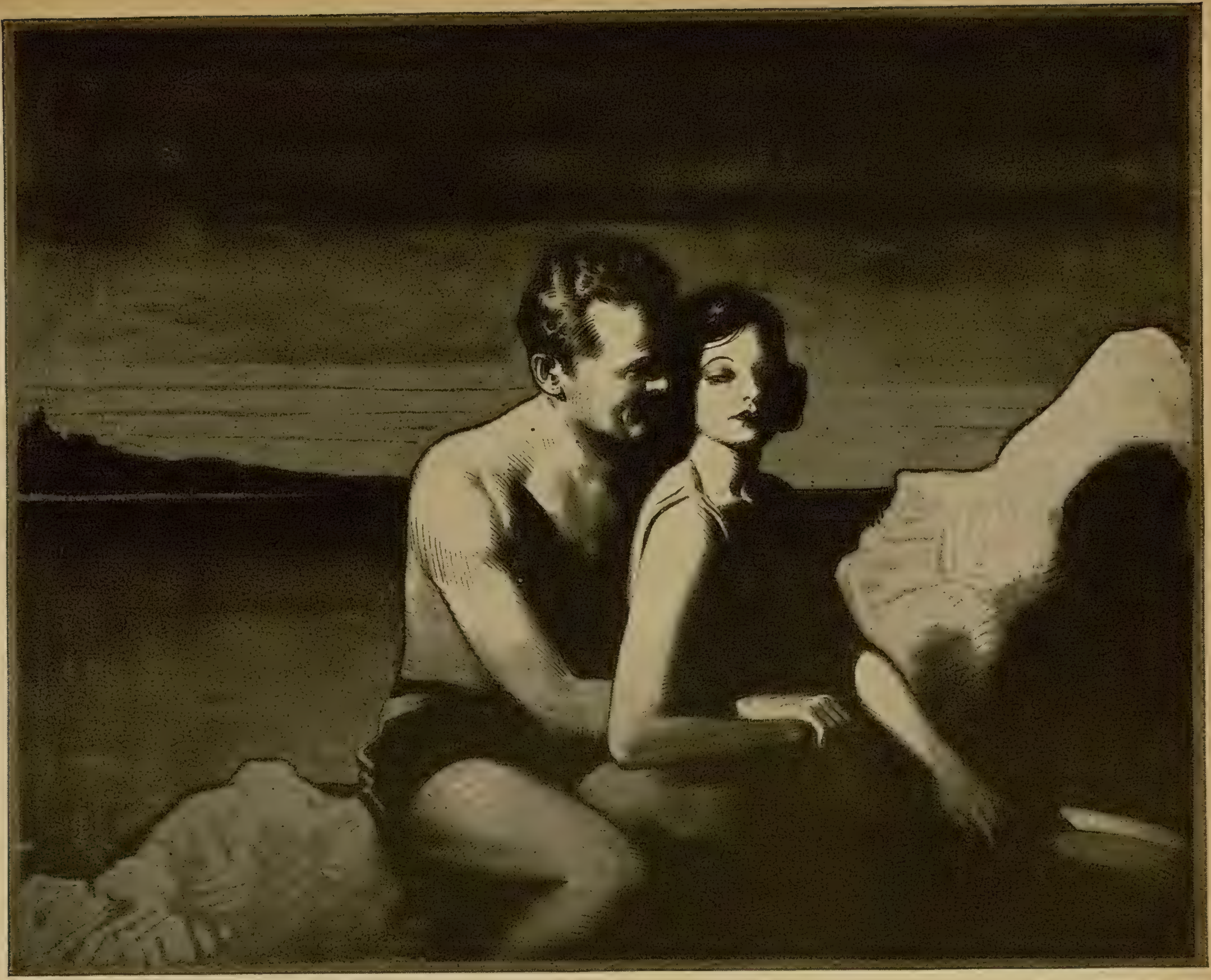
As much as Sonia wished to believe, she had begun to look slightly puzzled.

"Why should a long dress bring back those things?"

"Because," cried Uncle Oswald, thumping the table again, "as soon as a woman is dressed in a mysterious, romantic manner, she discovers that she has become a mysterious, romantic figure upon the stage of life—an effect that would be ruined if her conversation were limited to such witty, biting sayings as 'Oh, yeah?'"

"I think I am beginning to see," said Sonia slowly.

"But, my dear, it is evident as daylight. Already the reaction is on us. The latest style of interior decoration is Victorian. Companionate marriage is as dead as Freudism. Salacious dramas are playing to empty seats,



They climbed to a rocky tête-à-tête in the side of a ledge.

while audiences at public symphony concerts have grown so large that half of them cannot even hear the Wagnerian overtures!"

"Then you think that Midge—"

"I think that this girl Midge, from what you have told me, comes under the heading of salacious drama. But only for an interval. She too will change with the others, because the human race moves around in cycles as surely as the world moves around the sun. Now, when your aunt and I were children the sun was overhead. Then came the shadows and the night. But now once more the morning is here, and soon again the clock will be striking twelve—"

A long lean runabout slipped past the window.

"That's Lynn," whispered Sonia. "He's come to fetch me." Rising quickly, she turned her uncle's head and kissed him surprisingly on the corner of the mouth. "I never told Aunt Frances what I found in your bookcase—when your clock was striking twelve," she whispered; and with a pat on his shoulder she was gone. . . .

The Château, that evening, was having its formal housewarming—its previous smaller parties, it might be said, having been in the nature of trial heats.

Caterers, electricians, and florists had been busy throughout the day. Now dinner was over. The elders were playing cards on a screened terrace, and the younger ones were romping over the rest of the house. An orchestra from New York was installed in the library; the living room had been cleared for dancing.

Lynn's brother Ned was standing in the living-room doorway talking to Midge Ranford.

"They don't seem to care much for dancing," said Midge.

"Fed up with it," nodded Ned carelessly.

Ned was the elder of the two brothers. He was inclined to be stout and inclined to be fretful; and although his fingers were short and pudgy, they were always immaculately manicured. He had returned from Europe a few days before, and was entering his father's textile business in the fall.

"THAT Burgess girl's been stealing the show again," he said with a sly look.

Midge said nothing.

"To say nothing of Lynn," added Ned with a fine pretense of casual utterance.

"Don't think you're breaking my heart. He'll soon be sick of her. I know, myself, she makes me feel that I ought to go back to school."

Ned shrugged his shoulders.

"How does she get that way?" he asked.

"Don't be simple. She has a new line."

"Look at Lynn talking to her now," he prodded.

"Isn't it a picture? The marble goddess talking to the young sculptor!"

"Next thing you know, you'll be saying she backed in the pond on purpose."

Suddenly Midge turned and looked straight at Ned. "Listen!" she whispered. "Speaking of marble goddesses in the water, did you say you'd brought home a box of those moonlight bathing suits from Biarritz?"

"Little sister!" beamed Ned, looking at her with admiration. "Now you're going somewhere in a straight line."

"Does Lynn know about them?"

"No; I haven't unpacked them yet."

"Then let's have a bathing party tonight. There's a moon; and what's the sense of having flood lights on the beach if they're never used? We'll have Lynn give the Burgess girl her bathing suit—personally."

"The feminine touch! Listen, sister, I hand it to you. Once I thought we were in for a frost tonight, but I'm beginning to see that this will be a real live party." . . .

GEORGE WESTON *has a long list of short stories and novels to his credit. He lives on a Connecticut farm, and discovered early in life, he says, that work is the curse of the human race. So he wrote for a living because he could do it while seated.*

Sonia had always longed to swim in the ocean in the moonlight; and running out of the bathhouse in the light-green bathing suit which Lynn had given her, she was soon diving through the breakers and making for the quieter waters beyond. There, she told herself, she would be far enough from the flood lights to enjoy the softer radiance of the moon. A heavy sea, blowing in from the southeast, kept nearly all the others close to the beach. The Dragon, Sonia noticed as she rose over the last line of breakers, was a white smother of foam.

"I mustn't get too close," she thought. "If the current should catch me and swing me against those rocks—"

She suddenly stopped.

"No!" she gasped. And then, "I couldn't! . . . But—I have! . . . I've lost my bathing suit."

She swam around quickly, in small erratic circles, splashing more than usual, desperately hoping to see or feel the missing light-green fabric.

"But it couldn't float forever—it would have sunk by now," she tragically thought at last. And that was when she heard the first loud shout of laughter from the distant beach.

"It was a trick," she chokingly told herself a few moments later. And she remembered then that a month or two before she had read that a Swiss manufacturer, whose workmen had left undone one of the things which they ought to have done in the manufacture of celanese, had found himself in possession of a supply of thread which was standard in every respect but this—that it dissolved in salt water.

"For practical jokes, they made it into bathing suits. But I never—oh, I never—thought that Lynn would play a joke like that on me!"

Another burst of laughter from the shore told its obvious story—a story which suddenly aroused in Sonia a spirit which was worthy of him who hung so grimly over the fireplace on Weybosset Street.

"No, sir; I'll die first!" she told herself. "And if I can swim around the lighthouse the joke will be on them. It will be quieter on the other side of the Point, and the tide will help to swing me in toward the Cottage."

SO, settling down to the long task ahead, she started with a slow, steady stroke to where the Dragon's eye swept the sea first with a cold white stare and then with two red irritable flashes, as if impatient either at what he had seen or what he had failed to see.

"Oh, if Aunt Frances could see me now!" thought Sonia, swimming steadily along. "Would she, or would she not, warn me of evil companions? I never thought Lynn Tucker would play a trick like this on me!"

She looked back, more to gauge her distance than to gratify any lesser curiosity. And that was when she discovered that Lynn was swimming after her.

"Oh, Sonia! Sonia!" he shouted. "Wait!"

"He has a priceless imagination," the last of the Burgesses scoffed to herself, "if he can picture me waiting for *him!*"

And quickening her stroke, she presently discovered that although the eye of the Dragon was now perceptibly nearer, her breath was coming unmistakably faster.

"I wonder if he's gaining." She lifted herself to look.

But as far as she could tell in the uncertain moonlight, he seemed farther away.

"Oh, Sonia! Sonia!" This time his voice came pitched in a desperate key.

Wet ghostly hands seemed to touch her with electric finger tips.

"Oh, Sonia! Sonia! Help!"

It would, Sonia knew, as first uncertainly and then more quickly she swam to where Lynn was floundering in the water—it would be out of the question either to help him around the lighthouse or back to the shore. But, less than fifty yards from where he was splashing so desperately in the moon-dappled sea, the white dangerous flank of the Dragon could be seen, the breakers churning and foaming among the rocks.

Now, between those rocks, as Sonia also knew, were occasional narrow stretches of sand, barely wide enough to beach a boat in calm weather.

"I SHALL have to try for one of those," she was presently reasoning to herself, with a clearness and coolness worthy of Uncle Oswald. "Either that—or let him drown—or both drown together."

So she tried for one of those miniature beaches, holding Lynn by the back of a shoulder strap, and inwardly giving him credit for helping with a feeble kick or stroke of his arm whenever he gathered strength enough to do so.

"Now!" thought Sonia, as an eager billow arose behind them and swept them to where the breaking waves dashed high upon the rock-bound shore. "There!" she exulted. "If I can only reach that narrow space between the two boulders!"

Putting all her reserves into one last tremendous effort, she was rewarded by the heavenly feeling of sand beneath her feet. But Lynn, swept out of her grasp, was thrown against one of the Dragon's mighty scales with such momentum that he lay quietly on the sand as if he would never move again.

"What is this that's fastened to his belt?" thought Sonia—and saw that it was an extra bathing suit. "He was bringing it out for me," she told herself, and with a choke in her throat she gave him credit for that too. A minute later—no longer a maritime Godiva riding Neptune's horses but conventionally dressed for a modern beach—she had dragged Lynn above the water line and was anxiously helping him as he tried to sit up and take notice of what was happening in a busy, dizzy, roaring, spray-swept world.

"You—made it?" he asked at last.

"Yes." And, with one of her quaint gestures, "We're here."

"A mean joke," he continued. "I didn't know, of course—"

"Of course you didn't."

"I'd never swum—more than a hundred yards before—but I thought I'd take a chance—"

His hand, unsteadily moving to his head, seemed to find something of interest.

"Did you have to bean me to keep me quiet?" he asked.

"No; that is where you landed when you came ashore. I had to drag you up here. Are you hurt anywhere else?"

Slowly, carefully he arose to his feet.

"Rather damp, I'm afraid—but otherwise—in fairly good order."

Sonia laughed as she recognized her own words in the Sea of Swans.

"There's a footpath on the other side of the Point," she said. "Shall we start back?"

"If you don't mind waiting a few minutes more, I'd like to catch my breath—"

"A good idea. If we go higher we'll be out of the spray."

So, Sonia helping him, they climbed over the boulders till they came to a rocky tête-à-tête which Nature had fashioned in the side of a ledge. . . . It was there that a frantic searchlight found them nearly fifteen minutes later, but at first neither of them seemed to notice it.

THE END

The Davis Cup: Why I Think We'll Win It

A Fighting Challenge to Critics of American Tennis

by

GEORGE M. LOTT, Jr.

of the Team Which Represents the U. S. at Wimbledon This Month

as told to

ALLISON DANZIG

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

U. & U. photo

George Lott. In doubles he has won the national title four times, also championships of England and France. In singles he is usually ranked in the first ten. Has been on the Davis Cup team since 1928 in every year but one.

THE wiseacres in plus fours have been getting cute about the boys in ice-cream pants. "What's the matter with our tennis players?" they've been asking derisively. "If we can walk all over the British in the Walker Cup matches each year, why can't our racqueteers bring back that Davis mug once in a while?"

Maybe it is rushing in where angels fear to tread for a mere tennis player to start an argument with the golfing clan. But I'm no angel (as Mae West said) and I don't like the innuendoes and aspersions of a lot of guys in their Walker cups.

Now that the fight's on, let me ask them a few questions. Did they ever stop to consider that the Davis Cup competition is a world-wide proposition in which as many as thirty-four nations have taken part in a single year, as compared to two in the Walker Cup? What about the fact that since 1920 the United States has either won the Davis Cup or been runner-up every year with the exception of two, and that in winning the trophy from 1920 through 1926 it established a record of consecutive victories unequaled by any other nation?

England in the past twenty years has won the cup just once and been in the challenge round just two other times. The United States has scored eight victories and been

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runner-up six other times. There was no play during the war years, 1915 through 1918, and this country remained out on the resumption of competition in 1919 in consideration of the advantage it held over the other nations with their depleted man power.

What has been the record of the British in their own championship at Wimbledon, the blue-ribbon event of tennis? It hardly seems credible, but the last time a native of the British Isles carried off the singles cup there was in 1909. In all the years since, only four Britons, one of them an Irishman, have finished as runner-up. And how about the boys of the Red, White, and Blue? Well, Tilden won that championship in 1920, 1921, and 1930. Billy Johnston took it in 1923, Sidney Wood in 1931, and Ellsworth Vines in 1932. An American was runner-up in 1923, 1926, 1930, 1931, and 1933.

How does that compare with the showing of our native-borns in the British amateur golf championship? The record says that Walter Travis, Jess Sweetser, Bobby Jones, and Lawson Little have been the only ones to carry the Stars and Stripes to the top. Waiter, pass the crow to the boys in the knickers at the head of the table.

Well, I don't want to rub it in, but I'd like to get this straight. The Walker Cup matches take in eight players on a side, who play twelve matches in all. On a Davis Cup team there are two singles players and a doubles pair, who may be the same two that play the singles. The history of the Davis Cup shows that the country that has the two outstanding singles players picks up the marbles. The Doherty brothers kept England at the top. Australia was the king-pin when Norman Brookes and Tony Wilding were in their prime. Tilden and Johnston knocked over the rest of the world for seven successive years, Lacoste and Cochet and then Cochet and Borotra ran up a string of six victories for France, and now England with Fred Perry and Bunny Austin is in the saddle for the first time since 1912.

THE point is that, unlike the Walker Cup matches, the Davis Cup competition is not a true test of which nation has the highest general standard of play but of which one has the best two players. If the competition were on as broad a scale as it is in golf, you can bet your last dime all the other nations of the world would find themselves behind the eight ball.

If you don't want to take my word for it, I'll call Perry to the stand. You'll admit that Fred knows his tennis, also that he isn't in the habit of being kind to the Yanks, seeing how he treated Vines and Wilmer Allison in the Davis Cup matches last year and wiped up Lester Stoefen at Forest Hills. Now listen to what he says. He is writing in the Sydney Herald, one of the leading publications of the antipodes, during his tour there last winter:

"Undoubtedly America today possesses more than its share of the world's greatest players. The standard in America is much higher than in any other country, and I think I can fairly say that Australia comes next. But if you took the first twenty ranked players in the United States to play against the first twenty from any other country, the result would simply be a massacre. Their first ten have a standard that is particularly high."

Perry wasn't exaggerating a bit. For instance, suppose the Davis Cup competition were a ten-man proposition. Uncle Sam would trot out Sidney Wood, Frank Shields, Stoefen, Wilmer Allison, Clifford Sutter, Bitsy Grant from Atlanta (boy, there's a scrapper for you!), Greg Mangin, Johnny Van Ryn, Mrs. Lott's boy, and Gene Mako. Never heard of Mako? Well, keep your eye on him this summer. For good measure and reserves, let's throw in Frankie Parker and Donald Budge.

HOW many matches do you think those twelve lads would lose against the entry of any other nation? They might drop three or four at the outside to England, the same number possibly to Australia, and not more than two to any other country. I'll go further, bold fellow that I am. Pit them against an amateur team recruited from the rest of the world combined and I'll wager we'd still come out on top. I guess I know a sure thing when I see it. Didn't I have good dough on High Quest when jockey Garner did a Humpty Dumpty?

Now let's look into this matter of style, the lack of which among Americans is causing our brethren of the niblick and the putter such anguish and mortification.

If there are any more fastidious stylists than Sutter and Wood, where have they been hiding all these years? What's the matter with Frankie Parker's style, or Van Ryn's or Allison's or Stoefen's or Mako's? Let any of them do his stuff on Wimbledon's precious turf and the graybeard connoisseurs of form there would have no more reason to feel that the classical canons of stroke production were being outraged than if Perry or the impeccable Austin were on the court.

But to me this emphasis upon style is a little bit absurd. Richards was a natural volleyer who came up from the back lots of Yonkers, and tennis has seen no better, no matter how beautiful a picture others made with every motion. Tilden had no professional coaching, and when has the world seen a greater master of the all-court game? Bill Johnston and Maury McLoughlin came from the sand lots, so to speak, of California tennis; and Henri Cochet, who rose from the obscurity of chasing the balls on public courts in Lyons, was the greatest natural player the game has seen in our time.

What about the Davis Cup this year? If our Americans are so good, how about their bringing that mug back this summer? Well, they may, in spite of Mr. Perry's presence on the defending British team, and in spite, too, of what Bill Tilden has predicted, and likewise of the records.

Fred ought to be good for two victories against the best players any other nation can muster, and when you concede that, it's an awful big handicap. But I'm not conceding the victories. Everybody was conceding Vines two matches last year, and need I remind you that he didn't even come close to winning one?

There's no question of Fred being a great player, probably the greatest in the world when he is right; but he has his off days like the rest of us and can be beaten. There has been only one man in postwar tennis of whom you couldn't say the same thing when he was in his prime. Bill Tilden is his name, and when he had his youth no player in the world could beat him in a match he really wanted to win. Perry is no Tilden. In the form he showed at Forest Hills last year I wouldn't want to back any amateur to beat him; but he has never shown the same form at Wimbledon, and that's where the Davis Cup matches are played.

NEITHER Perry nor Austin, England's two mainstays, has ever won the championship of his country on turf, and only once has either of them even finished as runner-up. Austin went to the final in 1932 and was blown off the court by Vines. For the past six years the cup matches have been played on the red-clay courts of Paris. Our boys don't thrive on that surface. Vines, Allison, Shields, and Wood have all played singles there in the Davis Cup, and none of them showed to anything like the advantage they do on turf. Perry and Austin beat them in Paris in 1931 and again in 1933. Yet in both of those years the Americans eclipsed the British aces, as well as the French, at Wimbledon—Wood and Shields reaching the final in 1931 and Vines losing to Crawford in the title round last year, when he was the only member of the Davis Cup team to enter the British tourney.

Here is reason for us to take hope for a United States victory in the Davis Cup this year. I know that Perry showed he is a great player on grass in our own championship at Forest Hills and in Australia. But what has he done at Wimbledon? Exactly nothing up to 1934. Maybe the inspiration of defending the Davis Cup for his country will make him a different player there, but the burden of proof is upon him.

No matter how well Fred plays, I think that in Sidney Wood we have a player whom the British ace will find extremely dangerous. Wood is entirely a grass-court player and he has had a great amount of experience at Wimbledon, where he made his bow as a mere child in white linen knickerbockers. That experience counts for a great deal, including his winning of the title there in 1931.

AND make no mistake. Wood is a great player, one of the smartest in all history, with the strokes of a master. When he is right—by which I mean when he is forgetting about everything else and concentrating on tennis—he may well beat any man in the world, including Perry. Sidney has given evidence this year that he is far more serious about his game than at any time in the past, and I look for him to win one match and possibly two if he is called upon.

I think I may fairly say that we should have better than an even chance in the doubles, as we did in 1931 and 1933 against the British, and Stoefen or Shields would have a good chance of winning one singles match anyway. So I see no reason to abandon hope of bringing back the cup, even though England is the logical favorite on paper.

Perhaps I am taking too much for granted in assuming that we will get into the challenge round. But I have no great fear of our being beaten in the interzone round, whether it is Australia or Czechoslovakia that we meet.

So don't sell the United States short in the challenge round. I'll see you in Lunnon!

THE END

DAVIS CUP CHALLENGE ROUND RESULTS

No Davis Cup matches were played in 1901, 1910, or the World War years, 1915-18. In 1904, 1912, and 1919 the United States did not enter a team.

Year	*Winner*	*Loser*
1900	United States	British Isles
1902	United States	British Isles
1903	British Isles	United States
1904	British Isles	Belgium
1905	British Isles	United States
1906	British Isles	United States
1907	Australasia	British Isles
1908	Australasia	United States
1909	Australasia	United States
1911	Australasia	United States
1912	British Isles	Australasia
1913	United States	British Isles
1914	Australasia	United States
1919	Australasia	British Isles
1920	United States	Australasia
1921	United States	Japan
1922	United States	Australasia
1923	United States	Australasia
1924	United States	Australia
1925	United States	France
1926	United States	France
1927	France	United States
1928	France	United States
1929	France	United States
1930	France	United States
1931	France	Great Britain
1932	France	United States
1933	Great Britain	France

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from Hollywood . . .

by PRINCESS

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE,

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

AGAIN I remark how profitable it is to be acquainted with old ladies—particularly with those who gossip to their hearts' content, caring not one fig what any one may think of their behavior.

Louise Fazenda tells me that she owes much of her ability as a character actress to the fact that she was brought up in the midst of aunts, great-aunts, and elderly female relatives of every description. In many a film you have seen her play to perfection the part of some crochety dame.

She learned how to do it, she says, by mimicking her old-lady relations when she was a kid.

Her fondness for them has lasted. At her Hollywood home she has them around her still—half a dozen of them — all extremely up-to-date, as is the style among old ladies now.

"In one way they worry me," says Louise. "Women of their day never thought of reducing. They love to cook—they cook marvelously—but they want us to eat as much as they ate when they were our age. Unless we watch out for them they will ruin our figures."

Olive trees flourish and bear fruit around the door of Miss Fazenda's home—a nice convenience at cocktail time.

She likes to kick off her shoes in the house, and she adores antiques.

A big director, whom she had been invited to meet, once found her on the floor of a Hollywood living room, crawling backward from under a Duncan Phyfe cabinet that she had been examining minutely.

By origin, Louise Fazenda is half Mexican, half Dutch.

But California is her real home. She has lived there ever since she was a few months old.

DON'T think of Hollywood exclusively as a mammoth movie metropolis full of Klieg lights, hectic humans, and other paraphernalia of film fame. Ten minutes from Hollywood Boulevard a friend of mine shot a wild fox in his garden.

Out shopping one afternoon with Wera Engels and Ivan Lebedeff, a mere block away from the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, I watched squirrels traject themselves from one parked car to another as cozily as though they were high in their native tree tops. Untamed fauna abounds, some of it not entirely natural. I saw sheep without shepherds in Hollywood—and I saw cowboys without cows.

FOR a song, in Hollywood now, you can buy secondhand Rolls-Royces, Duesenbergs, and other motor carriages de luxe. Less exalted automobiles are not so cheap. I could name half a dozen stars who are trying quietly to get rid of ritzy rolling stock. Because of the depression? Yes, but not the general depression. Hollywood is having one of its own. There is a crash in the *swank* market. The boom in Pretense Unlimited has taken a tumble.

Not a customer can be found for the wonderful limousine that used to convenience a famous producer so utterly as to include every toilet arrangement hidden under the seat!

Nothing like that any more. At last Hollywood is wide awake to the fact that gaudiness betrays bad taste. The best people are conservative now. Some of them have become almost painfully demure.

I went to call on an author whose house was owned originally by a celebrated star of the days when pretense spelled prestige.

The star's shoe cabinet remained intact—a mammoth structure planned to accommodate two hundred pairs of shoes!

Present-day Hollywood condemns such ostentatious opulence with jeers and mockery.

LUXURY prevails when Marion Davies goes to work. Softly melodizing on the set is her private orchestra, complete with portable organ. "To keep us in the mood," she told me.

The fly was an intruder, arrived uninvited—didn't even have a pass to the studio. It was an ordinary fly—the kind you try to swat.

There stood Marion, playing the part of Gail Loveless in Operator 13, the Robert Chambers story of Civil War espionage.

There she was, her sweet lips opening to speak the fateful words that would dedicate her to a perilous career as a secret agent.

The fly flew right into her mouth.

Up jumped a man with a spray squirter. He drove the fly away and Miss Davies started the scene over again.

So did the fly.

Time after time it came back, buzzed devotedly around her head, refusing to leave her—an out-and-out case of infatuation. The man with the spray machine did his best, but the fly would not be discouraged.

Nothing important in this. It merely shows how a chance attachment can disturb the great picture industry.

. . . *to the* Ladies!

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

STYLISH clothes for screen wear cost a pretty penny, to be sure, but they are not as expensive as you might believe. Although genuine finery is now the rule—authentic laces, embroideries, hand beading, etc.—evening gowns used in the pictures run from $150 to $1,500—that is, without furs. To tell the truth, I was surprised to find their cost so moderate as compared with other expenses of production.

PRINCESS KROPOTKIN

ONE day Hugh Walpole and I stood looking at the River Neva in Petrograd, and Hugh told me a strange fancy that had come to his mind. The Neva, he said, is not as other rivers are. It is an animal untamed, unwilling to be in contact with mankind. Some day the Neva will come out terrifyingly from the narrow bed where it has been confined so long.

You can find a development of this idea in Hugh Walpole's novel The Secret City.

I have known him for twenty years, see him seldom, but always with renewed pleasure. When he arrived here recently as a Charles Dickens expert imported to work on the screen dramatization of David Copperfield, our talk turned naturally to Dickens. Sequences for the Copperfield picture, Hugh told me, have already been filmed around the oldest school in England—King's School at Canterbury.

Walpole attended that ancient institution when he was a boy. So did Somerset Maugham. Of his own school days Walpole told me a story that you may find of interest. He was nine years old and passionately in love—with an illustrated copy of the Dickens novel Barnaby Rudge. A fanciful drawing of Barnaby and a raven held Hugh spellbound. But the book was too expensive for his schoolboy purse. He implored a relative to buy it for him. After much resistance the elderly kinsman sent him Barnaby Rudge—in a volume without one single picture! Timidly, not daring to hope for success, Hugh suggested exchanging his Barnaby volume for the illustrated treasure at the bookshop. And the kindly old bookseller actually took his cheap book in exchange for the expensive copy with the pictures in it.

Had that old book merchant been less charitable, Hugh Walpole might not have become an author—might not now be expertizing a Dickens story for the Hollywood studios.

MUCH of our genuine silk still originates in China, where superstitions thrive. A Chinese acquaintance has been telling me some of the old beliefs that cling to silkworm cultivation.

Although we women wear most of the stuff produced by silkworms, we are supposed in China to be an unlucky influence on the silkworm. So are thunder and all loud noises. So are fish.

Young silkworms do a lot of sleeping. After a month of somnolence they wake up, realize their responsibility, start spinning.

Then they get lazy again and the Chinese take advantage of them. Swipe their silk. Sell it to the Japs, who resell it to us.

Robbed of their treasure, the silkworms turn into chrysalids and promptly die. It may therefore be said with truth that we women *do* bring them very bad luck.

A GIRL and a boy who live near me are anxious to get married but have found themselves up against an uneasy situation.

If they were not intelligent youngsters they probably wouldn't realize it. Their trouble isn't money, or temperament, or sexual misunderstanding—it is purely a question of taste. As far as she can judge from the places where he takes her to dine, to dance, et cetera, his notions of entertainment are not at all in accord with her own. She has seen that he is wholly satisfied with commonplace food, mediocre pastimes, and with company that she does not find interesting. She isn't snooty or anything of the sort—she's just a girl trying to get the best out of life as she sees it. The difficulty is that her best seems finer to her than his, seems less flashy.

He prefers the spectacular things of life; she prefers those which bring her food for thought. Yet she loves him.

How can they get together? Can she teach him, or will they wreck their love, as so many couples have done, on the reefs of that obscure and complex emotion known as *taste?*

ON this page, some weeks back, I gave thoughtless circulation to a remark about the Prince of Wales and his needlework.

I am ashamed of having done so. I want to correct myself.

Since then I have learned that the Prince does his embroidering for a very charitable purpose. He does it to encourage British veterans so crippled in the war that they can earn money in no other way.

By sharing in their industry with the needle, he helps them to feel that it is a manly and dignified occupation. I take off my hat to him—with abject apology.

DAY in, day out, from one year's end to another, chicken soup is always on the menu at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer restaurant. They say one of the big M. G. M. officials insists upon this rule. He never had enough chicken soup when he was a kid, they say, because his folks were too poor to afford it. And he vowed then that if he ever grew rich he would *always* have chicken soup. He doesn't always eat it now, but he still wants to be sure it is there.

His special recipe for making the chicken soup is the following:

Use seven boiling hens. They should be two years old and should weigh seven pounds apiece. With the hens in four gallons of water put two medium-sized bunches of celery, six carrots, two onions, salt to taste. Boil very slowly for three hours. Skim off the fat as it comes to the top.

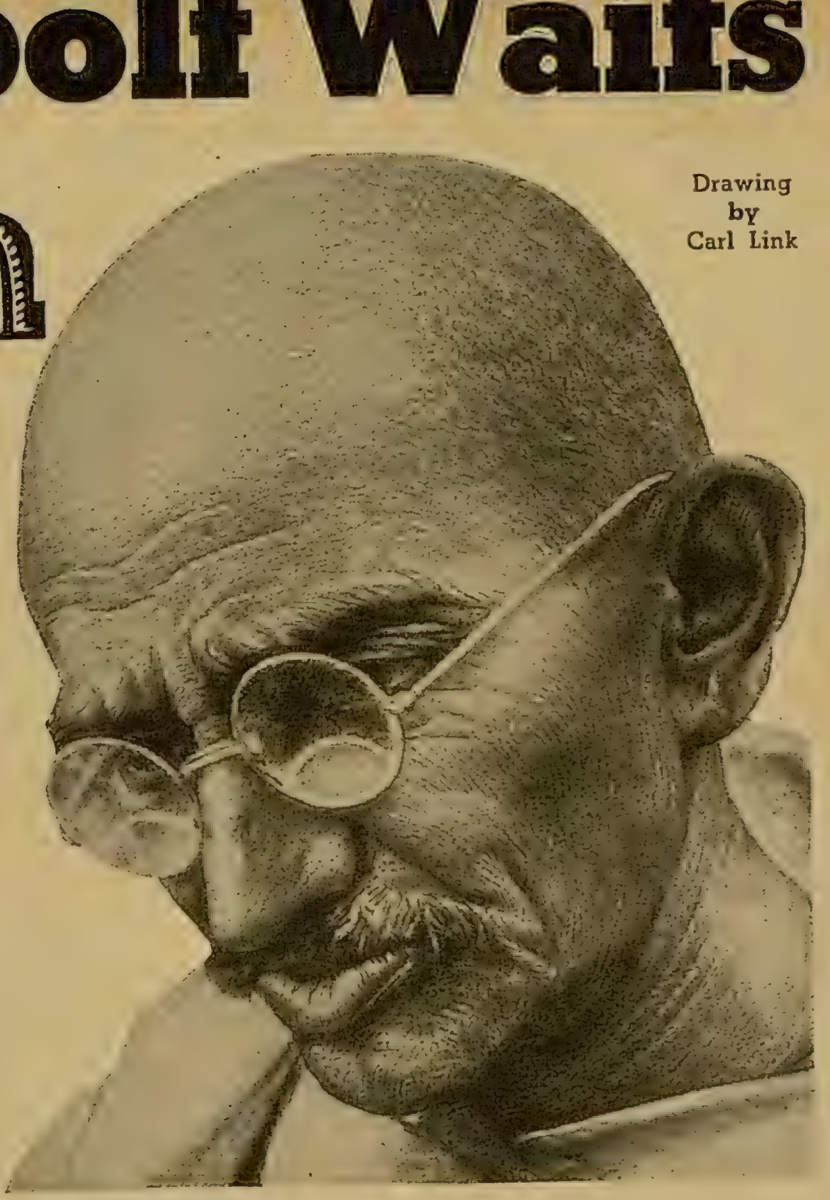
This makes a lot of chicken soup—and grand chicken soup it is!

THIS month brings us a new book of double interest—All My Dog Stories—by Rudyard Kipling. Any new Kipling volume is a notable event, and lovers of dogs will welcome this one especially. (Published by Doubleday-Doran.)

A Thunderbolt Waits for India

by
FRAZIER HUNT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



Drawing by Carl Link

Gandhi. India's masses still follow him, but the revolutionary temper of educated youth is demanding more radical leaders.

THE tall young man in the homespun cotton robe turned his gentle deep-set brown eyes on me. "We still love Gandhi," he said, "but he no longer truly leads Indian thought and ideals. We will always worship him, but our real leaders must be genuinely radical men."

A half dozen students from the Calcutta University took turns in explaining their views. "Already more than five thousand of us have served prison sentences," one said. "More than half of the forty thousand students of Bengal Province alone are Social Revolutionists. We know that India needs more than merely breaking the power of the British Empire over us. That must come first, but there must march along with it a great social overhauling of the whole of Indian life."

A second young man broke in: "Our first job is to win over the peasants. They constitute eighty-five per cent of the entire population. They are debt ridden and half fed, and they wallow in the ignorance and religious bigotry of the past. To win them we must help their material condition. And that means social revolution."

Most of these graduate students were the sons of rich landlords and money lenders. Some of them were spending their holidays—when they were out of political prisons—preaching revolution to the peasants in their own villages. I suspected they were even more radical than that—that they were members of the terrorist groups who were turning to assassination as a last desperate method. Those days in Calcutta and in Bengal Province there were at least two attempted murders of British and Indian officials each month.

A third young man went on: "Gandhi has lost his hold on the great mass of Indian students and the more radical youth. We will follow him as long as he does not make too great compromises with the British. But eventually he will be forced to choose between the right and the left. And we are afraid that he cannot understand the necessity of becoming increasingly more radical."

Ten days later I drove out from Allahabad to mud villages squatting in their filth and ignorance, poverty and disease. A score of thin half-hungry men, clad only in loin cloths, crowded around my car.

"Our crops have been poor and we owe the money lenders more than we will get from our harvest," one explained through my interpreter. "I farm five acres; but no matter how hard I work I can barely get enough to eat."

A Moslem crowded up. "Many of us only get one full meal a day," he said. "We are sunk in debt. We must pay five per cent a month, and if we borrow seed we pay twenty-five per cent for four months' use."

I mentioned Gandhi's name, and a murmur went through the crowd and every face brightened. He might no longer suit the revolutionary temper of radical youth but he was the hero and saint of these backward millions.

"He will help us," one said. "We follow him."

Today I would say that is the authentic voice of great India. Tomorrow it will be stronger and more violent.

For twenty centuries and more these peasants have been chained to their land, struggling under caste and religious handicaps, high taxes and rents, poor acres badly farmed, illiteracy, disease, undernourishment, superstition, child marriage, and corrupt local officials. The Russian peasants of the Czarist days were on a vastly higher plane of welfare.

It would be a rash man indeed who dared prophesy as to what will ultimately happen. Only one thing is fairly certain: here, as throughout the great East, there is a demand for change, for a new set-up—a new social order. Hard-working British-Indian officials bear the brunt of this revolt against poverty and the past. Soon the Indian upper classes themselves must accept their full share of the intolerable condition.

SOCIAL changes move with incredible speed these days. Modern propaganda sweeps all time barriers away. Men chained to the earth for a thousand years lift up their eyes and suddenly see the stars.

Today Gandhi preaches non-violence and non-hate. The masses of India still follow him. Soon the younger, more radical leaders will unfurl their banners.

They would set India on fire. They would raze her to the ground—and on the smoldering ruins try to build a new India, classless, casteless, propertyless.

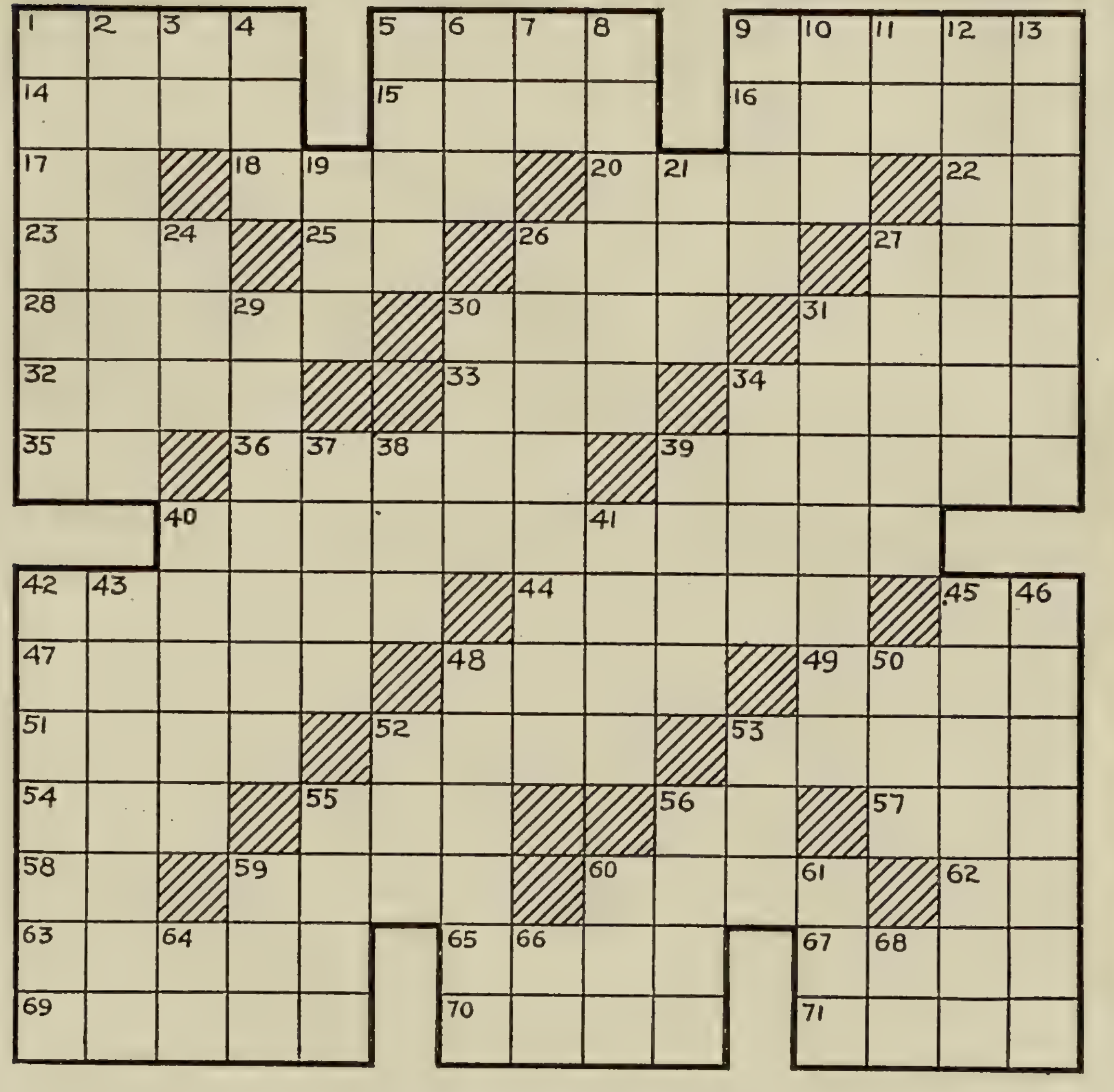
With 60,000 British soldiers and more than 200,000 Indian soldiers on guard, this would seem a physical impossibility. But social upheavals have a way of coming at inopportune times. So it is that for the present—for ten or fifty years—young men of India will go on with their preaching and converting, their picketing and their bomb throwing; and then at some unaccountable moment a bolt will flash out of the blue sky.

Men were preparing for the Russian Revolution for sixty years. Men in India already have spent more than half that number of years.

Still another terrifically portentous situation in the Far East will be pictured by Mr. Hunt in an early issue.

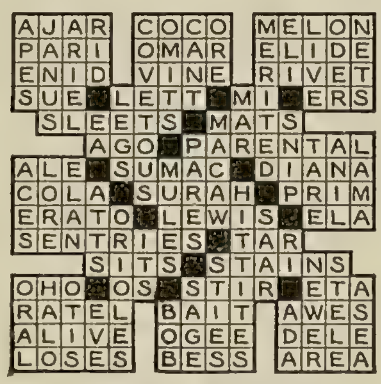
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Crust
5 To sock a small white pill around a lot of real estate full of holes
9 Son of a gun
14 Land measure
15 A pitcher having only one arm
16 A landlubber's ship
17 A lion's roar begins and ends this way
18 Here's a shiner he hung on his girl
20 The kind of mountains they have in Russia
22 This sticks out all over Mae West (abbr.)
23 This never gets to the bottom of things
25 Arguing always starts this way
26 The very last word in religious statements
27 Three compass points (abbr.)
28 This goes well combined with ivory
30 Some of the high spots of Europe
31 He broke out in a rash and accomplished this
32 What you get on your electricity
33 Old Sol in Egypt (plural)
34 Bound in service to a lord—it was all very feudal
35 A knockdown place for pedestrians (abbr.)
36 The man you rob to pay Paul
39 A toot
40 A girl and a car should have these
42 A dark man of New Guinea
44 Midget hunks
45 What one Eskimo says on meeting another on a cold day
47 Ivy's best bet
48 Old-time human football
49 This goes around with a heel
51 What he had on at the party
52 No like



AJAR COCO MELON
PARI OMAR ELIDE
ENID VINE RIVET
SUE■LETT■MI■ERS
SLEETS■MATS
AGO■PARENTAL
ALE■SUMAC■DIANA
COLA■SURAH■PRIM
ERATO■LEWIS■ELA
SENTRIES■TAR
SITS■STAINS
OHO■OS■STIR■ETA
RATEL BAIT AWES
ALIVE OGEE DELE
LOSES BESS AREA

Answer to last week's puzzle

53 Every girl has a private collection of these
54 My country, this of thee
55 Road hog
56 The cowlike Greek letter
57 Typical Fried Foozleheads (abbr.)
58 Zulu bushwah (abbr.)
59 Half pint
60 What city in Italy consumes the most spaghetti?
62 Fool's beginning
63 Say, where is this fellow anyway?
65 Gal's name
67 A nasty outlook
69 This gets squeezed at parties
70 A prairie necklace
71 This should be filled with grease

VERTICAL

1 A couple of holdups
2 He leads a flip life and is good to the last drop
3 Fill this with age and you have lager
4 The mane guy in the jungle
5 What women strip constantly
6 He gives a hoot for everything
7 A little article used in France
8 Frowsy old hens
9 To give the double O
10 Fla.'s rival
11 I'm this till I die
12 Many an old squab carries this from place to place
13 He leads a pretty seedy existence
19 What fathers do and do and do
21 Every good restaurant starts like this
24 This is very often in a hot spot
26 A "Wolf! Wolf!" crier
27 Farmers never have any trouble raising these
29 The man who married a mermaid. Does he lead a fishy existence!
30 This covers the ground
31 What to do to make a queen good
34 The leaping lady of Detroit
37 Plenty of time (plural)
38 One and nothing make this
39 He dropped a line and expected to get this in return
40 Short for beer-barrel plugs
41 The Eagle who flew the ocean
42 Here's a twister for you
43 Loud
45 Poker player
46 A third of a Brain Truster
48 The day that the ladybirds come out with their new feathers
50 Horse meat
52 A member of Attila's mob
53 A victim of economic circumstances combined with laziness
55 What irritating wives make firemen do up
56 A way with the ladies
59 Every reorganization starts like this
60 To tear around
61 Where naughty cockneys eventually go
64 A couple of thousand in Rome
66 She said this and he lived happily ever after
68 Two pieces of ear

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"I had a severe case of

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Absorbine Jr. saved the day for me"

[*Quoted from an actual letter in our files, from a minister, the original of which will be shown upon request*]

Posed by professional model

IF you could only read the hundreds of grateful letters in our files from people who have suffered, there'd be no doubt in your mind as to what remedy *you'd* use to clear up a case of Athlete's Foot.

You may not be the person we're talking to, and then again you might be—"*it is probable that more than half the adult population suffers from it at some time,*" the U. S. Public Health Service has reported.

But dispel all doubt. Examine the flesh between your toes. Does it itch? Is it red, angry? Or white with stickiness? Blisters? Peeling, cracked, sore?

Apply this Inexpensive Treatment

If your feet perspire, play safe and examine your toes for the danger signals. At the slightest sign of infection, begin the immediate application of cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. morning and night. Because of its superior ability to kill the fungi, a sufficient quantity of Absorbine Jr. for each application costs only a fraction of a cent.

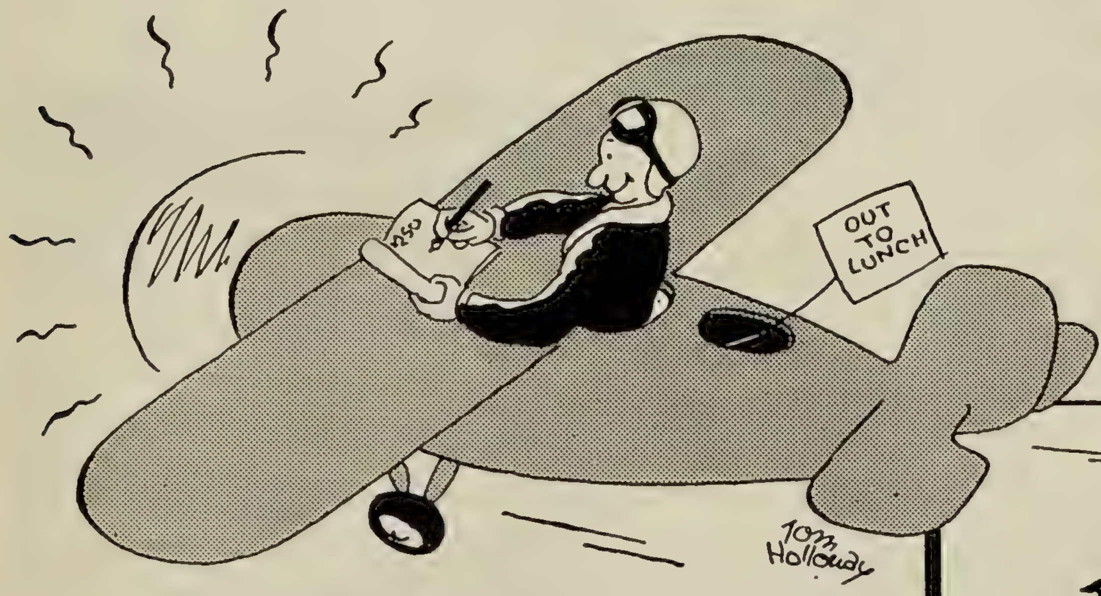
When you buy, accept nothing but the real Absorbine Jr. All drug stores, $1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, SUNBURN

...HAVE A FLYER AT A LIMERICK LAST LINE

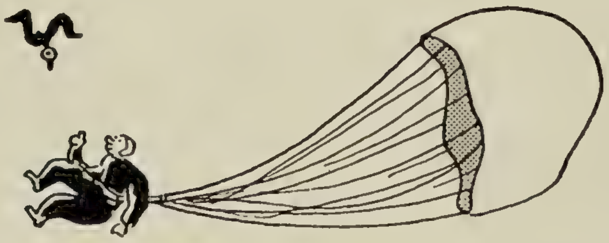
LIBERTY WILL PAY $250 IN CASH PRIZES



THIS one ought to be easy! Liberty supplies four lines. You supply just one. Liberty supplies sixty-four cash prizes. You can win any one. Why not do it? Read the contest rules carefully if this is your first experience at last-lining and then get busy. Your chance to land in the money is excellent.

It is not even necessary to send in your entry on the space provided on this page. You may copy the Limerick and supply your own entry form and stand just as fair a chance of winning. It's your skill that counts, not the form of your entry.

Read the unfinished Limerick carefully. There are endless possibilities in the situation. Think what happened to this parachute fellow. Perhaps it was disastrous. Possibly it was ludicrous. Figure out your own ending to the adventure and set it down. It may win $50 for you. It's worth taking a flyer at, isn't it?



THIS IS THE LIMERICK—YOU END IT

A parachute jumper was Bill.
His job seldom gave him a thrill.
But once he came down
Forty miles from a town—

....

(You write the last line)

Write a first line for a new Limerick in the space below

....

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight July 21. This gives every one ample time to enter. Results will be published in about seven weeks.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$50
SECOND PRIZE	25
THIRD PRIZE	15
FOURTH PRIZE	10
TEN PRIZES, EACH $5	50
FIFTY PRIZES, EACH $2	100
TOTAL PRIZE MONEY	$250

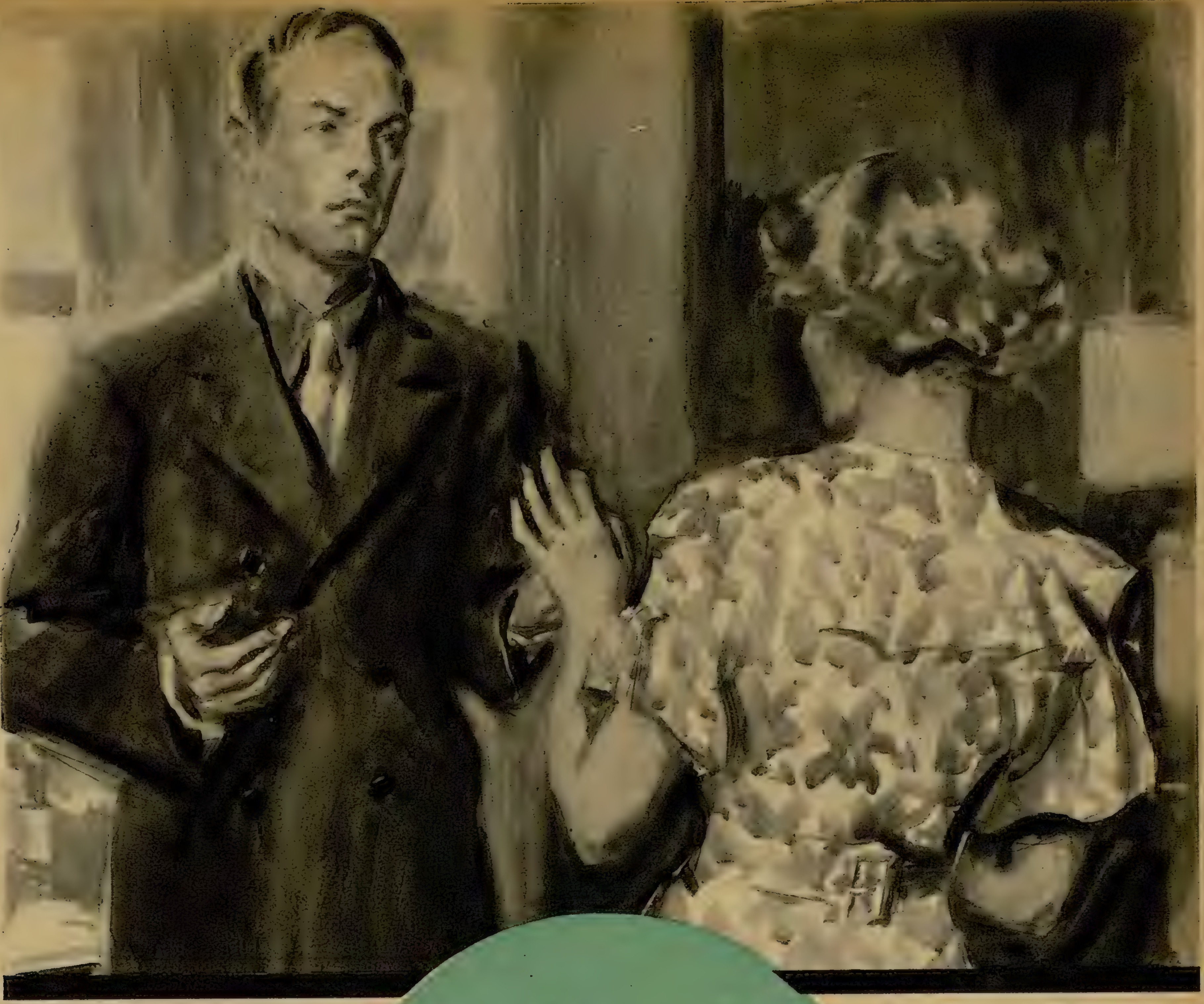
THE RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write your own last line to complete the Limerick. Then write a first line for a new Limerick. Send your entry to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You may copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many entries each week as you wish. However, no contestant can win more than one prize in any one week.

For the best last line for the contest Limerick, accompanied by the best suggested first line for a new Limerick, $50 will be paid; for the next best, $25; for the third, $15; for the fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5 each; and for the fifty next best, $2 each. Any one, anywhere, may compete, with the exception of employees of Liberty and their families.

ANOTHER $250 UNFINISHED LIMERICK NEXT WEEK!



He reached out his arms to her but she backed away from him. "No, David. What's the use?"

Bright Girl

by VIÑA DELMAR

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

HOME looks good to Kay Bronson after five years in New York. But she has been there only a few minutes when she tells Jimmy Kerr, her childhood sweetheart, that she will never come back again. Sudden memories of her dead father had brought her bitter regrets.

She feels that if her adored Daddy had lived she might have been different. She would not have quit her cultured environment to take up teacher's training with homely Jessie Ryland, only to drop it and, at seventeen, marry Billy Warren, an uneducated wise-cracking drug clerk whose only appeal was his masculinity. She would not have left him to go to New York and make her way alone. Nor would she have taken a lowly job there as governess to little Robbie Gordon, and finally accepted the proposal of his uncle, Dr. David Carson, that he set her up in a little apartment where their secret love would be safe from prying eyes.

All these thoughts stung Kay with bitter, tearful remorse in Daddy's room. But she didn't blame Billy, also dead now from a bandit's bullet. Nor could she blame David. The fault was hers alone that she had made no more out of her life; had never made good on her dream of becoming a great novelist. She was man-crazy, she knew, and all the brilliance and culture which her father had instilled into her childish mind had been swept away by an empty passion.

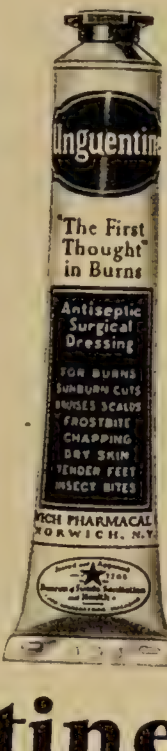
She dries her eyes and rejoins Jimmy Kerr. He suspects Kay's life in the metropolis but says nothing, and they drive

Life Closes In Suddenly and Brings a Dramatic Crisis for the Heroine of This Poignant Novel . . . . How Will She Face It?

Treat SUNBURN as a BURN!

Sunburn is FIREburn

. . . just as painful . . . sometimes just as serious as other burns. It is only common sense to use a real burn remedy instead of a cosmetic cream or lotion.


Unguentine
"The First Thought" in Burns
Antiseptic Surgical Dressing
FOR BURNS SUNBURN CUTS BRUISES SCALDS FROSTBITE CHAPPING DRY SKIN TENDER FEET INSECT BITES
NORWICH PHARMACAL NORWICH, N.Y.

Use Unguentine, the standard burn remedy used by doctors, hospitals and first-aid stations for nearly fifty years. *Especially medicated for burns*—it goes as deep as the burn . . . stops the pain . . . hastens healthy healing.

NOTE: Sunburn is not the only burn of summer. Accidental burns are a constant hazard around campfires, auto and marine motors. *It's best to have Unguentine with you wherever you go.* And use it for cuts, scrapes, scratches, insect bites and poison ivy. Unguentine is a powerful antiseptic, pain-relieving surgical dressing in soothing ointment form. *Look for the name* NORWICH *on the tube.* Price 50c.

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Norwich

to the hospital where her stepfather, Leonard Walters, is recuperating from a major operation. There she meets her mother for the first time since she ran away from Billy Warren and went to New York.

PART EIGHT—THE THING KAY DIDN'T TELL

MAMA kissed Kay affectionately, held her off at arm's length, looked at her, and said, "Where on earth did you get those clothes?"

Mama was such a feminine woman that not even the toppling of kingdoms, the arrival of Gabriel with his trumpet, nor the groans of her morphine-befuddled husband could blind her to the obvious cheapness of her daughter's hat and coat.

"Well, they're not imports," Kay admitted.

She walked to the bed and looked at Leonard. His mouth was open and he was breathing hard. An occasional long, piteous bellow escaped him.

"He's suffering so," Mama sighed.

"Not really, you know," Kay said. "He's pretty well doped. He'll remember next to nothing about this."

"Dr. Holtzmann says that he'll feel better tomorrow, but I can't believe it."

"Yes, he probably will. You see, the nerves become numb after a certain amount of pain and become thoroughly anæsthetized."

"Do they?" Mama was hopeful.

Kay said, "You look tired to death. Why don't you go home and get some rest?"

"Oh, I couldn't leave him."

Jimmy said, "You'll never get your mother to rest. The Kerrs have held her hand through two long hard nights and you're elected for tonight."

Mama beamed. She took Jimmy's words as a tribute to her loyalty and unflagging devotion to duty.

"I'll stay here," Kay said, "if you feel that some one should stay."

"No, darling. I want you to go home for dinner. I planned a special homecoming dinner for you."

Kay said, "All right." There was no use in saying that she had come to help and not to eat a special homecoming dinner. It was plain to be seen that Mama was not going to let her help. Mama had sent for her because she had found it necessary to make some significant gesture while Leonard was in the operating room. It would make people respect Leonard's operation when Mama told them, "I have sent to New York for my daughter."

Mama permitted herself ten minutes away from Leonard's bedside. She walked with Kay to an unoccupied room across the hall.

"Except for your clothes, darling, you look marvelous. I guess work agrees with you."

"I guess it does. You look lovelier than ever, Mama, except for being tired."

"Well, I've been happy. Most women my age are faded because they have so little in life. I have everything—if, please God, Leonard pulls through."

"Oh, he will. There's no question about it."

Mama was silenced and vaguely annoyed by Kay's easy assurance. She almost wished that Leonard had some cozy little complication which she could mention.

"Are you coming home to have dinner, Mama?"

"Oh, no, dear, I couldn't. I have dinner right here in the hospital."

"Couldn't I have dinner with you?"

Mama pouted. "I've planned such special things for you at home."

"All right. I'll go home."

"That's a good girl. Ask Jimmy to dine with you. I'm sure he'll be glad to."

"I hope so," said Kay. "A special homecoming dinner eaten all alone has a certain melancholy flavor."

"Will you come back here tonight, Kay?"

"Yes, certainly. I'm coming back to see that you get a good night's sleep."

Mama smiled her sweet martyr's smile.

"I can't sleep, darling, when he's like that. All night long I sit beside the nurse and wait for the dawn to come."

Jimmy had planned on dining with Kay. His mother had hoped to join them, but she had found herself feeling a bit exhausted as a result of her two nights with Mr. and Mrs. Walters.

So Kay and Jimmy sat at opposite ends of the long table and tried to laugh and jest, but it was difficult. Ordinarily they would have been seated in the breakfast room where a dinner for two could be merry and bright. But Mama had wanted full honor done her daughter's return.

"Once Daddy sat where Jimmy is sitting," Kay thought, "and I am filled with pain to think that he will sit there no more. And then Leonard sat there and a million vexing memories come to me with the thought of Leonard. This dining room depresses me, for all that it is a magnificent room."

AND the huge Negro proudly offered to them many things which his wife had cooked, and he thought, "It's damn' foolish to go to all this bother for two people."

Jimmy said, "Your mother's name is Walters and yours is Warren, yet this is still known as the Bronson house."

"I should think it would be. My father built it and lived in it and the stamp of his personality is on it."

"Yes, that's what I meant. I think it's amazing that he still dominates it. It's a challenge to the day and age, Kay, that a man who was distinguished for reticence and gentility can live on in the town's mind."

"You're very nice to say that, Jimmy."

"It's only the truth. I cannot sit here without thinking of him and I know that you can't either."

"It's good to hear you speak of him. I'd give anything in the world to have him back again."

"Of course you would. I suppose it is best that we can't buy back our dead. We would pay too high a price if it were possible."

"Nothing would be too high a price to pay for him."

"You can't tell, Kay. If you had him you would sit forever lost in worship. You were not meant to live like that. You were meant to achieve something."

She shook her head. "I sometimes wonder. Perhaps I shall sit forever lost in thought. Motionless, nonproductive, useless."

"Will the doctor permit that?" he asked.

She was startled. "What doctor?"

"The doctor with whom you're in love."

She laughed falsely. "Why, Jimmy, you get the funniest ideas!" Then she sobered. "I'm such a fool," she said impatiently. "Why is a woman's first impulse to deny everything? Of course there's a doctor. How did you know?"

He laughed. "Your questions about Leonard's condition set me thinking and when I tricked you into saying 'hypodermoclysis,' then I was sure."

"Oh. Wasn't I the stupid show-off? I guess I'll never get over being Smarty-Cat Bronson. You must be a detective, Jimmy."

"No, a lawyer. I am now a young and very upright practicing attorney."

"That's grand. Congratulations."

"Thank you. It may worry you to know that I am your mother's lawyer, your stepfather's lawyer, and in case you ever need one I shall be your lawyer, too."

"It doesn't worry me a bit. I rather like the idea."

"I suspect they were humoring me and are hoping fervently that they never require my assistance."

"What nonsense! You're a very clever boy."

JIMMY laughed. "You're being just like a woman again. You figure I must be clever because I outsmarted you."

"No. Your cleverness shows in the cases you've already handled successfully."

"How did you know about those cases?"

"I didn't. I guessed about them. You'll probably get along all right."

"Not if I don't get you over to that hospital soon. Come on."

Back at the hospital, Kay led her protesting mother to the unoccupied room across the hall, firmly undressed her, and slipped over her head a nightgown which she had brought from the house.

"I tell you, Kay, I can't sleep a wink."

"Then relax."

"I can't. I'll lie here tense. You'll see."

"No, I'm not going to watch. I'm going to give you something that will make you relax."

"What?"

"A capsule that is the most beautiful shade of blue you ever saw."

"What is it?"

"Better than a massage. It rejuvenates you."

"What's it called?"

"Sodium amytol. Take it, will you?"

"Yes, if it will make you feel better."

Mama took the capsule. Kay walked back to Leonard's room.

"She'll sleep till morning," she said to Jimmy. "You might as well go home."

"Well, you can't do anything here. Do you want to go to the movies?"

"No, I'm going to carry on my mother's great work. I'm going to keep the nurse company."

Jimmy smiled. "I think you're foolish."

"Yes, but she thinks some one besides the nurse should be with Leonard."

"Well, I'll stay with you as long as I can stand it."

"No. Go on home, Jimmy. Give my love to your mother."

"Good night, Kay. Stretch out on the couch. It isn't bad."

But she sat bolt upright all night, for she was not

Resting?
DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
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5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

NO . . SHE IS EXERCISING VIGOROUSLY

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Chew delicious

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY
KEEPS TEETH WHITE . . .

tired. The nurse dozed beside her tiny lamp and occasionally she would snort and frighten Kay. For Kay sat in the dimness unmindful of the nurse and of Leonard, and any sound from them terrified her, for she had forgotten they existed.

She found herself filled with an aching melancholia. The town spoke to her of Daddy, but there was pleasure in that pain, for it was good to be where he had been and to gaze upon things that he had loved. But the town spoke to her of Jessie who had run from her when she had detected a streak of—was it cheapness?

It spoke of strange things. Forgotten things that moved disconnectedly through her mind like fragments of a crazy drug-induced dream. She thought of walking home through a frosty starlit twilight with a book of poems under her arm. She thought of picking violets in the woods. She thought of a grassy hilltop where she had tearfully buried a broken doll. Why were they so painful that you held your breath when you thought of them and almost wished you could die? Was it because you knew that life held nothing more that was worth seeing or feeling? You had reached your peak when the stars had looked like flashing diamonds and the air had been sweet and sharp against your face. You had had all that life could offer when you had wandered through the green fields searching for the little violets.

In the dimness Kay said to herself quite suddenly, "Why, the whole system is wrong! You don't grow up. You grow down. When you are a child the real things happen to you. You live with God and enjoy His works, and as you grow older your appreciation diminishes and you make theaters and offices and night clubs and wars to take the place of the thing you've lost. But no fame or glory or anything else can be as great as a memory from childhood."

She cried softly for the lost beauty of never-never land while Leonard and the nurse wheezed and snorted through the night.

Mama was playfully angry about her night's sleep. She said, smiling all the while, that Kay was a very high-handed young lady and that she was very sorry she had sent for her. Also she said that it was very nice of Kay to have sat up all night with Leonard.

Kay went home to bathe and sleep. There was a letter from David. He wrote with a grave charm that made her very lonesome for him. There were no gushy love names or ridiculously exaggerated descriptions of how lost he felt without her, but she knew that she was missed.

In the late afternoon she went to call on Mrs. Kerr and to see how the second floor had been assembled. She found that many pieces of furniture had been placed differently than she had suggested, but she was willing to admit that Mrs. Kerr's version of the second floor was as good as hers.

MRS. KERR herself was looking radiantly healthy. She was not Mama's type. One would never doubt that she had a grown child, but she had a gay attractiveness that time would never dim.

"It's nice to see you home again, Kay. I only wish you were going to stay."

"There's nothing I could do here."

"That depends on what you want to do."

"Work."

"Well, perhaps you could work here. I think I could get you more work than you could handle if you'd like to become an interior decorator."

Kay laughed. "No, darling, I don't really know anything about it. I can fix up a few rooms so that they don't turn one's stomach, but think of me coping with whole houses."

"You'd get people to help you. They'd do the jobs and you'd step in at the finish and flutter your pretty hands over a drapery, straighten a picture, and pick up the check."

"No, I wouldn't care for that. It's fun and all that, but it wouldn't do for me. The decorating business is overrun with love-starved old maids who achieve a certain satisfaction out of dealing in bright rich colors and exquisite fabrics. I doubt that I'd like the business as a regular diet."

"I doubt that you would when your mind's made up that you wouldn't. But, talking of love-starved old maids, did Jimmy tell you about Jessie Ryland?"

"No. Don't tell me she's married."

"Hardly that. She's opened a school of her own. Isn't that remarkable? I tell you, Kay, you are a girl of a brilliant generation. You and Jessie simply leave me gasping with the way you actually do things. We thought of nothing except being sweet enough to charm some man into supporting us for life."

"Don't lump me with Jessie. She's really done something."

"So have you. How many years is it now that you've been gone from here? I think it's amazing for a girl—really a child—to make her way as you have done without calling on a single soul for help."

Kay looked out of the window and was glad that Jimmy was not there to hear this unearned praise being showered upon her. For he would know it was unearned. When he was nineteen he had looked at her apartment and said, "There is no Santa Claus." He had guessed much, and what he had guessed was fundamentally wrong, for he did not know about the red-leather book. She must tell him about it so that he would not think she was "kept" as ordinary women are.

SHE stood up. "I guess I'd better be getting to the hospital," she said.

"How is Leonard?"

"Better today."

"That's good. I'll see you there later. Will you have dinner with Jimmy and me tonight?"

"I'd love to if Mama hasn't planned a special second-night home dinner for me."

Mrs. Kerr smiled. "No, you're free tonight, I think."

Kay went next door where the car and chauffeur were waiting for her in the driveway. She had him drive first to the shopping district so that she might see the shops that had once intrigued her. The toyshop where her pet doll and all its sisters had come from. The bookshops, the hat and dress shops.

But there was one store she did not ride past and that was Gridley's drug store. She walked past and looked through the window, for she did not believe in going to cemeteries, and yet she could not pretend that she had forgotten. He would not like to think that a woman he had kissed could forget him. She walked past the store so that he might say to some ghostly listener, "There's a good-looking dame in the Middle West named Bronson who still grieves over me."

And from there she went to the hospital.

After dinner Jimmy took her to the country club. It was very dull there, but she had not gone to dance or drink. She had gone to stand on the veranda and look out at the lake and to recapture for a moment the high pounding excitement of the season when she had been a frivolous young belle.

Jimmy stood beside her now. He said to her, "I'm sorry there's nothing amusing in town."

She looked at him steadily and demanded, "Why do you worry about me?"

"Because you're the girl from next door."

She smiled. "That's a little word flower that I shall put in my bouquet, Jimmy. Wherever I go I'll always remember that I'm the girl from next door and I'll never feel utterly lost or nameless."

"Sometimes you do feel lost, don't you, Kay?"

"Oh, not lost; but it's human to be disappointed with oneself at times, isn't it?"

He looked at her searchingly. "What's the matter with you?" he asked. "You ought to be on top of the world. You have youth, health, intelligence, and the man you want, haven't you?"

"Yes, and there are a few things I've been meaning to tell you about that man."

"Why? He's none of my business."

"I guess I want to tell them to you because you're the boy from next door, Jimmy. First of all, I don't want you to think I'm being kept by him. I'm trying to write and I'm borrowing money from him till I can actually sell some of my things.

(Continued on page fifty-six)

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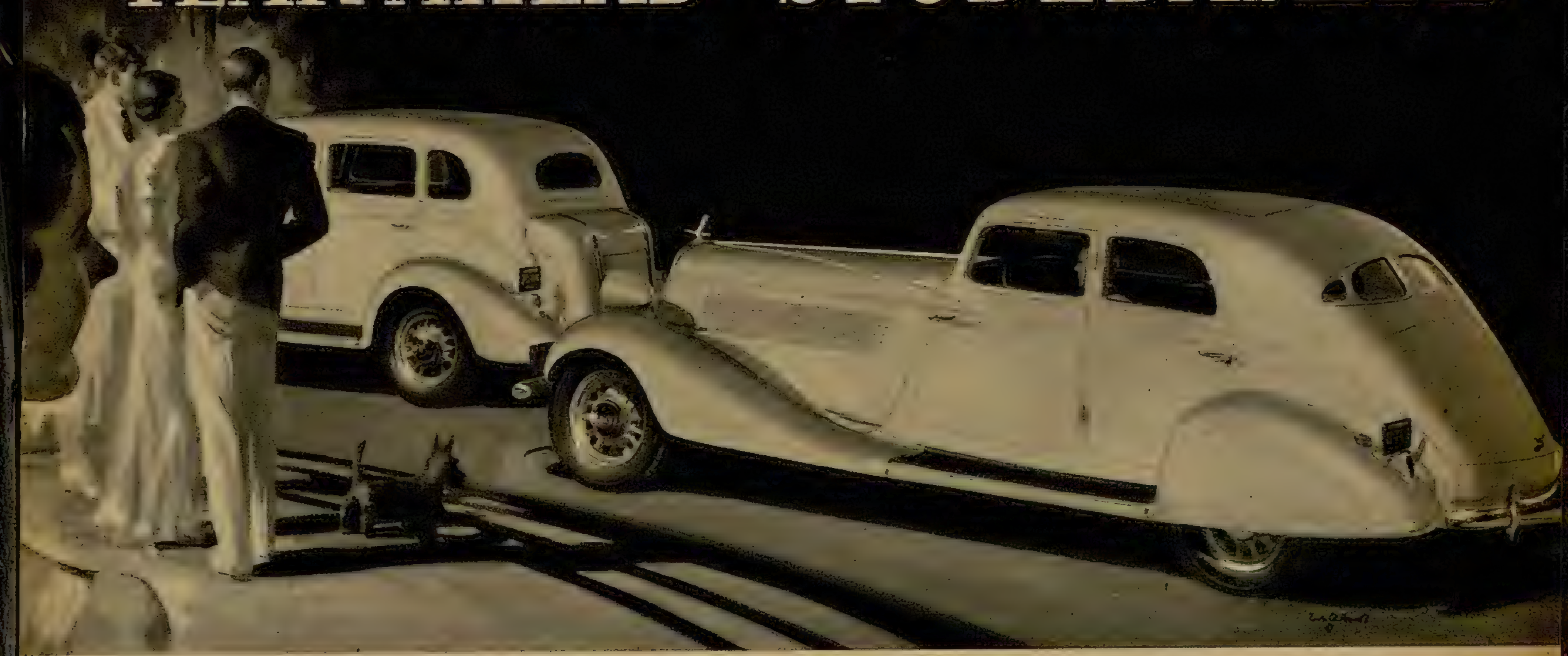

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And now Studebaker engineering vision provides this great advancement for you without extra charge—even in the low priced new "year-ahead" Dictator that lists as low as $695 at the factory!

These brilliant new Studebakers bring you dramatic new "year-ahead" design, and the tested "year-ahead" comfort assured by Quadripoise Suspension which scientifically cradles the action of all four wheels and gives you the most restful rear seat ride in America.

They're built like battleships of seamless, sound-proofed steel reinforced by steel. They're cars of exceptional seating width—and lavishly finished, fitted and upholstered.

But it's when you drive one of these new "year-ahead" Studebakers that you get a real sense of their astonishing value—for they've been given "year-ahead" brilliance of engine performance, "year-ahead" gasoline economy, plus a responsiveness and smoothness under all conditions that surpasses anything you've known.

Prices are $145 to $620 lower than Studebaker prices of a year ago, although most other cars have advanced sharply in cost.

Be a year ahead and money ahead. See how these new "year-ahead" Studebakers show up the best that the rest of motordom offers.

DICTATOR	$695
COMMANDER	890
PRESIDENT	1170

Base prices at the factory. Bumpers, special equipment extra

[LISTEN TO RICHARD HIMBER AND HIS STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS—
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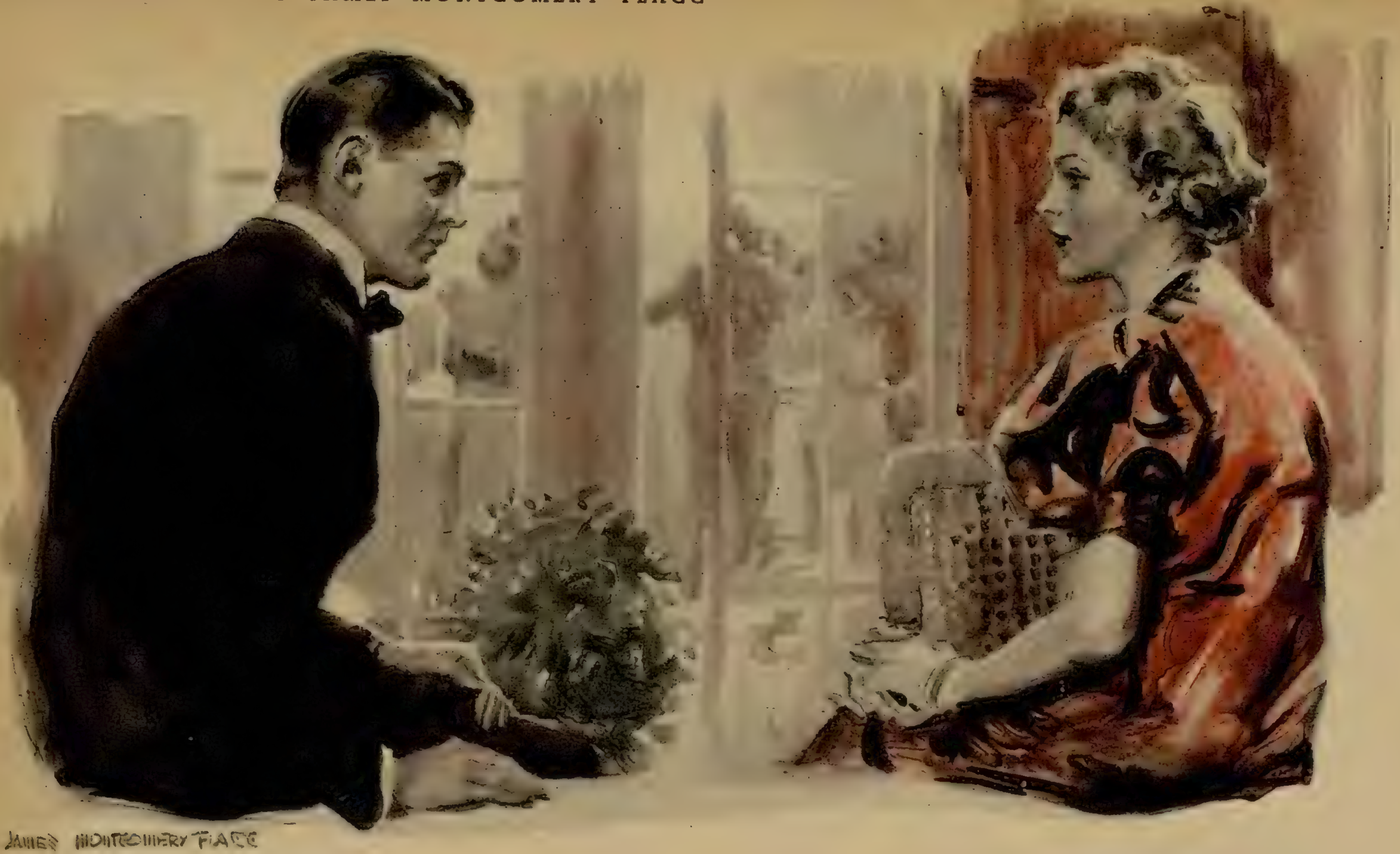
See the giant Studebaker at the World's Fair

FROM THE SPEEDWAY
COMES THEIR STAMINA

FROM THE SKYWAY
COMES THEIR STYLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



"Living the way you are is drinking slow poison, Kay." She said, "How righteous you are!"

(Continued from page fifty-four) Every cent I borrow I mark down and I'm going to repay it all to him."

He said, "Is he a successful doctor?"

"Not financially, but he has the respect of his profession."

"Do you love him?"

"I don't know, Jimmy. I'd do anything for him, and I hate to be away from him, but if I got a wire that he was dead, I wouldn't jump into the lake and drown myself."

"Why don't you marry him?"

"He doesn't know I'm free. I never told him that Billy was dead."

"I'll tell you why you didn't," Jimmy said.

"No. First *I'll* tell *you.* I kept quiet because I didn't want him to think I was asking for marriage. Besides, being lovers, we've managed to stay pals. I didn't want to spoil it."

Jimmy shook his head. "Kay, you kept quiet because you were afraid to test your doctor. You didn't dare to say to him, 'Billy's dead. I'm a widow.' You were afraid he'd say to you, 'So what?'"

"He wouldn't have. He'd marry me tomorrow if I wanted him to, although he doesn't believe in marriage."

"If he'd marry you tomorrow, then you'd better get on a train tonight, because living the way you are is drinking slow poison, Kay."

She said, "How righteous you are!"

"No, Kay, I'm not screaming for my outraged morals. It isn't that. I don't give a damn what people do. But you started to talk about yourself, so I'll talk with you. This little arrangement between yourself and the man is duplicated in a hundred million cases. I'm striking out your careful bookkeeping because I'll bet anything you want to mention that you'll never pay him."

"I will."

"You will not—but we can't argue that to a satisfactory finish tonight. To go back a little—I want to say that in most cases the girls involved in these arrangements are worthless anyhow. Either they have nothing but time, or else they're tending to the only job they know. You fall in neither category."

"Does the case rest now?"

"It might as well. Nobody's listening to it anyhow."

"All right. Let's dance," she said with some relief.

"Kay, sometimes I wish you'd died of the measles."

As she danced with Jimmy she thought to herself, "He is shocked to death about David. He pretends that he isn't—perhaps even to himself he pretends that he isn't. Nice men are always that way."

She felt sorry for Jimmy because he was so sincerely disheartened by the life she had selected for herself. He was so good, and so sure that you couldn't get along unless you strictly adhered to the rule book. She smiled at him when their gazes met. He could have the smile to remember and he must make the most of it, for it was all she could give him.

Kay was home for three weeks. During the last week Leonard had been brought from the hospital. Mama was certain now that he wouldn't die. Whatever moral support Kay had given her could be painlessly removed.

Mama was a gracious hostess. She urged Kay to stay.

"Stay another week," Mama begged. "It's five years since I have seen you."

KAY would have stayed forever had those five years meant something to Mama. But Mama was just saying words. Warm, sweet words that were as pretty and meaningless as the verse on a greeting card. Kay knew. It was Mama's way to be blithely insincere, but her pleasant words so lightly spoken shed many a sunbeam and warmed many a heart. Kay was amused at herself, for even knowing Mama did not save her from choking up when Mama said, "I always meant that you and I should be like sisters, but first your father took you from me and then Leonard took me from you."

Even knowing Mama didn't save you from seeing her—for a moment—as a pale, tragic figure too helpless and too weak to win her child's respect and love.

So at six o'clock one evening she said, "I am going," and the next day she was in New York.

She did not wire David, for he would be busy at the hospital when the train arrived and he could not meet her. It would be more fun to surprise him anyway.

She entered her apartment, glad to be back again. She had walked through a haunted house and it was good to be in the warm safety of her little home.

She tried to reach David at the hospital and failed. He was operating. She unpacked her suitcase and laid aside the books and games she had brought back for Robbie.

It occurred to her that the afternoon would lie heavy upon her hands. She had nothing to do and she was not tired. She would go to Robbie that very afternoon.

He was glad to see her. His welcome was none the less joyous because the years were molding him to a more sedate and earnest pattern. He was nine now.

Mrs. Gordon said, " Oh, hello, Kay. How are you? "

" I'm fine. And you? "

" Never better. We got your letter. How is your father? "

" My stepfather? He recovered beautifully."

" Well, that's good. I'm afraid you picked a bad day to call on Robbie. It's Thursday, you know. He goes for his music lesson."

" Oh, I'd completely forgotten. What a fool I am. Couldn't I go with him? "

" Certainly. That would be fine if you have the time. Victor takes him, but I can well use Victor at home today. I'm giving a dinner party this evening and everything's at sixes and sevens."

Martha had long ago moved to another job. Victor and his wife had taken her place.

" Go change your suit, Robbie, and get your violin. See that your hands and nails are clean," Mrs. Gordon ordered.

Robbie scampered away.

" He looks fine," Kay said.

" Oh, yes. Thank the Lord he's healthy. I've got my brother to thank for that. He watches him like a hawk."

" HOW is your brother? "

" Fine, thank you." Mrs. Gordon smiled a sudden, mysterious smile. " The dinner party is for him."

" It isn't his birthday." Involuntarily the words had escaped Kay and she added, " Is it? "

" No, but he's got to entertain some people." She gazed over her shoulder and whispered, " You know how quiet and businesslike he always was? Well, I think he's got a girl."

" Really? "

" Yes. There's some people he's always been friendly with. The husband's a doctor, too, and the wife is very rich and from an important family. The Sterlings. Well, some woman friend of hers has just come back from living on the Riviera and has taken quite an interest in David."

" Is that so? "

" Yes, she's a divorcee, but that doesn't matter. I said to Mr. Gordon, ' Say, the nicest people get divorces nowadays.' "

" Of course."

" She's given a few dinners for David, and he's met more people that can help him, you know, in getting ahead. Contacts are everything in any business, and David's got to think about things like that."

" Yes, I suppose so."

" Well, she's coming tonight, and the Sterlings and some people David knows. Twelve altogether. I'm worn to a frazzle figuring it out. Say, Kay, take a look at the table and let me know how you think it looks."

Kay took a look at the table. She said, " Those aren't water goblets."

" They'll do, won't they? "

" They'll hold water, if that's what you mean. I think there are too many flowers here. It'll smell like a funeral by dinner time."

Kay took Robbie for his lesson. When she brought him back she said to Mrs. Gordon, " I always liked Dr. Carson. Please tell him I was here and give him my regards."

Sometime after midnight David rang the bell of Kay's apartment. She had been expecting him.

She opened the door and he folded her in his arms and said, " I wouldn't have had this happen for the world."

" Has something happened? " she asked.

" Georgia told you about Mrs. Fenlon and the dinner party. I've been miserable trying to get to you. Georgia makes me sick. I know how she goes on. She probably told you I was marrying the damn' woman."

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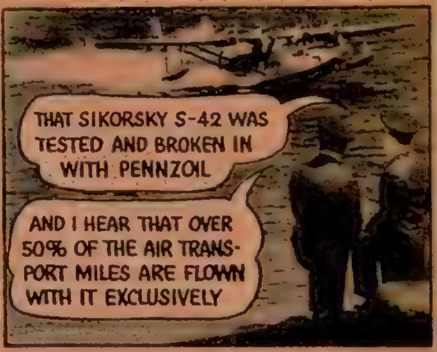
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"And aren't you?" Kay asked.

"Of course not. My God, Kay, the woman's nothing to me! Ask the Sterlings. She's just a rich idle woman about forty-three years old who has rich idle friends who can swell my income considerably. A doctor needs rich patients so that he can afford to give a break to the poor occasionally. You know that."

"Yes, I know that, David."

"Now I'm finished talking about her. I've had enough with her all evening. I'm so glad to see you I could holler."

She looked at him and she could not doubt that he spoke the truth. He loved her and was glad to see her. The Fenlon woman was a threat, for if she were at all attractive, then she was the perfect wife for an ambitious doctor.

She thought of the things she had taught David, those silly drawing-room niceties at which he had laughed. She wondered if Mrs. Fenlon had been impressed by his charming manners.

But for once Nature was on Kay's side, for she was young and beautiful and David wanted her. He would never cease to want her, but that did not mean that she could keep him forever. He could want her in silence while he was getting other things he wanted—rich patients, a fine automobile, and a home such as the Sterlings had.

She looked at him closely, for she had learned to know him so well that she could tell when he was saying one thing and thinking another. She looked carefully at the thin little vertical line between his eyes. It always deepened when he was disturbed. He was not disturbed now. For the moment at least he was sincere in what he said of Mrs. Fenlon.

But the passing weeks brought changes. Never once did his attitude toward Kay vary. Always he was tender and considerate, but she paused in her drifting now and then to wonder. Mrs. Fenlon wasn't "that damn' woman" any more. He called her Thea and he quoted her sayings for Kay's amusement. They were wise and witty, and Kay knew now that Thea was also exceptionally attractive.

"She's probably a grand person whom I would like," Kay thought, "if I were to meet her."

BUT Kay couldn't meet her. Thea knew the Gordons. Kay wanted to say to David, "Couldn't she be warned, just as the Sterlings were, that I must never be mentioned to the Gordons?" But she didn't say it, for she knew that David would have used this simple deceit had he cared to. And Kay knew that it was Thea herself to whom she must never be mentioned.

David was seeing Thea and her friends two or three times a week.

"It's business," he said; "contacts."

Kay said, "David, you wouldn't try to fool me, would you? I won't scream or take poison or sue you. You can tell me the truth about this."

"Kay, I like Thea, but I'd sooner be with you. I swear I value her most for what she can do for me professionally."

"That's true. I know it's true, David, but I've known people who liked the seashore and gave it up entirely because the mountains did them more good."

He laughed and kissed her. "Kay, I'll die still loving you."

"I wouldn't doubt it, but there're always the people who adored the seashore."

MRS. STERLING never telephoned her any more. Kay knew it was because Mrs. Sterling felt guilty. She had brought David and Thea together. She felt guilty, and besides, she had had to pick a favorite and she had picked Thea. She could not be in two camps. The Fenlon woman was plainly mad about David and she was Mrs. Sterling's dearest friend. And Kay couldn't say that Mrs. Sterling hadn't warned her. She had advised her to marry David. She had said, "What of tomorrow?"

Kay said to herself, "I am no fool. I see everything, but sometimes people who think they are smart see more than there is to see. Maybe there is nothing to this. I must wait and find out."

And she waited and finally she found out.

David said to her, "And so I am going to marry Thea."

She said, "You're quite right, David. You will be a success and have everything you want."

"No, I won't have everything I want, Kay, but that's something I've resolved not to think about."

"You'll be happy. That's everything."

"You'll be happy, too. You're like me. Only success will satisfy you, and with me there'd be no success. You will get down to work with me out of the way, and you'll accomplish something." She looked at him so steadily that he reddened and quickly added, "I don't mean that I'm making a sacrifice for your work, Kay. I only meant that—" his voice trailed off into nothingness.

She said, "I know." And she did know what he meant. He meant that he felt like a rat and that he'd give almost anything to find some magical phrase that would make everything all right again.

"I couldn't say these things to you, Kay, if I didn't know how well you understood what a marriage like this means to a penniless doctor. She's got a tremendous amount of money and she comes from a good family."

Kay thought, "What would he say if I told him what I shall have if I outlive Mama? What would he say if I told him to trace Clyde Bronson's family history?"

She said, "I understand, David. We always agreed to break up reasonably and like sensible people. You mustn't give me a thought."

"I'm going to give you more than a thought. I've got fourteen hundred dollars and I want you to take it. It'll keep you going till you get selling some of your writing, and then you can pay me back."

She shook her head. "I owe you enough now."

"Don't be silly. You'll make a fortune some day."

"Maybe, but I'm all right. Don't worry."

"You're not all right. You have no money."

"I'll get some. I can get a job."

"Certainly you can if you want to, but why should you when I have money?"

"Because I'm not going to take any from you, David. I'm not angry or stubborn, but if I took your money I'd feel like something that quite definitely I am not."

"But it would be a loan, like the other money."

"No, David. This would be pay-off money."

"Don't be foolish."

"I'm not, David. I'm very sane. I have vision. If I took that money you'd think none the less of me, would you?"

"Of course not."

"That is, tonight you wouldn't. You'd be glad if I took it, grateful to me for taking it because it would make you feel a little bit better about leaving me. But in time the importance of that money would grow in your eyes as the passing years dimmed your memory of me, and in the end I would be a girl with whom you had lived and whom you had paid off and dismissed when you were ready to marry Thea Fenlon."

"I'd never feel that way about you, Kay."

"Oh, David, you think not?" she asked sadly. "How many times have I surprised you with my accurate pictures of how men behave about women? You can't look me in the eye and say I don't know men."

"I hope I'm above the average run of men, Kay."

"YOU'RE not, David. No man is with a woman he's paid off."

"I've got to do something for you, Kay."

"You can. Long ago you told me that a doctor's reference was more important than that of an ordinary employer. You can write me a reference saying that I cared for your nephew and that I was competent and trustworthy."

"Kay!"

"I mean it. Write it now, David. It's getting late. We've said everything."

"I feel so low I could grovel, Kay."

"Don't grovel for anybody, David. You're a great surgeon and soon every one will know it. Please write the reference."

He walked to her desk and wrote. For fifteen minutes there was quiet in the room. Kay stood silently in the center of the floor thinking mad thoughts. She thought of the letter he might write:

To Whom It May Concern:

Miss Kelvin Bronson was my sweetheart for four and a half years. She is cheerful, kind, and intelligent. She taught me practically all the manners I know and I am very pleased to recommend her.

I am discharging her at this time, for I have met a wealthy divorcee whom I am going to marry.

My decision was not influenced by any misbehavior of Miss Bronson's.

DAVID walked to her with the reference in his hand. She said, "Thank you, David."

"You know where to reach me, Kay, if you want anything. Please, darling, don't be proud if you can use me."

"You're very sweet, David. Did you put an address here so that people can check with you on the genuineness of the reference?"

"Yes, dear."

"Good-by, David. Good luck."

"Kay—please!" He reached out his arms to her but she backed away from him.

"No, David. What's the use?"

"You think I'm a rat, don't you?" he said. "Well, I am. I know it as well as you do. Why don't you tell me the things you're thinking? It will do you good to get it off your chest. It will take the pain out of some of the loneliness to come if you can look back and remember that you told me right to my face that I was a dirty rat. Go ahead, tell me."

But she didn't tell him that he was a rat. And she didn't tell him that she was going to have a baby.

Once again Kay Bronson faces alone the bitter struggle that is New York life. And now she carries the added burden of cruel dénouement in her love for David and the gnawing knowledge that she has done nothing to achieve her dreams of success. Does she think differently of Jimmy Kerr now? Next week's installment finds Kay battling with her crisis.

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **BACHELOR—OF ARTS** by John Erskine. The Bobbs-Merrill Company

The best yet written about the present-day college boys and girls.

★ ★ ★ **TO THE VANQUISHED** by I. A. R. Wylie. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

A poignant story of love and hope set against the hatred and despair of Germany.

★ ★ ★ **HONEYMOON HOUSE** by G. M. Attenborough. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Medley Abbey—old and mellow—the last of the Lord Richfords—Sir John Gay, the new owner compared to a straight-backed man in the country of the hunchbacks and what finally becomes of the Abbey. Romance and comedy.

★ ★ ★ **FAITH, FEAR, AND FORTUNES** by Daniel Starch. Richard R. Smith.

Here one of the listed 1,000 leading American scientists analyzes booms and depressions as phenomena of mob psychology. A scientist's book on an economist's subject and therefore probably sound.

★ ★ ½ **THE ROAD TO NOWHERE** by Maurice Walsh. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A vigorous and yet romantic story of an Irish adventurer and a tender maid.

★ ★ ½ **THE GINGER GRIFFIN** by Ann Bridge. Little, Brown & Company.

An interesting romance amid exciting activities of Peking diplomatic society, and much about riding and racing horses.

★ ★ **THE UNPOSSESSED** by Tess Slesinger. Simon & Schuster.

The swan song of Greenwich Village—at least of that group which lived and loved and dreamed their dreams there in the last decade. Another group is no doubt in New York's Bohemia now producing material for still another Greenwich Village novel some years hence.

Vox

"PARROTLIKE REPEATERS" AND WAR DEBTS

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—My hat goes off to Senator Arthur Robinson for his article, How the War Debts Can Be Paid, in June 16 Liberty. The times call for wisdom, not cleverness, and the sooner we get down to fundamentals, the better. Liberty is certainly pointing the way. Let's shush the propagandists and the parrotlike repeaters with their mouthings in our midst.—*Mrs. R. S. Dennis.*

DETROIT, MICH.—Senator Robinson's suggestion that the foreign debts be paid by ceding to the United States the islands near by owned by France and Great Britain disregards entirely the possibility that the islanders may object to being treated as so much merchandise. If he has ever heard of a long-forgotten document known as the Declaration of Independence he might be reminded that this declares that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.—*Samuel Danziger.*

THOSE MYTHICAL MARINES

U. S. S. CALIFORNIA—Who is this lubber who wrote that letter headed Those Mythical Sailors, in June 16 Vox Pop, and signed himself An Upholder of Marines? Certainly a gob's base pay is higher than a marine's, but a marine draws a clothing allowance, which a sailor doesn't. This brings his pay up to that of the gob.

What has a marine got to do with "keeping the gobs in the straight and narrow path"? Did you ever see a marine on shore-police duty, or a marine jimmy-legs on board ship? As for shining bright work and swabbing decks, come aboard some day while we're at Hampton Roads (August 13 to September 16) and see who shines the bright work and swabs the decks of the marines' part of the ship. Those marines are really good at it!—*Just a Gob.*

SHE SAVED MRS. DALL'S MAGIC GLASS

VANCOUVER, WASH.—Every time I read an article in Liberty by Anna Roosevelt Dall, I have an urge to write and thank you. After reading A Magic Glass for Mothers in the June 2 issue, the urge is stronger than ever, and so I write in appreciation.

I clipped this article and sent it to a friend. And I will venture to say it was saved by others wherever Liberty is read.—*Maude A. Moran.*

SEND THEM IN

CEDARTOWN, GA.—A friend of mine is of the opinion that you never publish questions sent in to your Twenty Questions Department; that you get up your own. If this is so I've wasted a good many stamps.—*E. Parker.*

[The Twenty Questions Department welcomes all suggestions and gladly publishes all that are usable.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"IF YOU SEEK CHIVALRY, GO SOUTH, YOUNG MAN"

COLUMBUS, GA.—Our Oregon friend, Mr. Fred Shearer, is quite wrong when he writes in June 23 Vox Pop that chivalry and romance disappeared with the advent of woman suffrage. Are our men less gentlemanly because they give us concrete sidewalks rather than a scarlet coat in the mud? Are they less gentlemanly because they do not sniff snuff, fight duels, or because they no longer consider it effeminate to scrub their teeth?

True chivalry has never been based on woman's inferiority but on her superior gentility. If you seek the formal chivalry, go South, young man; go South—especially to the college towns. A lady there is met with politeness, even from strangers.—*Pearl Smith Truman.*

MAYBE HE FELT SORRY FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

OTTAWA, ONT.—Did the photographer on the cover of June 23 Liberty focus his camera so as to keep the bridegroom's expression out of the picture? Maybe if he had placed a copy of Liberty right above the lens he would have had reasons to photograph also the face. Don't mind me—I'm just an amateur photographer.—*Lucien St-Laurent.*

MENCKEN IN THE "RED"

AUSTIN, TEX.—The superficial superiority of H. L. Mencken's Schoolhouses in the Red (June 16 Liberty) is matched only by his obvious and complete ignorance of the true condition of the schools in the United States both before the depression and after.—*Anne Black.*

SOUTH OLIVE, OHIO—I think, after reading H. L. Mencken's Schoolhouses in the Red, that his rating has taken a decided slump. When he decided to give us the same old song and dance about our schools, his score looked positively terrible.

Any fool that knows the mechanics of writing can sit back and crab about the mistakes made by people who really get out and do things. What this country needs now is more fifteen-cent cigars.—*Lawrence Harper.*

A HURRAH AND A HISS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Hurrah for Vox Pop! I'm sorry that it doesn't occupy a bigger place in Liberty.—*Mary Louise Moran.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I should like the job of putting Vox Pop on its feet. It has lost its snap. Do I get the job?—*Charles Reiss.*

GIVE THEM THE "LASH"

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—I have been a guard in a large penitentiary and have been able to study the crime situation with a better understanding than the general public.

I think if all judges were to spend thirty days each in some prison studying conditions they would hesitate to sentence young first offenders to the penitentiary. They would see that it would be more merciful and a great deal more effective to give them the "lash," as in olden days.

Owing to the crowded condition of our penitentiaries, young offenders are not separated from older, habitual criminals, and though they may go to prison for some petty crime and know nothing of the finer points of the art of crime, it is a sure bet they will come out highly educated by the older and harder element in all the technique of crime, from theft to bank robbery and from smuggling dope to counterfeiting.—*E. L. Arno.*

POET'S CORNER

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—
I love to scan the Vox Pop page;
'Tis what I long have sought:
A place where people rave and roar
Without a single thought.
—*E. C. Baird.*

ORCHIDS, ONIONS, AND CROSS WORDS

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Orchids and a couple of roses to Ted Shane for his Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzle (June 16 Liberty). It gave us a chance to show our extensive knowledge of good old American slang.—*Beatrice Merrick.*

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Another Cross Word Puzzle by that cockeyed Ted Shane and I am through with Liberty forevermore.—*B. D. Leary.*

ANDERSON, S. C.—Give us some more of Joseph Lazarus's Cross Word Puzzles, like the one in June 9 Liberty. Ted Shane has surely just escaped from the asylum, or something. I never saw such a crazy puzzle as his.—*Margaret Pressley.*

EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.—I was paying fifteen cents for another magazine to work its Cross Word Puzzles, but the one by Ted Shane in June 16 Liberty was much better, so I am now saving a dime. Give us more of these.—*C. E. Pope.*

WINNIPEG, MAN.—At last Liberty has a peppy Cross Word Puzzle, with a swell sense of humor. With Brassbound, by Mary Bickel, and a good puzzle, I figure I'm getting more than a nickel's worth out of Liberty.—*Happy.*

SAME TO YOU, THANKS

PORTLAND, ORE.—On this, my eighty-second birthday, I thank Liberty for the pleasure received from its fine stories of adventure. I wish all connected with your magazine a long life and much happiness.—*Marian W. Howland.*

IS THIS THE ANSWER?

PORTLAND, ORE.—Henry Ford, in a recent Liberty article, said, "Who knows but that an entirely new and humane system of taxation is on the way?"

A plan for such a system, identified as the Stafford Plan, has been presented to the citizens of Oregon. It provides for a voluntary tax on every purchasing dollar in circulation. The purchaser requests a half-cent registered negotiable relief stamp be issued him by the merchant on every 25 cents he spends. This would grant the buying public a 2-percent refund on each dollar spent, be-

Pop

cause each stamp would be exchangeable for merchandise at face value.

When the purchaser has filled a shopping relief book with these half-cent stamps, he could send it in to an organization to be called the People's Relief Fund and a receipt would be issued entitling him to financial assistance, when required, from the general fund thus accumulated. Otherwise the stamps could be redeemed by the purchaser for further merchandise from merchants entering into the plan. — *Caroline M. Stafford.*

IF YOU FEAR LOCKJAW—

GUADALUPE, CALIF.—Is somebody trying to kid us? Imagine any one smart enough to be an attorney not knowing how to pronounce tetramethyldiaminodiphenylmethane. W. M. Ely admits he can't in June 16 Vox Pop.

Try this: tetramethyl diamino diphenyl methane. Or: tet (as in *tet*ter), ra (as *rah*), meth (as in *meth*od), yl (as *ill*); di (*die*), a (*ah*), mino (*mean-oh*); di (*die*), phen (as in *fie*nd), yl (*ill*); meth (*meth*od), ane (as in *rain*). Now, all together—tetramethyl diamino diphenyl methane.

If you still fear lockjaw, have your doctor give you a protective treatment of 1,500 units of antitoxinum tetanicum. —*Virginia Reum.*

LIKE DEW COVERS DIXIE

ALTOONA, PA.—I enjoyed the radio talks of Liberty's editor; also Bernarr Macfadden's great editorial, Criminal Waste of Relief Funds, in June 9 Liberty. As I wrote several friends, it covered the relief situation completely, like dew covers Dixie.

I am a university man and was a first lieutenant, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., until 1920, when I resigned to resume my profession as a civil and highway engineer. But I lost out in 1931 and am now trying to find capital to finance a tourist camp in Miami, Florida, where my family resides.

The way relief funds are being spent is, as Mr. Macfadden points out, a criminal waste. No one wants charity except bums and tramps. The veterans do not want the bonus. They want work or a small tract of land where they can make themselves self-supporting. I and my wife and son would gladly go on a homestead near Miami if we could get one, and I am sure most families now on relief rolls would be self-supporting within six months if relief funds were diverted in this direction.—*John F. Nolte.*

DURHAM, N. C.—Possibly you do not care for the opinion of just a reader of Liberty. Nevertheless I am writing to express my hearty indorsement of your splendid editorials, which I read each week with much pleasure. — *Gilmore Ward Bryant, Director Southern Conservatory of Music.*

OLD-TIMER CHECKS US UP

CHANDLER, ARIZ.—Donald F. Wickets's statement in The World's Fair Goes On! (June 9 Liberty) that this is the first exposition in the United States to repeat itself is erroneous. The Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha showed two years, 1898 and 1899.—*F. J. Festner.*

HE'LL EAT A MUD SCOW IF—

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.—In Will Irwin's Hard-Boiled Heroes (installment of June 2 Liberty) he describes the rescue of some men from a mud scow that broke loose in Niagara River and was being swept toward Niagara Falls. He also mentions a twelve-story building on the shore just opposite the scene.

If Will Irwin can show me a twelve-story building anywhere near that point, I'll eat the scow, which still remains in the river.

The best of luck to Liberty, the best five-cent magazine in the country.—*James Sabelli.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Hard-Boiled Heroes, by Will Irwin, was great. Give us some more like it. How about the heroism, the tragedy, the human sacrifice of the members of the U. S. S. Yamacraw on March 4, 1917, off the coast of Ocean City, Maryland? My brother and many of my closest friends were members of a volunteer crew that set out on one life-saving expedition and never came back. —*Captain William A. Grady, Philadelphia Fire Department.*

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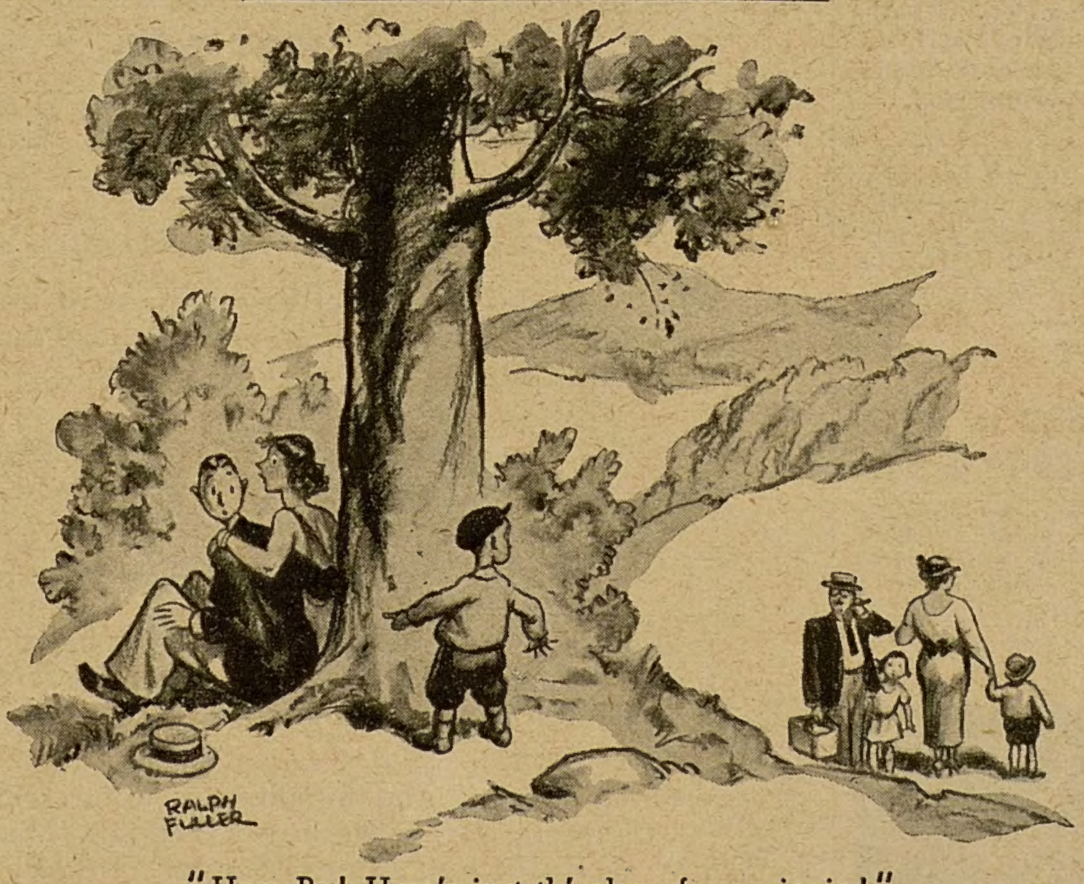


"Hey, Pa! Here's just th' place fer a picnic!"

ONLY A WIRE FENCE

OTTAWA, ONT.—In these days of rearmament, European countries should follow the example of Canada and the United States. The borders of nations in Europe bristle with fortifications, and these are being extended feverishly day by day.

But look at the border line between the U. S. A. and Canada. There are no fortifications—only a wire fence here and there. No fear exists among the peoples of these two countries, and that is the chief trouble in Europe now. Each European country fears its neighbor, and if that fear is not eliminated another war is inevitable.

I hope the European nations before long agree on a treaty similar to that existing between the U. S. A. and Canada in regard to the fortifying of their frontiers. Then there would be no cause for all this war-threatening fear. —*James Lambert.*

SHE DON'T GIVE A HOOT

ROCK ISLAND, ILL. — I agree with W. H. Faulkner in June 16 Vox Pop that ninety-nine out of every hundred people don't care a hoot about what Rudy Vallee, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and (he forgot to mention) Jean Harlow do in their idle moments.

I'd rather read about Red Riding Hood or the Big Bad Wolf.—"*Peggy*" *Veronica Caulfield.*

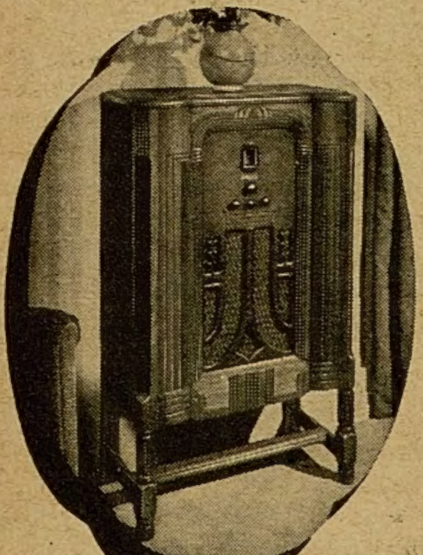
BUT WOULD SIBERIA TAKE THEM?

FALL BROOK, CALIF. — Mark Twain once said: "Everybody talks about the weather, but no one does anything about it." The same thing applies to crime. Every one deplores, curses, and complains, but constructive action is lacking.

The best way to end crime is to get rid of the criminals. Our jails are overcrowded. They do not help or reform the criminal; they make him worse. And jails are expensive. It is said that to keep a criminal in jail costs more than to keep him in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Why not send our criminals to Siberia, where there is plenty of room for them? We could pay Russia for keeping and guarding them by giving them some of our surplus food and cotton, products which are now being plowed under and destroyed. —*V. D. O'Hearn.*

Spectacular
WORLD-WIDE
Reception



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WHAT TO DO WITH CRIMINALS

By
H. L. Mencken

who proposes the novel experiment of enforcing the laws we have . . . "Killing a man is safer here than anywhere else on earth," he says.

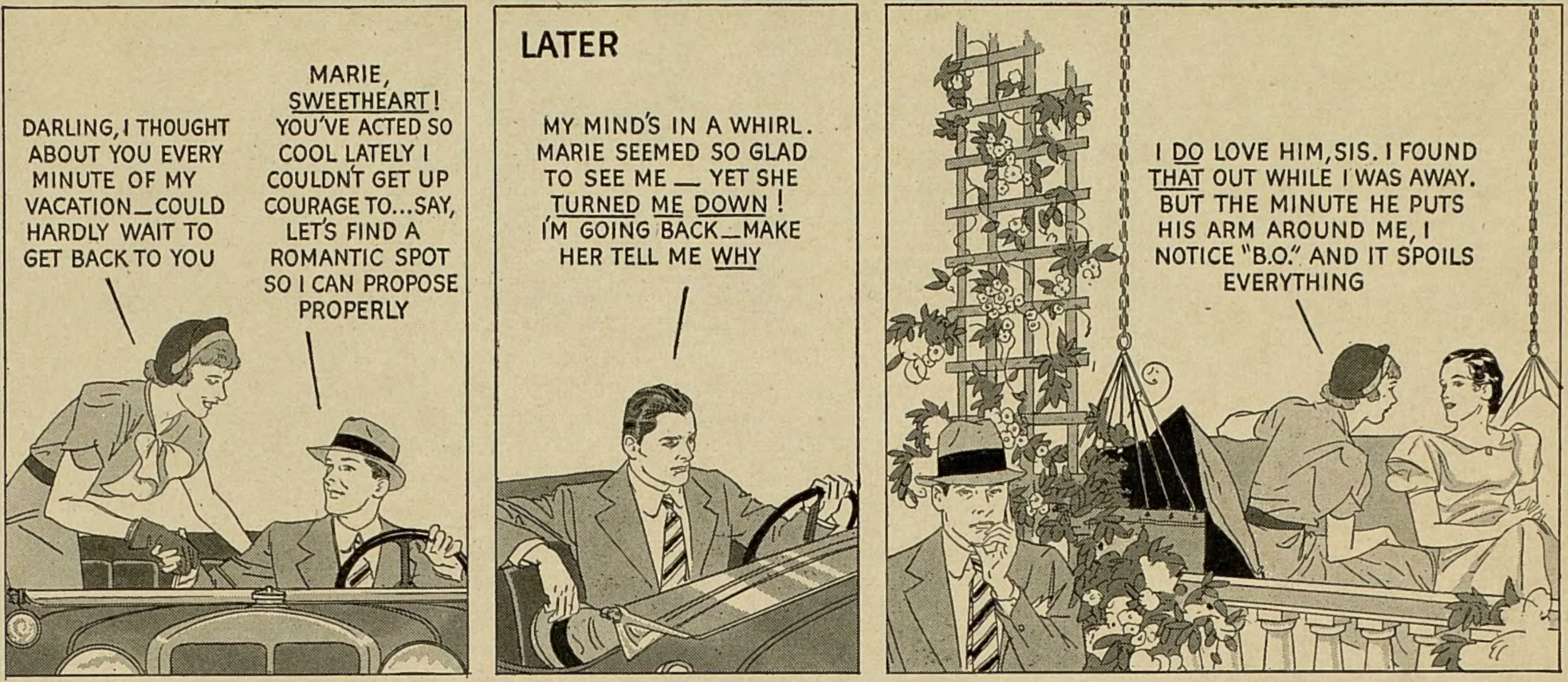
WOMEN IN LOVE

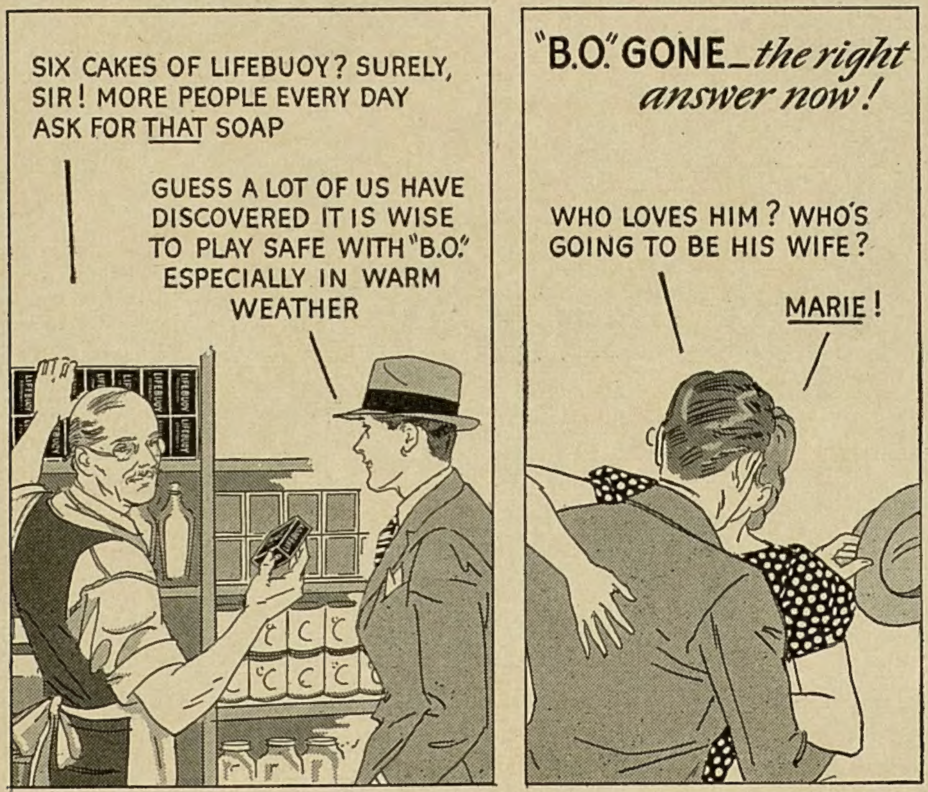
By
Fannie Hurst

A distinguished author and feminist breaks down and confesses—Twenty-four hours a day and forever, she says, it will always be sex o'clock!

Other stories and articles by Vina Delmar, Richard Connell, Erle Stanley Gardner, Major General J. E. Fechet, James Hopper, and Dick Williams

ABSENCE MAY MAKE THE HEART GROW FONDER BUT...

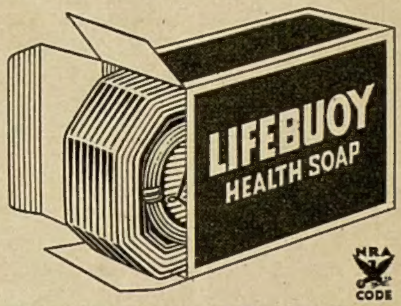

DARLING, I THOUGHT ABOUT YOU EVERY MINUTE OF MY VACATION—COULD HARDLY WAIT TO GET BACK TO YOU
MARIE, SWEETHEART! YOU'VE ACTED SO COOL LATELY I COULDN'T GET UP COURAGE TO...SAY, LET'S FIND A ROMANTIC SPOT SO I CAN PROPOSE PROPERLY
LATER
MY MIND'S IN A WHIRL. MARIE SEEMED SO GLAD TO SEE ME — YET SHE TURNED ME DOWN! I'M GOING BACK—MAKE HER TELL ME WHY
I DO LOVE HIM, SIS. I FOUND THAT OUT WHILE I WAS AWAY. BUT THE MINUTE HE PUTS HIS ARM AROUND ME, I NOTICE "B.O." AND IT SPOILS EVERYTHING


SIX CAKES OF LIFEBUOY? SURELY, SIR! MORE PEOPLE EVERY DAY ASK FOR THAT SOAP
GUESS A LOT OF US HAVE DISCOVERED IT IS WISE TO PLAY SAFE WITH "B.O." ESPECIALLY IN WARM WEATHER
"B.O." GONE—the right answer now!
WHO LOVES HIM? WHO'S GOING TO BE HIS WIFE?
MARIE!

WE'RE NOT A BAD LOOKING COUPLE WITH OUR HEALTHY LIFEBUOY COMPLEXIONS

HOW *important* to have a good skin—and how *easy* with Lifebuoy! A gentle yet thorough cleanser, Lifebuoy lather coaxes out pore-embedded dirt. Leaves the skin free to breathe—free to grow healthier. Wash with it daily—watch your complexion clear and freshen. Gain radiant lustre.

Beware of "B.O." these perspiry days—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its refreshing lather—abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft—purifies and deodorizes the pores. Stops "B.O." *(body odor)*. Its fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse. Get Lifebuoy today.


LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

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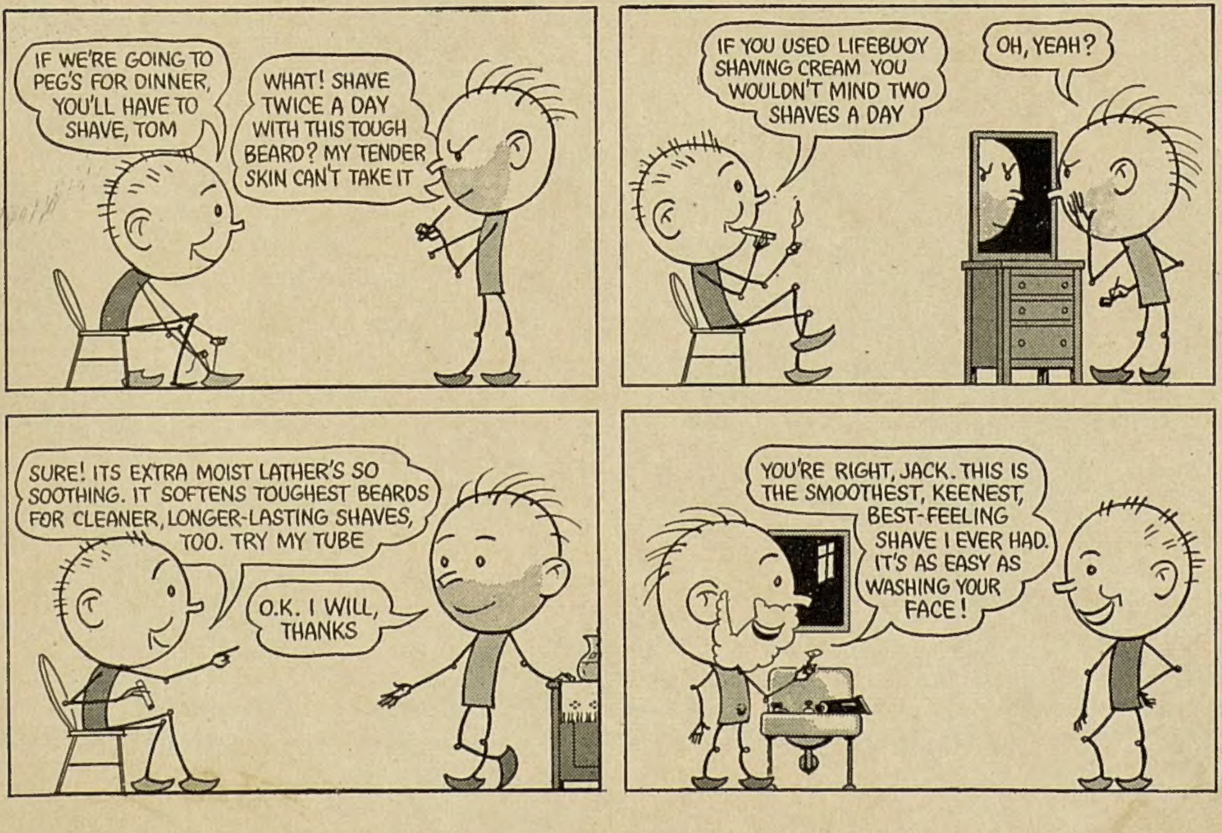
THERE ARE SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU HAPPY


IF WE'RE GOING TO PEG'S FOR DINNER, YOU'LL HAVE TO SHAVE, TOM
WHAT! SHAVE TWICE A DAY WITH THIS TOUGH BEARD? MY TENDER SKIN CAN'T TAKE IT
IF YOU USED LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM YOU WOULDN'T MIND TWO SHAVES A DAY
OH, YEAH?
SURE! ITS EXTRA MOIST LATHER'S SO SOOTHING. IT SOFTENS TOUGHEST BEARDS FOR CLEANER, LONGER-LASTING SHAVES, TOO. TRY MY TUBE
O.K. I WILL, THANKS
YOU'RE RIGHT, JACK. THIS IS THE SMOOTHEST, KEENEST, BEST-FEELING SHAVE I EVER HAD. IT'S AS EASY AS WASHING YOUR FACE!

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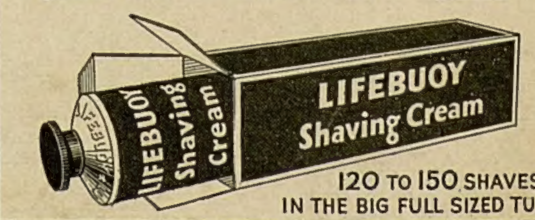
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